

# Forced

He has finally broken up with me. Kicked me out of our home. Sending me back to my old apartment. A disintegrating hole with moth-eaten furniture. Air thick with sulphur that coats my skin. I stand in my room. Giggling by myself. Finally, I'm free from his warm hugs that prisoned me during the night. I never have to hear his gentle voice again. Never tamed into relaxation by his comforting words. Never leached again to his body like a conjoined twin. I feel the freedom filling me up. I laugh, gape my mouth, joy pulverises through my mouth into the air, throw my head back into hysteric fits, howl louder until I'm blinded by tears of salt that choke my voice and I fall onto the floor my laughs deforming into the endless flood of wretched screams I can't control as it's puked out of my throat till it's red and raw. I try to shut up and fall into screaming fits. My spine twitches and convulses. Shattering my strength. I turn, my face presses itself into the floor. Weeping into a pool of saliva.

## §

I sit in a bar. Surrounded by ugly men. I avoid looking at them. They might see me. Maybe think I'm cute. Walk over to me. Buy me a drink. Talk to me. Say something that charms me. That warms me. That makes me want to talk to them. Make me want to know them. Make me like them. Make me want to see them again. Make me want them. No. I lower my

eyes. Stare under the table. Cut their faces from my vision. I won't let them make me blush.

§

I don't want to do anything else in my life other than painting. I want to stand every day in my studio and lose myself until I sleep. I want to learn to paint exactly what I dream, mix the colours and shape every blotch I splatter into whatever my heart desires. I dream of being so creative, so in the moment, that the world around me slowly disappears around me, and nothing remains but me and the canvas in front of me. Of reaching a state when every brush stroke is directly connected to my soul. When I finish my painting, I want to surprise myself, see something that will make me question my own mortality. And after I sleep, and dream, I want to paint something even better. I want to constantly break my bonds, and evolve, like a butterfly, every day of my life. Filling my days with astonishments and signs that I'm getting better and better. And that throughout my whole life, no matter how old I get, my fantasy will never stop feeding me.

§

I sit in front of the computer. Volume blaring against the walls. My fingers clawing my clit. Touching it. Stretching it. I focus on the screen. On the man. On the woman he's using, her body wrapped in leather. He holds her open. Pushing his fingers into her ass. Stretching it. Till it gapes. Her mouth, concealed by a zipper, muffling her moans, squealed with painful joy. I gag. I retch. But still, I feel my cunt starting to drool. Wildfire burning through my

nerves. I bite my hand. Choking the ecstasy. Strain my eyes. Stare at her stuffed hole. Dripping brown flecked sweat. Down into her swollen, beaten cunt. The fire keeps building. Building. Building inside my womb while he tears her up. I tense my muscles. The pleasure seeps through. I inhale her muffled screams. The electricity keeps growing. I grip my cunt. Trying to drain it. I press my fingers. Against the screen. I watch. He shoves in his second hand. Fits it up to his wrist. I press my legs. Press them till it hurts. I grip my cunt. It's still flowing. My muscles tense. Electricity keeps flooding my flesh and skin. Shooting through my bones. Almost reaching the surface. I squeak. Shut down the screen. Grab the desk. Hold it still. Heave. Breathe. Sweat. Neck drenched. Christ! I almost lost there! My flesh still raw. I have to calm down. My body settles. Cooling down. My nerves stop screaming. I sit there. Head hangs forward. I rub my face. Exhale. God! I almost came!

## §

I leave the party, almost running. Liam's face lingering in my head, like a gentle daydream. Our short introduction. It drifted. Expanded. Flooded from subject to subject. Finding common ground on each one. Every word his voice caressed. Every sentence now spins around inside my head. Recited. Over and over. Then. It hits me. In my stomach. When I notice. I stop. I move my hand. To my heart. Grip it. Feel the heavy pounding inside. I can feel the butterflies. Their legs. Their wings. Their flaming bodies. Flying inside my heart. Burning for him. I gag. I fall forward. Grab onto the wall. Time evaporates, like blood in thickened veins. Gasping. I

fall down onto my knees. Gulp a fat ball of saliva down my dried throat. Can already feel the chains around my wrists.

§

I am plagued by desires gurgling in the depths of my blood and soul. I stare in front of me, reality disrupting and shattering, distorting into images of his face and body. I press my hands against my eyes. Still see him inside my skull. Blaring like the sun. Every detail of his figure memorised by my lust. I want to think of something else. But all my thoughts are drowning under the vomit spewed by my fantasy. Filling my mind up with his memory. Overpowering me. My body falls onto its knees. Melting when viewing his aura. My resistance decaying under his staggering perfection. His image bloating and growing.

