

red sweater to cover my red body
red towel to wipe it up
red toilet paper to rid myself like it never happened
but I never forget
the reminders permanently marked on my body
until the day that I die

garbage cans filled with the remains of red
that once were flowing
like a river through my veins

red lines like a map
x marks the spot where i need a release
when my mind gets crowded
every etch in my skin is a word
I will never get to say

there is a red ocean in my body
and I am oh so thirsty for it
I tell myself I'm not doing any harm
only draining out my feelings
when I dream I'm covered in it

when I'm slicing up vegetables for dinner

I get flashbacks

from the war with myself

the one I'm still yet to win

It has a voice

it's calling me by name

when there's an inconvenience

It's always reminding me

that it's there for me

pulling me in

like a cult

I will never escape

my body is a temple

that I have destroyed

with every sharp object

In my vicinity

once I'm deep enough

nobody will hear from me again

like I never existed

I will only be a memory

the x's from my past never go away
all those words I never said
like a poem I've written all over my skin
those words
will always be a part of me
I am like an abandoned home
In the middle of a forest
forgotten
abandoned
desperate to be clean.