

your daddy-issues are dumb and one-dimensional and everybody hates you. there are three types of dads and men are men. there are infinite moms and they can break you for life.

and when you fall on the sword for them, you will want the wound to close up, slowly, with the hilt still brushing past your ribs. for her to scoff, for him to gasp, for the entirety of the world to feel so tiny and insignificant and ugly and unavoidable. every atom that writes you will stretch and pull and destroy what is left of the flesh you so devoutly bite in the dead of night. and what? they'll gore you like a pig and you will love it, like the last hug before the walk home from the (dreadful) night out. bloody footprints on the sidewalk, you're holding your keys wrong again, the trail does not exist when you blink and you **[blink/blink/blink]** despite the loss of time. is it moving inside you without a strong pommel-grip? does it feel like they are stirring the pot once again? and why does the blood keep seeping out of you like delicious honey tea? and what else will the blood be doing? does she know? because he doesn't. and that's ok. it's messy. fruitful. an entire half-life's worth of liquid pouring out of a hole in your abdomen and all you will want is a cigarette. maybe a hand-hold if it is permitted. high chance it won't be. you will inch away from them and struggle to breathe with each unsatisfying wiggle. she will find it pitiful and you will feel the wound pulse at that, knowing that she saves that sentiment for last **[как смееш да ми говориш така?!<sup>1</sup>]** but here it is in lucky first place. he will not understand why it hurts but fundamentally will believe it is necessary to do so. (every)thing will become sticky, eventually. in the event that you are not completely cored out, you will demand another stab at it. a try. an attempt. a successful hit right above where the initial wound will not satisfy your craving for punishment in the non-traditional sense. who is she to deny you? who is he to demand (you)? in every single calculation you make regarding your chances of making it out, you will always leave yourself the addicting slim possibility that you will die here. it will feel good to slip away, to fall forward and let the sword do its duty in rendering you apart like sticky toffee candy in a child's hand. you can feel your heart pumping away. he's walking away from the scene. she can't stop staring at your dirty feet. you will resent her for this hyperfocus on the unimportant. she will tell you that she misses you. you will believe her only **[in concept and never in theory.]** you will feel the wound cauterize when you run your fingers over your abdomen. you will never once think about how happy you feel crawling on your knees. you will smile.

you will resist an ending, or rather, an ending to the archive. such completion would destroy the need for inventory and the catalogue of pain.

a return to form will be necessary. the tenderness of the wound will feel meditative. you will sit up eventually and dip your hands slowly in your own viscera, looking for your keys so you can hold them right again. whose house is this? are you leaking memories onto the newly buffed tiles downstairs? who is that at the door? will you beg them to watch you do this (again?) aren't you sick of this? aren't they sick of you?

**[hand me the fucking sword.]**

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<sup>1</sup> how dare you speak to me like that?!