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Bodily Harm

I feel invincible, I need a second opinion. Too opinionated and stuck in my ways, so if I say burnt to a crisp, don't bring it on my plate bloody Mary. I'm heartless, my blank stares are hypnotizing. It's that frightening feeling you get when in the dark too long, you know, when it's so dark you can't see your own hands and feel completely surrounded like someone is watching you. I'm dark and I love it.

I feel unstoppable, at times I run into a wall head first just to be at odds with an immovable force. On occasion, I'll drink myself to dangerous levels. This isn't to lose all sense of self but quite the contrary, to grapple with the feeling of being in control. When most would smoke to slow things down, my reasons are well in tuned with the notions of getting a rush. Who lies on the floor to emulate the feeling of flying? Me.

I cut myself on the regular, not to flood my brain with pain but to have a conversation with death. She's a great conversationist. I know I like her, but this could become a love affair. Mental asylums offer the best kind of comic relief. It's not that the people assigned to their beds are stuck in hilarious calamities. It's more about the absence of normality that I find so infectious. These are my favourite kind of people.

I used to go to a bar just to cause a fight with the bar tender. The theatre of bloody noses and broken bottles does wonders to clear the mind. Don't be concerned about the state of my thoughts; I'm a full deck of cards and the joke's on you. I've lost count on the number of times I've killed myself just to feel alive.