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This is the published version:

Miller, Alyson 2013, Eugenia, *Otoliths*, vol. 28, pp. 1-1.

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EUGENIA

The courts judged her a killer. Found that Eugenia, discovered not as a man but as a woman, murdered poor Annie. The wife who never guessed—until she did. Found that Eugenia cracked open her love's head like some dark place and then burned away the face and lungs, leaving nothing but ribs and the memory of flesh. The jury waited only to know how bodies stripped clean and bare like bones and teeth and eyes left room for tricks and guesses. They eyed the wooden dildo, dangled by its leather strap like a metronome, and thought of women and warm sheets and the weight of breath on skin—and of their own cocks, tucked neatly under buttons and zips. And then Eugenia, the creature in a white linen dress, the animal lost behind circus stories and a gun in her portmanteau: I do not know anything at all.