By: Serenity In Silence

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.

I broke my promise.

And it felt so good.

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