§

I now know more about the man burned in the back of my head. He was released from a trial. Charged with ritually beating his wife. In fits of rage he left her body craving stitches to close pumping wounds. For several years, until the day he gripped her scalp and drove her face against the wall and split her head so deep she vomited blood through her mouth and nose for several days in the hospital. I sit there. Listening to my friends. Talking about what he did. I think of him. Standing there in a courtroom with broken fists. And still, in my head, he's sculpted like a Greek god. His shapes are gentle. His skin is pure and glitters. His hair is warm and bright. Everything surrounding him. The jury. The judge.

The wife. The lawyers. All of them coloured grey and blurry. I look at him. And I can see his mouth. Smiling with perfectly carved lips from ear to ear, with tiny wrinkles at the corners. And when I look his eyes still erupt a thunder within that makes my legs weak.

§

Every night. I'm tortured by luscious dreams. Waking up. Drenched in sweat. A scream in my throat. I sit there (IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME ONE). I rub my eyes (US TWO. WALKING. HAND IN HAND.). The image still lingers on my eyes (AN ENDLESS FOREST), like a stitched daydream (TREES. WILD AND BEAUTIFUL). (ANIMALS WALK PAST US) I feel my breathing (SO CLOSE WE CAN PET THEM). I grip (THE LANDSCAPE TURNS) my (INTO BEACHES.) lungs (THE PUREST SAND), holding them. (WE JUST WALK). (LEANING ON EACH OTHER). (TALKING) I shiver (LAUGHING) with every exhale. I can still (TURNS) feel the warmth of the (INTO A GREEN HILL) on my eyes. (WE LAY THERE) I look down, (LAYING ON EACH OTHER), It blinds me (THE HORIZON), but I can still see (SETTLES) inside my eyelids. I try to sleep (THE GLITTERING) it throbs inside. I sit there. Waiting for sleep that never comes.

§

I finish the painting. I step back. Look at it. I bite my lips. It's just like the others. I grab it. Throw it against the wall. Breaking it. I kick away the pieces. Next to the others. I set up a new one. Mix the colours. I clench my brush. Force my fingers to paint.

Draw with frenzied energy. I don't pause. My neck's rigid. I can't feel my lungs. Lust strangles my veins. Constrains my muscles. I paint faster. My neurons shred. Concentration glitches. I drag my brush. Against the nausea. The world collapsing onto me. Smothering me with its drenched rags. I complete the painting. I step back. I look. My eyes glare. Every stain has mutated into another portrait of Liam. Every colour is a part of him. His hair. His skin. His eyes. Has become another abstract picture of him. I drop my pencils. I storm out of the studio. I walk around the apartment. Back and forth. Biting my nails. I fill a glass with water. I drink it. I choke. Cough. As if gas clouds fill my mouth. It tastes like charcoal. Gluing onto my gums and teeth. I squint. Drink it. Swallow with my sandpaper dry throat.

§

I walk down the streets when I hear his voice. I freeze. I want to run. But then feel a friendly tap on my shoulder and when I turn around, he stands there. His smile so gentle against my eyes. My flesh melts. My bones creak and shift into a flirtatious stance. Say 'hi' to him. We talk. My body softens. I want to scream but my mouth blathers on and my tongue swirls like a worm with unrestrained enthusiasm. I want to tell him I need to go. People pass us. I want to run with them but my feet weigh like stones. I struggle against my jaw, and finally spit out to him that I'm in a hurry. I mumble a goodbye while nauseous. I turn away. Dragging my protesting heart. Mumble a goodbye. I shake inside. I get home and lock the door. Then. I notice. I'm gripping my phone. On the screen. His name. Liam. We had

exchanged numbers. I want to erase it. But my fingers won't allow me.

§

Liam.

His name never leaves my brain. It's festered. Like a tumour. In the back of my head. It doesn't matter if I struggle. His name constantly whispered into my mind. Infecting images of his face into my soul. A single breath that mentions him cripples me. When I'm out with my friends, his face invades my head, and my nerves paralyse. It erupts spasm through my limbs like diseased blood. My friends look at me standing there with a blank face. My hand twitching. They can't see his smile. Crawling like a parasite inside my eye sockets. Exploding like splinters against my skin.

§

On the bed, I have an electric dildo and a bowl filled with razor blades. I take off my clothes and lay down. I touch my cunt. Checking it's dry. I switch on the dildo, it twitches into throbbing motions. I place it between my legs, shove it inside my hole. It pounds inside my hole, while I put one of the razors into my mouth. Sliding the blade around my mouth with my tongue. Slitting through it, while the electric cock pulsates inside. Laying there. I wait. Then. When my cunt starts, to gently quiver, I bite down, cutting through the roof of my mouth, muting the pulse. I lay there. Waiting. Every pulse of pleasure, that tightens my muscles I silence. But the sensation keeps spreading through my flesh. Bubbling up in my pussy. Blossoming like a flower. I stick more blades

into my mouth. Bite harder. But the eruption tightens. I sweat. The razors slip between my teeth. Mangle my tongue. But my legs begin vibrating. My breaths stutter. I try to kill it. Slamming my jaws. Fingers grip the chair. Grind the blade. I gasp. My cheeks start to leak. But my pussy explodes. My eyes blackout. Legs shake. Toes curl up. Then calm sinks down. Into my skin. I lift my hand. Fingers drenched in cum. Opening and closing my fists. See it glitter. I open my mouth. Blood spurts out. Onto my chin. I lay down on my back and cry.

