

THE OPPOSITE OF A GROWTH SPURT

by Amanda Deo

I'm aware I will never be a woman the night you leave me for another city. I'm most aware of this when I touch people's biceps and text my old boyfriends and tell them *it's only ever been you*. I know it will never happen in the same way I can't ask you how your day was or let you seek shelter underneath me during a blackout.

Inside the station I sit next to you but pretend we aren't together when someone asks for directions. I hold my foot on your shadow's neck while you look away waiting for the next train. On the platform I disappear into a trench coat that sells knock-off watches. In the next city you will re-adjust your clothes and I will never be found and the light will take so much longer to reach me.

