

She left me in pieces.

First to go was the portion of her leg between ankle and knee on the left side. I awoke one morning, looked over at her, and could see the bedsheets through where it should have been.

Hon, I said, your leg. She murmured something indistinct and rolled over. Perhaps, I thought to myself, it's only fallen asleep. Maybe it will come back.

Ultimately though I didn't miss it that much.

The second piece was one of her hands. It was strange. The space between the wrist and the floating spoon she was using to eat breakfast was quite empty, yet the spoon still bore the weight of the cereal all the way to her mouth. She chewed as she looked down at her phone, cradled in her still visible right hand.

Then her torso vanished. I didn't notice until she pulled her dress over her head one night as we were going to bed. I wasn't sure if I should say something or not. What would I say? Where did your belly go? She put on the extra-sized t-shirt she wears for sleeping and said, what are you staring at? Nothing, I said. Experimentally, as we lay in the dark, I tried holding her in such a way as to rest my hand there, where the crook of her back should have been. I felt an absence. I poked at it. What the fuck are you doing, she asked. Sorry, I said.

The next morning, her chest and back had gone as well. After her shower, her entire left arm was gone. When I came home from work, the right hand had also evaporated, the ever-present phone just floating now. One time I tried to pick it up, not knowing she was already holding it. Seriously, what the fuck are you doing, she asked. Sorry, I said. Didn't realize.

Where are you going? I asked. She looked at me like I was crazy. What do mean? She said. Nothing, I said. I don't mean anything by it.

Did I miss the pieces of her that were gone? Well, yes and no. Certainly their absence was a source of concern, and there was also the question of their whereabouts - if they were not *here*, they must obviously be somewhere else. What were they doing there?

But still, so long as I could reach out and feel something, even some part of her, I was able to satiate myself in proximity to warmth.

Over the course of the next year, like a puzzle in reverse, she disassembled.

Suddenly, all that was left was her foot. It seemed like just yesterday that there had been other bits that reassured me, back of the neck, right buttock. How could I have let it get this far?

I couldn't determine if the one that remained was a right or left foot. One morning I tried to put a shoe on it, so I could tell, but it wriggled and kicked so I gave up trying. I watched the foot as it walked down the hallway. A voice said, Bye, see you later. The front door opened and started to shut. Wait! I called.

You're blocking the door, the voice said, and I'm already late.

I looked down. There was only my foot. Well, I can shut it for you, I said. There was no response. Maybe she had gone already. I removed my foot, and the door closed silently.

And that was the end of her.