

Grey.

That black feeling of sinking and emptying and falling deeper into that place where

no

one

can

find

you

and maybe it would be easier to die right now on this vintage black and white checkered tile cold tile finally and maybe no one would notice, and you could lie there and be free and breathe and see and smell things other than the chill that keeps making your eyes water until all you see is grey. That's what you tell people- **THEY AREN'T TEARS I NEVER CRY** except at night alone under the hot steaming water when I remember everything and I fall, bony and bleeding onto the bed only this time the wounds are mine not his.