



I felt the weight of Marlana land on the bed
 beside me. She stepped in little circles,
 collapsing into a ball next to my head.
 I stroked her temples.
 She purred quizzically.
 Her tail beat the mattress.

Marlena leapt onto my lap and kneaded
 her claws into my thigh. I wrapped my fingers
 around her neck and pressed my lips to her head.

“You’re my best friend,” I whispered
 into her little skull.

Marlena

by Forsyth Harmon

“She was right under my tire.” He shook his head.
 “I didn’t see her. Her legs, you know. They were—”
 He twirled his hand at the wrist. “Crushed.”
 Crushed. I nodded. Those little legs.

