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EMMA HEALEY

TRUST FUND WITCHES

Tape hiss, Value Village, vibraphones. On fixed-gears scrubbed with salt and lemon, like the secret at the centre of a Magic Eye the witches, genderless as light, breathe green and lavender, appear and disappear, chanting your passwords in a round. Voices like dimes dropped in a bowl, blush ultraviolet, glittering auras. Skin so soft they move through walls they press against your window, sing the spell they wrote about the city there: nothing belongs to you nothing belongs to you nothing belongs