§

I have to answer his texts immediately, or my chest will implode into a guttural pit, sucking in all my intestines to shred them. I can't answer with short replies. A thirst within steers my fingers. Makes me extend the conversation. Desperately asking him further questions about his life and personality, drinking up every information he gives me. Clutching every detail, harnessing them like eggs. I answer him. Then I put my phone away. Far away from me. I try to return to my painting. To switch my focus to my vision. But the phone pounds, like a conjoined heart, always bellowing inside my skull. I have to grip the device. I have to sit there. Crouching, in the corner. Staring at the screen. Waiting. For his reply. For that icon, that sound, that beep, that says he has answered. I reply to him immediately, a hyena's desperation filling my fingers when I punch the screen, breaking my fingers. Writing. Erasing. Rewriting. Deforming the letters to fit my hearts symphony. Deforming my words to speak with lust, a friendly flirtation. Sending it. I throw my phone

away. Absence chokes me. I twist around. I can't see. I crawl back. I sit with the phone in my hand. My painting rotting in the background.

§

His smile gnaws. Mauls my mind. Teeth glisten. Their fierce gnashing cleaving opens my brain. Like flames that flood me. Leaking out of my pores. Conjoin. Stretch. Into flesh and limbs. Until he stands in front of me. His grin pierces my blood. My eyes stare. I grip the chair. His luscious lips pull my throat like a noose to him, till his muscular arms hold me. Then he pushes me onto the couch. His mouth crawls down on me. Grunts at my panties. Then tear through my skirt. Snorting at my vulva. My mouth makes me gasp. His jaws open. His tongue plunges like a squids arm through my pussy lips. I flinch. His tongue wriggles inside. Twists my spine with every lick. Sucking my hole. Smearing the cunt juice around. My neck twists around. My eyes roll back. He spears my folds. Reaching further in. Licking my deepest sores. A bullet shoots through me. Ecstasy strangles me. My lungs suffer from aftershocks. I sit up. My body barely intact. Bones sucked dry. Feel my thighs drenched. Stand up. Sweat dribbles from my ass.

§

I sit on the chair. Wrap the piano wire around my wrist. I stare at the wall, the only attention I allow my fantasy to consume. Wringing the cord tighter around my arm. Into my flesh. Pressure bloating my pores. When a thought of him, starts to emerge, arousing my senses, I yank the wire. Severing the

fantasy into rags. The wall returns to my eyes. The thread pulled deeper into my stretched wounds. I tighten the wire. Around my arm. The thread sinks deeper. Into my stretched wounds. I keep throttling my heart. Straining my eyes. I blink. See his head. I pull. Thick blood squirts. Like spilt guts. Keep looking. Into the wall. Bury my eyes. My veins bulging. I fixate. Hear his laugh. I pull. Squeak. My forearm gushes red clots. My toes grip the chair. Crane my neck. Wrap it tighter. Crane my neck. Keep looking. The cord sinks deeper. I wait.

§

I sit here, with him, inside the restaurant, next to the window, the candlelight glowing orange. Our tongues talk with endless stamina. His deep voice tingles my spine. I try to be hostile, but my replies contort in my throat, my lips sing with the sweetest voice it can form. My guts and heart trying to caress his cheek and skin. I want to bite my tongue. Want to stop it from breaking open my soul open for him. Giving him layer after layer engraved with secrets. And he only replies by flaying himself as well. And I can already hear the leech pull our hearts closer to devour each other. Our spines tilting our heads closer. Our feet touch and I am buried by blushes that inflame my pores. When his hand crawls forward and my fingers let themselves be held in his fist I feel my defeat and blackout.

§

My focus is a dying whore. A spastic moth that flies in frantic spirals never able to fixate on anything. I look through exploded eyes. Perception broken into

thousands of shards. Everything merging in front of me. Overpowering my flexibility. I can't paint. I can't eat. I can't sleep. My tendons and cells grind against each other, breaking onto themselves.

§

Liam is here. I didn't invite him. My fingers steered me like a hostage. We're standing in my studio. I'm holding my glass. Panic infuriating inside. See him. Standing in front of me. Examining my paintings. Twisting his head. Leaning in closer. I didn't call him. My heart steered me like a hostage. He talks to me. I need to shut my ears. To cut his tongue. But his words still wriggle inside. He says I'm really good and adds something cheesy like that they would be worth a fortune. My lips open and thank him. Lie that his words warm me. He smiles at me. His grin drags me closer to him. My mouth stretches. Contorts into a smile.

