

Cat People #22

by Kyle Hemmings

When Kat returned home from The East Street Wars, she learned that her epileptic lover, White Dog, died from madness. She imagined her heart shrinking to the size of a pulverized seed of cucumber. The room smelled of white sandal, camphor and aloes. She imagined the smoke from another urban crusade, far-off. There was this strange presence all around her. She burnt stalks of mugwort and moonwort, reduced her love into a fine powder. She made a cross from a satchel of white silk. The presence in the room grew heavier. Kat could hear the epileptic lover breathe. He once said that he could swallow her, could feel her movements that made him think of the deep curves of sex or of his spine. The love potions he once offered made her toes curl or caused her delusions that a part of the world was the inside of a pomegranate. She began to seize.

