F. J. Bergmann - Un-Becoming

When the snake tried to follow us toward the east, we pelted it with apple cores and drove it back, ignoring the longing in its eyes, and watched it burn. Our honeymoon.

Each night we fell asleep in the glow of distant, infernal fires, waiting for the sun’s blue-white glare to betray us again. We feared waking as another lamentable and unnecessary multiplication.

Our skins were permanently tattooed with the darker shadows of leaves and carved with the imprints of ferns and grasses from where we had lain. We decided to be omnivores.

Now we know what it is to be human, burdened with nomenclature and the memories of imaginary ancestors: happy, peaceful animals whose skins and innocent expressions we wear.

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