

What You Have

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He comes home wearing your husband's face, spreads his arms wide and calls, "Honey, I'm home." You ask him in, because it's rude to leave him in the doorway. "Alright," he says, rubbing his hands together, ready to carve a roast or dissect a child. "Is there a dog, kids? Do we own or lease? Come on now, what do we have?" This question fills the room and breaks out the windows. Shingles snow from the roof. You can't answer because he wants all of it, not just the house, the kids, the dog, the lawn sprinklers. He craves the hot blue light bulb from your grandmother's slide projector. He wants bad dreams and a tendency to wrinkle. He covets the puddle where you drowned caterpillars when you were five. This man wants to swallow you whole. Sensing your distress, he takes your hand and presses it firmly. "Don't worry, dear," he says, smiling through his stolen face. "We can always adopt."