§

I see myself. I'm in Elsa's house. We're sitting on her couch. Talking. Discussing. Gonna see a movie. I blink. Open my eyes. See my body has thrown itself into her lap. Curl up into a screaming foetus. My crying deafens. Choked words scream. I am rambling. Drunken with tears. Hear my mouth. It vomits confessions. Admitting. Ripping open, denied emotions. Those that burn, in me, for him. Ferocious begging, to squeeze, to hug him. Every sob. Spewed out, with a force that scolds my throat. Elsa holds my head. Caressing me. My head thrust against her chest and it (NO!) tells her (STOP!) with a trembling voice that I am (LIAR!) afraid (NO!) that he might (SHUT

UP!) not like me. End with new flood of wails. Silences my protest. She hugs me. Continues to stroke me. Says that everything is going to be alright. Hear. Blood warms. I scream out.

§

I'm searching. Searching for what I need. Falling deeper into the depths of the internet. Then. I find it. I jump through the video of a man fucking a dog. His face's been pixilated into distortion. The Labrador's legs and paws have been tied to straps. The man plunged his cock into its asshole. I gaze at it. The dog throws its head around. Forced throughout the video into different positions. Penetrated over and over. It fights with a soft whimpering. Jaws shut by a protection guard. Every second I retch. Forcing myself. To remember every detail. Afterwards, I close the screen. Lay on the bed. On my back. Take off my trousers. Throw them on the floor. Close my eyes. Recollect. Sweating blood to try to play the video over in my head. The act as vivid as I can strain. Enhancing every moan, thrust and whimper. I see that man's face. I replace it. With Liam's. Graft on his face. His smile. The shape of his arms. Deforming that man. Clothing him. In Liam's body parts. Making them a part of him. Making them into him. Turning into Liam's body. I imagine it's Liam shoving his cock into a shivering dogs asshole. My throat gags. My skin feels harassed and filthed. But my face is still soaked by his gentle face. I press my eyelids harder. Sink myself into the video. Immersing my senses. Zooming in on every thrust. Turn every whimper louder. I imagine that Liam is grunting, swearing enjoyment ecstatically and taunts the dog

while gripping its leg and laughs when it squeaks and I make every laugh deafen. Then I sense it. I twitch my head. Look down. See the glistening cum leaking out of my pussy, building a pool between my legs. When I scream it echoes and hits the walls. I crawl away from me. Into the corner. I grab my hair. Pull it by its roots. The small path of water following me.

§

My intestines flinch and shudder when my friends talk about him. Spitting on him for what he did. I listen, agreeing with them, while my organs boil me raw with anguish. I grip the table. My nails bend. Muzzling this internal seizure. One of my friends says he should be hanged. The others nod. Agreeing. I do as well, but my pores droll rage and I'm scared to look at her for my blood will break my leash and sprint and jump on her and grab her skull and bash it against the table so that bitch will scream till my fingers unlock their grip and press inside and rip out her whore tongue and teeth and shove it down and stuff her lying throat and make me watch her while she suffocates. My body is shaking. My friends ask me what's wrong. I let out an excuse and get up and run to the bathroom.

§

I sit on his bed. He stands in front of me. Our mouths and eyes smile at each other. My muscles hold me paralysed. I cannot run. I hear myself asking him, with a teasing tone, if he shouldn't start stripping for me. He laughs. Says that he can't disobey an order, starts to unbuckle his belt. My eyes consume him. Watch him take off his clothes. Until

he stands naked in front of me. I gulp. My mouth giggles. My hands crawl to my shirt. Starts to unbutton it. Slowly pull it off. Hold it up. Throw it aside. Like a playful child. I'm nauseous inside my cage. His eyes stain me. Infect me with blushes. My fingers move to my panties, I fight against it, can't feel my bones. My panties are pulled off. My breasts are massaged. My body lays itself on the bed. My arms open. Invite him to take me. He crawls up. He mounts me. I'm pushed down. Our bodies molest each other. Gripping each other's flesh. My mouth sucks his lips. Draining his saliva. I gag. I'm force-fed. I try to vomit. Only purr. My hands, move, frantically, around his back. Pressing him closer. Grabbing his sweaty hair. I hear a voice (RETCH) beg him to fuck me. (I BLACKOUT!) He moves down (I DON'T WANT TO SEE). He holds his cock. (PLEASE!) It touches my thighs. My legs spread for him. Like a puppet. His tips touch. It plunges through me. I scream. My body moans in pleasure. He pummels faster. I want to tear my head off. Push him away. My legs and arms hold him tighter. Mouth drools. Beg him to fuck me faster. Fuck me harder. Breathing faster. I feel raped. I breathe faster. My pussy quivers. Weakens me. I lose my grip. Explode and gasp as he comes with me.

## §

His body's pressed against me. I taste his breath. He nibbles my ears. Snuggles his nose into my neck. His limbs wrapped around me. A ribcage imprisoning me. I need to tear myself from his hug. But his fingers. Caressing my skin. Sucks the energy from my blood. Suffocating my senses into

relaxation. I'm buried underneath my lounging flesh. Every scream I push out of my gut decays and comes out like a calm sigh.

