

The First Cut is Always the Deepest

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Life in a nutshell.



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The perfect life that's all I want. That's what my dreams gave me sometimes. I'll sit there dreaming up new perfect scenarios; but when I wake up things usually go wrong. Nothing is ever as good as a dream.

Rain, it is always the worst when you wake up to a torrent in a bad mood. Today was no different from any other day over the break. I refused to leave my warm shielding cocoon. Lumpy and dirty as my mattress on the floor was, it was better than the alternative. Better than facing another day, with the same insurmountable issues as days prior. It must have been three or four hours, stewing in my own thoughts of hatred and sadness. Worst of all my friends were trying to get a hold of me. I never complained to anybody about my real problems, most people don't want to hear them. They have their own petty problems, as teenagers it was always one problem after the next and they all thought I wanted to hear them. I ask them about it hoping that one day one of them will return the favor. Ask me what was wrong for a change, but they never did. Selfish. A while of sitting there mixed with consistent rains for me to check had finally taken its toll. Maybe a change of atmosphere would change my mood. As I scanned the room I could see its dreadful state. Dirty laundry, trash, and random spills that had been overlooked due to a lack of will power or an apathy that couldn't be overcome.

The sheer volume of stuff on the floor was nothing to sniff at. I clumsily started to work. I labored for an hour or so, making sure every section of my room was clean before moving on to the next. I was almost done when I saw something almost amusing. Two months before I had broken a light bulb. There were still shards of it laying on the floor, twinkling in the light that struck them. I began to pick them up. The glass clinked as it hit the bottom of the trash can. I felt worse and worse as I cleaned and by this point I was hollow. It was as if my heart had shut down and there was no blood running through my veins. I've had the feeling before. It was a numbing, an emptiness that consumed the soul, slowly eating away at your insides. I felt nothing. I picked up the next shard of glass, this one much larger than the last. I wonder, would it hurt if I cut myself? I slid it heavily against my skin without a second thought. Over my wrist. Nothing, I felt nothing. Twice more I slid the piece of glass and twice more the same thing happened. Anything, anything I wanted to feel anything but the numbness I wanted it to end. That shard of glass did nothing to relieve my suffering it could not harm one dead inside. I watched as the blood slivered down my arm. Not the crimson of blood I was promised, but a darker, warmer color. Something more inviting, but after all I still felt nothing. Every action was senseless. In a state of despair I lie myself back down. In the end it doesn't really matter.

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