a.b

I know I am real, I still feel all the pain siting here on the toilet in my bathroom in my black boxers and my white “wife beater” for the death of me I don’t know why they’re called that ; I know that I am not fading. These cuts are pretty deep, I am not handling this well; I thought I wanted this, but when they’re too deep like this I start becoming scared. That makes me more and more angry with every minute that passes. How could I want something so much and be afraid of what happens when I do it. It’s dripping now on the floor, there’s a lot of it, I think I can fill a small water bottle with all this oxygenated dark red almost black. It’s funny even after all this I still don’t feel like a real man, even after all this, nothing has changed, I ask myself “why is my sadness at least not valid, why can’t I just be sad and not be happy with being sad” but we’re not teenagers anymore so all of this just sounds reductive and corny for lack of a better word. I cannot lie it does look “cool” .This time I have made my way all the way up to my torso I cannot lie they look fantastic, and let me tell you that type of stuff hurts especially when you wake up the next morning, and even after in the coming week. You have to sleep in a certain way so it doesn’t hurt; you have to limit your movement so it doesn’t keep on hurting. Wearing a shirt is going to be the worst thing ever because, even the softest fabric, touching the skin feels like a thousand tiny fallen angels sent by god to stab you with their tiny angelic swords as punishment for being so immature, so small, I hate the fact that I have to validate myself to myself just to feel that I can be nothing. It makes no sense to me so don’t worry if it doesn’t make any sense to you. My mother helps me, when I wake up in the morning and she sees what a disappointment I have become she collects here self and asks me “when are we going to stop all this foolishness” sometimes she cries, I do too. She has earned her pain the pain she never deserved, I believe it when people say life is a grim joke, and it is, not a funny one but a grim joke none the less. I like to smear it on my face and look in the mirror and smile with my blood shot eyes and my yellow teeth. it’s the only time I can feel actually special. I resent her for not being a father, but how can she be something she is not, after all she was everything else, and I hate myself for resenting the only person who will never leave me. The skin has so many layers, you can never actually know unless you try, and that’s a fact. I am so very alone it’s funny, we all scream in to the void but I hate the fact that I feel that my screams should be heard, how entitled of me, I say. All I ever wanted was to be a big man and what I got was this, an entitled, sarcastic, skinny, scrawny, disgusting, 50 kilogram, perverted boy who feels he should be meant for more, but ultimately he shall fade in to the background of the life I/we live in, and what is more crazy is that, this boy deserves it he really does, he was always meant for it. I think it is time for me to sleep now, I think I have to continue this in the morning, but please don’t worry; the spirits will make it easier to act with conviction. The job is not done yet.