§

I search through the site. Look at the male porn stars. Searching for someone who looks like him. YES! I FIND ONE! HE'S SMILING ON HIS PROFILE. HE HAS HIS FEATURES! THE IMAGE ACHES! I filter his videos. Tag specific categories. 'Rape'. 'BDSM'. 'Rough'. I scroll through the videos. Click on one. It starts. It's in a basement. A single light sways. The camera's shaky, held by a guy, laughing together with the actor. The actor. (LIAM!). The camera turns. Points at a woman. She's chained. Her arms above her head. The camera guy zooms in on her. She screams. The man (LIAM!) laughs (JUST LIKE HIM!). (LIAM!) Kicks her. Beats her face. He, (LIAM!) laughs. I watch (LIAM!) push her against the wall. Hold her. Choke her sobs. Unbutton his trousers. Shove his cock into her dried cunt. Stretch open her legs. Push in deeper. Watch him pound her. She yells. He (SOUNDS LIKE LIAM!) jokes to the camera. Says she bleeds. (LIAM!) Hits her. Nose crushes. Press my face against the screen. I'm standing. Stare at (LIAM'S) face. Inhale his expressions. Contorting. With every thrust. I watch him. Then. I stiffen. A single drop runs down my thighs. Stinking. I run. Don't make it. Grab the wall. Puke on the floor. The video still playing. My eyes water. Saliva drip. I touch my cunt. Fingers caked. I'm still wet.

§

I AM TIED TO MY HANDS AND FEET. THEY DRAG ME FORWARD. STRINGS DIG INTO MY WRIST. I BLINK. I'M AWAKE. I FEEL MYSELF BE PULLED. I BLINK. OUTSIDE. I SEE. MY FEET MARCHING. I BLINK. I SEE. I'M ON THE BUSS. THE SUN IS DARKER. I BLINK. I SEE. MY HAND HOLDING THE RAILING. GOING UP THE STAIRS. I BLINK. I SEE. HIS DOOR. MY HAND. KNOCKS. THE DOOR. OPENS. I BLINK. PRESS. MY EYES. OPEN. HE STANDS THERE. I BLINK. MY ARMS. HUG HIM. OUR BODIES. TOUCH. I BLINK. INSIDE. I SIT. NEXT TO HIM. HIS ARM AROUND ME. HEAD LEANING ON HIS ARM. MY BODY. REMAINS HERE. LONGER THAN I WANT.

§

Curled up on my bed. I don't let the lights shine upon me. I move my fingers over my body. Touching the stains that his hands and kisses have left on me. I can already feel his marks and saliva spreading like a fungus over every part of me. Seeping into my nose, my mouth, my ears, and into the ridges of my cunt. Leaking through my pores into my organs. Covering them with his touch and turn old and stale. His scent has become a perfume that oozes from me when I sweat. It leaks into my nose and washes my brain like acid and my muscles twitch. I have tried to rub scolding water into my skin till I bleed like a pig, but I can still taste it on my mouth. No matter how shallow I breathe.

§

I open the door. He's sleeping on my bed. I want him to abandon me. To wake up. Put on his clothes.

Shut the door. Disappear. Never answer my calls. He wakes up. Sees me. Smiles. Sits up sleepily. Looks at me. Says I look beautiful. His words shoot me. I feel lightheaded. Thousands of butterflies vibrate with pleasure in my stomach. I scream and run to the bathroom and slam the door behind me and I lock it fall down on the floor lay there and shriek and cry and scream and he bangs the door asking me what's wrong if am I ill or hurt and I beg that he goes away tearing through my vocal chords with shouted cries and he begs me to open and I roll around I won't open and I kick the wall break my toes and he knocks harder shouting to me. I beat my head into the floor. He's yelling me to open up. NO! I won't! I scream louder and louder until the ambulances come. They break down the door. They talk to me. Their voices can't penetrate through my screams. They hold me. I kick. They roll up my sleeve. Inject a syringe. Pumps in. Pull out. The liquid. Floods me. My mouth stops. Only sighs. I'm exhausted. They leave. He sits with me. Holding me. Trying to warm me. He feeds me. I chew. He strokes me. Looking at me. I can see him. Through my corners. I swallow the charcoal.

§

We do everything together, like conjoined twins. His presence heightens every activity. Drugs me with endorphins that distort the reality around us. Twisting and deforming it until everything my senses take in brings my nerves to a heavenlike pleasure. But when he leaves, and the string connecting our bodies is cut, my body stops functioning. Starting to decay and exploding like fuses.

