

Autosarcophagy: Stockholm of the Skin

Skin sheds at such a rate that every time I look into a mirror I see a stranger.

My skin has figured out the inside of me. It knows things I don't, and sees things I haven't. It knows me best. I find it strange. When I look at it, I don't understand it. The skin has figured out my shape, my anatomy, my taxonomy, the intricate dichotomy that complicates me. My skin is made of something alien and unrecognizable. Sheets of cellophane sewn together. A weak organic-plastic wrap that is drawn tightly around my bones to stop the more important things from spilling. It has fashioned itself in such a way that I can feel it stuck to me. I think of wet leaves. It seems to all have a purpose; it bends certain ways and has these holes. It seems weak though. And it breaks too easily. They mention sticks and stones, but why does skin allow the other things inside. My penis confuses me. He's supposed to be important. Why would the most important part of me, my initial identity in the world, seem so strange? Folds of skin rolled around each other. There is no bone there. My penis can grow without breaking. It is supposed to be a purposeful universal abnormality. But, on strange days, it looks like a deformity. It's still important to me. I measure it sometimes to make sure it's all still there. Uncircumcised – extra protection. I am told the skin around these bones fits perfectly, and that I am handsome in it. I'm not sure. I think it might be too tight. I wonder if there's room for a soul. I am a square, with all my lines and edges, trapped in a fallible sphere. It smells rotten sometimes. Other times, after scrubbing bits of it away, it smells agnostic – in a good way. By agnostic I mean far from bad, indifferent to good. To Milton, the further we are from God the more human we are – the more agnostic we become. Is my skin evil? I scrub harder. When dead parts of me are ready to fall off, sometimes, I eat them. And, when I'm hungry, I wonder if I can cook parts of it. Would it fill me? Would it taste good? I think of pork grinds. I wonder if a pig would like the taste of me. Is it keeping me together? Or hiding something else? I wonder—