

LITERARY FICTION

Recollection

By **Nessa Pullman**

I still feel like we're together in the first few moments I'm awake. The bridge between worlds so short-fused, I tremble to catch onto something—anything to keep me here with you.

I forgot how good you felt against my soft curves. I forgot the taste of your lips when I'm breathing you in. Routines I was so conformed to now feel like shots of heroin. Fast, intense, euphoric—purging through my body like a tidal wave. And it's never enough. I bite down harder for more, but no blood draws. I panic when you don't react to this inflicted pain. You used to wince when I played rough, but now there's nothing. And then I remember it's because you're not real—this is not real. I open my eyes to stare at you, hoping to catch something alive, but your eyes are dark—like the deep waters of the sea where things go to get lost. It's empty in there—an echo chamber of a million moments vanished into the underground. You notice my concern and tilt your face to the right, and I remember the way you look at me when you are trying to figure me out. Your lips twist slightly, revealing that familiar smile I ache for. I sigh sweetly—I've found the sign I've been tirelessly searching for. It didn't take long for you to come back, it never does. I move my hands up your body, grazing each electrified molecule with the edges of my fingertips. The energy seeping from you is amplified as I take my time to explore the charted territory—a seismic wave rolling through your body and flooding into mine. I close my eyes again and let the rush take over my body—collapsing into your delicious sensation once again.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Major Arcana #5

By **Rebecca Wheeler**