§

He grips my throat and pushes my head against the wall. Then smashes his fist into my face until his knuckles crack my flesh and bleed like puss. He releases me, I sink down to the floor, my jaw hanging like a broken doll's. He stares at me while I massage my naked meat pumping inside my leaking wounds. He walks away. Grabs his jacket and shoes. Shuts the door. I hear his steps run down the spiralling stairs. I laugh so loud my ribs hurt. Finally. Now. My mind must be free. Filled with the breath of life, I run to my studio, grab my brush, turn to the canvass. But I still can't paint. I just stand there. An aged brush limp in my hand. Glaring at the empty slate in front of me. And after several hours I accept defeat. I go into our room, see him sleeping in our bed. Haven't heard him come home. My body still doesn't shiver, my eyes still stare at his physique. Lust forcing me to admire the shapes of his chest and arms. My fingers still force me to take off my clothes. Still makes me lay next to him. And hug him. And caress him. And kiss his cheeks. Hands forcing me to wake him up. Make me touch him. Make me suck him. Make me mount him. Make me ride him. Let him touch me. Let him pound me. Makes me listen to my mouths moaning. Makes me scream in pleasure. Makes me embrace him. Forces me to cum together with him. Makes me feel violated, listening to my body breathe, drunken with bliss.

## §

Without his snoring next to me I am a tortured insomniac. I lie pierced by nails that can only disappear when his seal like breathing fills my ears. His sound is the only painkiller that can relax my muscles and lull them to sleep. With his body next to

mine a gentle tingling is triggered throughout every cell inside my bones. Sometimes my senses delay my sleep so they can turn my face and look at him groaning while it hypnotises them.

§

AN ABSENCE IS GROWING AND BUBBLING AND CHEWING MY STOMACH AND IT SPITS BLACK FILTH TILL IT FLOODS MY THROAT! I'M INSIDE MY APARTMENT! HE'S FAR AWAY FROM ME! THE LEECH IS GRINDING MY INSIDES! IT BENDS MY BONES! TILL THEY BREAK! LUNGS FAIL ME! MY MOUTH POURING EMPTY SIGHS! I WALK AROUND IN CIRCLES. NAILS CUT MY FINGERS. BLOOD BOILS UNDERNEATH MY FLESH AND IT WANTS TO EXPLODE THROUGH MY SKIN AND FLOOD THE ROOM AND SLITHER INTO EVERY OPEN HOLE AND BURST THROUGH MY WINDOWS OUT ON THE STREETS INTO WAVES THAT WASH AWAY ALL THE CARS AND PEOPLE PASSING AND IGNORING ME WHEN I STAGGER FORWARD STABILISING MYSELF AND MY TILTING VISION AGAINST THE BUILDINGS WALLS. I GRAB THE STREET LIGHT AND HUG IT TIGHTLY AND LOOK AROUND TO SEE WERE HE CAN BE AND I WANT TO TWIST AROUND AND GO HOME BUT MY NOSE SNORTS THE AIR AND STRETCHES MY NECK TO TRY TO FIND HIS SCENT AND WONDER WHERE HE CAN BE AND I HAVE FALLEN ONTO ANOTHER STREET LIGHT AND I TELL MYSELF I MUST GET HOME BUT I WALK IN HIS DIRECTION BUT MY LEGS ARE WEAK AND I CRAWL ON THE PAVEMENT

## TRYING TO PULL THE LEECH TO MY NECK AND DRAG MYSELF HOME!

### §

I sit like a dog in front of the door, waiting for him to come home. Every minute passes through my brain like a needle. Every drifting thought demolished. The blood flow static in my limbs. I hear steps outside. Echo in the building walls. My organs freeze. Feel dizzy. I stare at the lock. Wait for it to turn. Click. Open up. Let Liam in. Hear him say "hello". But the steps pass by. They walk up. I pant. I fixate on the door again. Suck my tongue. It's so dry. I want to rip it off. My feet bleed inside. My tense neck bleares. No point in moving. He can be back any minute. Hours pass. Then, the door, it finally opens, and he steps inside. I feel my lungs breathing again. I jump up. My arms chain him. He laughs. Asks how I feel. My mouth covers his mouth and cheeks and neck with kisses and won't let him go and lie that I had a great day.

### §

I watch him eat. Showing his fork. Between his lips. Pull it out. Chewing slowly. I gag on an imprisoned scream. I want to confess. To spit into his face. I want to make him hate me. To find me repulsive. And to throw me away and seduce another bride. But he looks at me. Compliments the food, and my muscles only allows me to smile. The barbed wire stuck within my lips cuts me into submission. And when my cheeks turn rosy and blush I want to vomit down my stomach. I'm nauseous. I get up. My vision tilts. I walk to the sink. Turn on the tap. Fill the can with

water. Come back. Sit down. Gulp my glass. Spills. Dribbles. Down my lips. He asks me if I can pass him the water after I'm done. I say yes. He smiles at me. His hand reaches out. I want to stab my soul and let myself smash the can onto his head and hope that his rage will grip my throat and pound my head into the floor until it cracks like a broken chicken. Maybe then I will finally hate him. But my soul would only find a way to forgive him. He fills his glass. I sit down. I think I'm shaking.

