SHARP OBJECTS MAKE THE SEAMS IN MY SKIN PULSATE
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Skin lasts more than nothing,
holds too much (my lungs wheeze!)
moisture under crinkled wrapping.

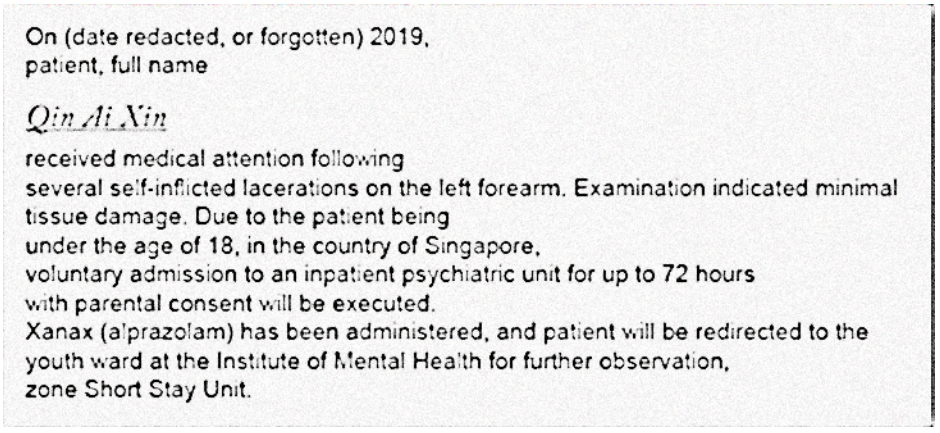
It is light, too light.

Perhaps I've never gotten over anything. These are the moments that meld together into a sticky, mutating clump of twitching aversion. A ball of tar that leaks from the holes in my colander skull, gnashing calcium at its base eroded by half a life of SSRIs and fingers down my throat. I feel these events only in latex-coated tension, in dulled points of contact on parts of my body that have forgotten they exist until this very moment.

The pores and scars and gaps
in my teeth (and I scream!)
leak faster than they can fill up.

It belongs where I am holding it.

What about a body? She is dermis that inflates and stretches and flakes and peels; she is joints that grind and grate and grind and grate. Watch and listen with magnifying glasses and amplifiers, self-assuring. Feel where, caving in, it is meant to meet the body: cold sting against foggy skin and dull, matte memories. I keep trying to return, stagnant.



On (date redacted, or forgotten) 2019,
patient, full name

Qin Ai Xin

received medical attention following
several self-inflicted lacerations on the left forearm. Examination indicated minimal tissue damage. Due to the patient being
under the age of 18, in the country of Singapore,
voluntary admission to an inpatient psychiatric unit for up to 72 hours
with parental consent will be executed.
Xanax (alprazolam) has been administered, and patient will be redirected to the youth ward at the Institute of Mental Health for further observation,
zone Short Stay Unit.

Did you know one day you would eat razors and time?

TEETH ARE BONY ENAMEL-COATED STRUCTURES IN THE MOUTH USED FOR BITING AND CHEWING. I KNOW I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL BECAUSE THERE IS SOMETHING DESTRUCTIVE WITHIN ME.

The joint where the base of my skull meets my spine feels inflamed. It cracks and pops (why doesn't it just snap right off?) with every darting motion of eyes around the room watching, waiting, wanting. The air between expands and holds my left molars shut, grinding.

There is calcium seeping from my bones, sharp canines digging into flesh and fat. Joints rotate and bubble and push enamel into the crevices between tendons and nerves. I am afraid of what will happen when they break my skin. I am afraid of the violent thoughts that I suppress.

The shallow end of the pool is safest.
Clear, unrefracted waters are anti-breeding grounds.
Keep your interactions superficial.

A void opens up where the wall meets the ground and I run my finger along its jagged epidermis. Wet plaster and plasma squelch and twist into each other; surface tension suffocates and swallows my touch. The places where I don't fit within my hollow body pulsate and burn with friction. Obsession and shame leak from my aching joints and split skin.

THE BODY IS A BLADE – THE BODY IS A BLADE – THE BODY IS A BLADE – THE BODY IS A BLADE

Tiles and miles of
twisting gaps repeat and

break

and take what's changed.

Can you still hear the sound when skin meets itself?

I can never wash my hands of the guilt that eats my body inside out. It sticks to the dry skin under my fingernails and stains the whites of my cuticles. It transfers to everything I touch, a polluted point of access. It digs into my palms and my thighs and the skin that doesn't stay on my bones.

I am a frankenstein of all bodies outside of myself.
A mother's bosom,
a father's palm,
Adam's rib.

Every body that brushes against my skin exchanges rotting tissue with mine through diffusion.
Mimicry, in a form of defence, of larynxes and soles.
Cushioned falls with flab and faith of the once-foreign.

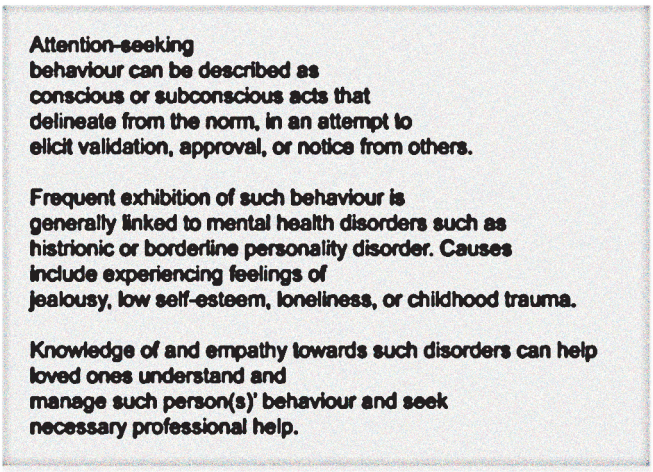
I TRIED TO DRAW BLOOD TODAY

Fist to wall,
skin as throughfare.
My body, stubborn and
withholding.
An alien presence swelling between
my joints.

She begs to be let out,
rubbing against tightened seams.

I watch as the rot spreads,
a blooming rose striped
of its thorns.
Knuckled pressure points,
loosening grip,
an insistent throbbing,
dimensional beneath the surface.

Unstoppable force meets immovable pores.



Perhaps there is nothing to get over. Nothing is about to, or has ever happened to me. I sit in front of a screen with a lump of dry, compressed air in my throat. Bubbles escape and build up in the joints where my jaw meets my vertebrae meets my shoulder blades that stand at attention. Recently it has become increasingly difficult for me to contain the urge to retaliate. I am unsure if the violence that threatens to possess my limbs comes from anger or shame, and I am unable to tell the direction in which it acts.