

How I Hurt

I was having a bad day.

It was supposed to be a one time thing.

It wasn't though.

Soon it turned into an escape.

An escape from everything.

I don't do it to hurt myself, I do it to remind myself I can feel.

To distract me.

To help me.

It hurts everytime, but I don't stop.

I cut and cut and cut.

I burn and burn and burn.

I starve and starve and starve.

Even if I wanted to stop I don't think I could.

You hear about most being addicted to alcohol or drugs, but me?

I'm addicted to the hurt.

There is something just so intoxicating about the darkness.

A certain comfort in the way it envelops you.

None of the pain matters.

None of the happiness matters.

It's all pointless.

And when you're tired.

The darkness will be there to hold you.