§

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY LIFE BEFORE I MEET HIM! I STRAIN EVERY VEIN IN MY BRAIN, BUT ONLY FACE THE ENGRAVINGS OF AMNESIA! EVERY CORRIDOR WITHIN MY MEMORY LEADS TO LIAM'S HOLY IMAGE! BEARING OVER ME! IN GLASS SHARD CLARITY! I PANIC AND SHUT MY EYES BUT ONLY LOSE MYSELF IN THE LABYRINTH, FILLED WITH PICTURES OF ME AND HIM NAILED ON THE WALLS LEAKING DROPS OF PUSS!

§

We fall on the bed. Shed our clothes from our bodies. Sweat into each other's eyes. We roll around like hysteric beasts. Our hands molesting the others flesh. We cover each other's lips with saliva and kiss and finger each other's teeth and until he screams I don't realise that I am gripping his neck and pushing my thumbs into his gullet trying to cleave through his bones and then he pulls my hands away and I throw myself onto his stomach and punch his chest with my fists and I can feel my knuckles beat into his organs

and I stare into his belly and I hear him choke but he grabs my wrists and press me down on the floor and I try to wrench him off me but he sits on my legs and I twitch my head around until my muscles are numbed and I just stare into the wall while my lungs push and pull my breath and I wonder if I was asleep and then he starts to caress me and when I look at him he's not angry only confused and is not going to beat me and only smiles and when my mind realises I explode into tears and my face presses itself into his chest and holds him and cry more than I want.

§

We're at my place. He's in the shower. I cut through my face while waiting for him. Deepening the wounds. Twisting the knife. Back and forth. Tearing the scars wider. Slit through my lips. When I gently smile skin bursts. I'm finished. Put the knife away. Dry away most of the blood. I wait. I'm eager. Impatient. He comes in. Fixing his belt. He sees me and his face drains. He stutters, asks me what I have done and I laugh and lie to him and say that I love cutting my face and destroy it and I want him to help me ruin it. He's shaking. His mouth gaping. Throat choking and closing. Eyes cry pouring panic. I giggle. Jump at him. He squeals. Pushes me away. Into the wall. He runs. Staggers. Slams the door. I hear him escape the building. I laugh. In hysteric fits. Joy in my shouts. I HAVE FINALLY WON! I AM FINALLY FREE! HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN! NOW I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

§

In my apartment, I cower and shiver. His time has left scars throughout my home. Everything that I own has become an extension of his anatomy. All of it coagulated into the same nervous system. The chairs. The ceiling. Every concrete object. All part of the same weaver. If I touch their red veiny tissue they will trigger my repressed memories of him. It will thrust and stretch and implode in my face and morph into his face that fists my heart and wrenches its lumps. I fall. On my back. I crawl away. Hide. In the corner. Escaping the regret that forces itself onto me.

§

I want to work, but my will is choked by the leech, puking my mind full of grief. Every cell makes me suffer the wounds in my stomach. I need to stand up. I want to heal. To progress. But the teeth of my soul, cut my escape to recovery, handicapping me to the bed. Wasting away my energy on filling my sockets with rivers of bitter salt pouring down my cheeks. I can only shift my body parts into different positions. I can only extort wounded howls for him. My clear thoughts run, like a cancerous rabbit. Hunted by the sadness of my warmth.

§

I DROWN IN THE DEPTHS OF LONGING AND LUST AND PIERCE MY NAILS INTO MY SKULL. I NEED TO REMEMBER WHEN HE ABUSED ME. AND INHALE THE TRUTH THAT WILL KILL THE NOSTALGIC WANT. I SCALP MYSELF. I CLEAVE MY BRAIN OPEN. REACH IN MY CORRUPTED MIND. I CAN'T FIND THEM. WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHEN HE BEAT ME? CAN'T GRIP

THE MEMORY I KNOW I HAVE. THE SCENES. THAT I FIND. THROUGH REFLECTION. HAVE NEVER HAPPENED. THOSE SCENES. OF ME AND HIM. WEARING MASKS THAT CAN ONLY SMILE. SURROUNDED BY PARADISE. A GLITTERING NATURE. EVERY WORD WE SAY TUGS AT THE STRINGS OF MY GIGGLING HEART. HIS FACE IS DISTORTED. ENHANCED. INTO A PERFECT VERSION OF HIM. SKIN GLISTENING. FREE FROM BIRTHMARKS I REMEMBER. HIS LAUGHS SING SONGS. HIS EYES AND HAIR MAKE ANGELS ASHAMED. HIS BEAUTY ALMOST ALIENLIKE. I SHOUT. DIG MY FINGERS DEEPER. RIP OUT THOSE MEMORIES. HIS FACE GLITCHES. LAUGHS.

