

That Broken Piece of Glass

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This is something I was thinking of.

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I have made myself a promise:

I will not cut.

I even lost the razorblades.

For a while I have resisted the call of self harm.

But now, there you sat

Ready and waiting.

My only friend in my time of need.

The only one that responded to my pleas.

You did not resist as you sat in my hand

You only sliced into my flesh

Time and time again.

You did not lie straight to my face

But it seems you exist

To further my self hate.

And still you sit

Where I left you

Stained with red

And many fingerprints.

Thatâs where I gripped you when my lifeblood slipped from my arm.

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I broke my promise.

And it felt so good.

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