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A Total Eclipse

by Teresa Sutton

You are wrong to think it is the full moon that turns men
into werewolves and also wrong to think only men are turned.

In my yard in the shadow of our keep, I stood to watch the moon
in broad day upstage the sun, cover that golden disc

with its own circle of black night. Beside our pond, I spied two
wolves. Next I knew my husband was between me and them.

They pounced. I hollered. Teeth were all over. Blood oozed
in waxing crescents at each wolf bite. I looked to my husband.

Fur surged out of his face. His mouth swelled to a muzzle,
feet to paws. My insides were butter on a hot day right before

it gives up, pools in a plate. Muscles in my arms contorted. My palms
thickened to callous pads, fingers shrunk, sharpened to claws.

The two wolves writhed on the ground, snouts covered in our blood,
their fur fell off in clumps, bodies exploded with human limbs.

They stood, embraced each other, turned tenderly to us, explained
the curse. We stayed on the ground, watched them walk down

our manor road until they were out of sight. Then we looked up,
studied the slow play of the sun and moon until the moon let go.