§

I pay them to beat me. I find them online. We chat, and I ask for a picture, choosing the ones my drooling heart wants to fuck. Some are more difficult to convince. They need more money to do it. Others run. Some obey immediately. Then punch. Kick. Choke me. Throw me into the wall. Punch me till I fall. Kick me, when I'm spread on the floor. But, after they leave, with their money, Liam's name still pulsates, inside my veins. No matter how many I pay. To abuse me harder. To treat me like a pig. And break my lungs. Kidneys. Liver. Skull. Till they leak. I still feel him throb in me. One day, I bring home a man who reeks of sadism. I tell him to kick my cunt. He nods. I spread my legs. Facing towards him. He lifts his foot. Pulls it back. Slams it into my cunt. I squint. He slams it into my cunt. Against my clit. Further. Bones bend. My body begs me to stop. I bite my lips. Scream

to him. To kick harder. He speeds up. Shoves his feet. Deeper. Into my flesh. I yell to him not to stop. He chuckles. Kicking harder. My eyes water. Something breaks inside. Rippling through my legs and spine. Then, after he leaves, I crawl to my phone. Open it up. Scroll through his images. I sit, hunched over. Stare at our pictures together. Scroll through. Over and over again. Hours pass. I awake. Like from a sleep. Still sitting there. Lingering. The world disappeared, outside the glowing screen. My spine. And neck. Crooked. Like a vulture over carcasses. These memories. Still feed a buried fire. Burning with longing. And my knees are too weak to pull away from these sacred photos.

## §

I sit by the window. He's coming. I feel him closing in. I peek through the blinds. He's there. On the street. Walking towards my apartment. I throw myself to the ground I bite my hand. Or it will wave to him. Crush through the meat. Wait. Hear the entrance door. Creak. Like a dying bird. I crawl to the door. Press my sweating ears to the keyhole. Silent. Listen. I hear someone. It's him. He's jogging up the staircase. I jump backwards. I hear his steps. They scream into my ears. I can already see him. He's a floor underneath me. His feet vibrate through my walls. I'm trapped. Press my back against the wall and wait for his steps coming closer and I hear them outside my door and stop and I hold my breath and press my palms against the wallpaper and dig my heels into the floor or my body will wrench free and throw itself against the door and open it and fall in front of him and bow and kiss his feet while tears of

joy stream down but then I hear a knock and with a strangers voice. Asking for me. His voice muffled through. I move slowly. Up to the door. Like a hunchback. The stranger knocks again. I open up. There stands the mailman. He says he has a package for me. I remember that I ordered a new canvass a long time ago.

§

I can't escape him. I see him everywhere. Lust smeared on my irises. Puking its delusion around me. Nature identical to my guts craving. Inside a shop. I look at clothes. Then hear a voice. Behind. Ask me. If she can help me. I turn around. My teeth clatter. Eyes water. Gums cracking. She asks if anything is wrong. Liam's face. Stitched onto hers. Her tone. Just like his. Like something he would say. I turn. Walk. Speed up. Out of the shop. Rush. Everywhere. On the streets. At the bus. In every room. Everyone I pass. Wears his face like a mask. I look around. In every place. In a café. In a store. On a bench. I see. Me and him. Laughing. Talking. Holding hands. Shut my eyes. Walk forward. Ignore the endless mass of his twins passing me. Panic. Turn right. Run. Stop at a bridge. Hold onto it. Heave over in. Breathe in the sea. Try to calm down. Rub my face. In my palms. Lift my neck. The ocean down below. In there. Among the waves. Two bodies. Me and him. Swimming. Naked. Faint laughter. It blisters. Like a grenade. In my head. We hug and kiss and I have to turn away.

§

Now. The day is here. His face and body, no longer haunt me. His name is gone. It's been drained, like

sewage, out through my brain, onto the floor, into lumps of dead mucus. I never think of him anymore. And if I do, his image is stale. Can barely recall our time together. All of it's been skinned. Flawed into rapidly decaying cysts. That sink deeper into amnesia. Now, another man has replaced my obsession. I meet him. Not long ago. We have talked. A few times. He's really nice. And funny. He has my phone number. And now. His face. His body. His new smile torments me at night and cripples me from ever sleeping or breathing and keeps me in an insomniacque dream with my mouth gushing full with his name. Now. Every fibre, and every vein, and the blood in me pumps in an inferno of longing and has breed another parasite in me that constantly shrieks his name into my eardrums.

## §

I stand in front of the mirror and I shove the scissors down my throat and I grip the handle and clench it and cleave my tongue and gag and spit it out into the sink and it twitches while splashing blood stains onto the tap that run down the porcelain and I look deep inside my reflection and open my mouth and a serpents tongue pokes out of my red painted mouth and it wags with its purple slimy tip and I laugh and collapse onto the floor and roll around in my fits of joy that shake the bathroom and kick my spastic feet and shake my head from side to side and side to side squirting blood onto the tiles hearing the tiny bones break inside my neck while screams of laughter echo in my ears like starved gnawing rats the sound throbs inside and cuts through my auditory canal and slit it into tissues of yellowed flesh.

