

Shattered Porcelain

"[...]Out of nervousness she scratched again and again at the cuts she achieved yesterday. After the conversation was hitting a new drastic high she could feel new warm dampness under her black sweater. The need was gone for the moment as was this dreadful person, leaving behind a claustrophobic feeling in her gut.[...]"

"[...]She was in a constant controversy with herself. Life and death. Low selfesteem and pride. Two sites fighting for superiority within her, leaving bloody trails behind and ruining her once pretty home.[...]"

"[...] And then she smoked another cigarett - inhaled deeply. She didn't savor the flavor - bitter taste - but was addicted nonetheless. The reason was simple not mentioning the normal biological process in brain: When smoke filled her lungs a heavy blanket settled itself over her cracked mind and rambling thoughts - she could pretend that she was happy and just like everyone else[...]"

"[...] Another red line appeared on her flawless skin, crying red on it's own accord. With odd fascination she looked on as blood drips from her arm on the floor, leaving terribly beautiful droplets where it hits the clinical white flagging. Another look back to her wrist, the cut drew artistically perfect pictures on porcelain.[...]"

"[...] The scars will fade to silver lines, like warm sunrays lining a cloud too pent up with heavy teardroplets; the bittersweet taste of sweat mixing failure and pride into one invisible liquid that is pouring out of every pore will remain. It will always remind her of a time where worlds clashed and thoughts of tomorrow lay forgotten, were heavily meaningless - filled with fear of waking up again. It will always be a conscious, always morbid symbole of not fitting. Neither fitting into the common reality, nor fitting into anything real at all. She will remember when stroking with featherlight fingertips over simple cuts, she still knows where sometimes too deep to still on their own, that she was a reclusive in this world of forgotten morals, pressed ethic and no one knowing real virtues. And with a content smile she will let her thoughts go, thoughts of an inflicted death. They will haunt her eternaly, but in the end she realizes, just like all the time she just wanted to fall asleep to escape, life is a dream filled with childish thoughts, wrong meanings, absolute misery and a feeling of completeness that a suicide could never give her. [...]"

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