

**My friend—
by Cynthia Wang**

He's in the corner of the room.

At the strike of three— at the strike of Witch's hour, he is in the corner of the room.

He is indistinguishable to the human eye, but I can see him.

The circle I call his head twitches, and the triangles I call his fingers curl next to his arm.

My roommate is never awake at the time.

So, I stay as quiet as I can, the bed creaking as I reach to dig my fingers into the black of his body, the familiar feeling of light static rattling under my skin.

His fingers curl around my wrist, the edge of his skin cutting into my bones, black seeping into the cells of my body, blood dripping down my wrist.

Then comes the triangle pressed on my cheek, the edges cutting into my cheek as he runs his thumb across it, the blade cutting into my bottom lip as he rests it there.

I have a friend.

The black of his body clatters under my skin as he presses his empty hand to the fat of my waist, drawing blood as he forces the tips deeper into my skin.

I press further into him as a diamond cuts into my hair, my cells jittering as my heart races in my chest.

The diamond I call his lips snaps in half as he smiles, and the hexagram I call his eyes glow when I stare at him.

My empty hand reaches for his shoulder, the edge piercing my ring finger as a ring of blood forms around the wound.

But I can not blink.

If I do, he flinches, body curling back into the wall as the wounds on my body disappear.

If I do, he waits until the next full moon, until the grandfather clock strikes three, until I am awake at the witch's hour.

Then, he's in the corner of the room—
My friend