

Reminders

by sweetflag

The doubts of someone who wonders and the lengths that they go to find something
that is a matter of faith.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Do I exist within this frame or the mocking one before me?
I touch the glass and wonder, is it me who feels the slick cold?
The face is mine, the eyes looking back are mine... it has to be:
Pale skin, sunken eyes, trembling lips; what does this skin hold?
I wonder which is real, which feels; I know I hurt, I know I bleed.
Is that enough? Does that mean I'm here, hidden beneath this skin?
I have scratched at the skin, peeled flesh back to see what I need:
Does this frame of flesh and bone, humour and ichor house me within?
I have signs to show the length and depth of my search: raw and red.
But nothing can make me believe that in this flesh, I reside.
The body pains as I slit the veins, skin torn and capillaries bled.
But I am not sure what that means; I think that they all lied.
The mocking mirror is calm and quiet; her secrets are well kept.
I hit the glass, blood darts along the cracks, and her face is shattered.
Shards fall and I, alone, remain; it is me, always me, I wept.
But a myriad of mirrors reflect a myriad of me; am I so fractured?
I have tried to feel alive, done all that should make me thrive;

I smile and cry, I know I can, I can feel the muscles and the tears,
But that's felt by someone else; I only feel the sharp edge: the knife.
I hold it now against the skin; one more place it slowly reveals.
I sigh and slice, cut and glut, this is how I know, how I feel;
All I know for sure. Nothing else seems to remind me as good
That in this skin is where I live, that this is where it's real;
Nothing reminds me, but this clue from slitting skin and spilling blood.