# Letter from pain

white is evil, I know this

is not the usual way of

things that red is not my

ally, it is the colour of fire and

my teeth spin when I see it

like a spot on a spinning

wheel, and I beg the black

to be my friend, I love, live

for darkness, I’m not a man

anymore, a mole now, who

needs light? light is the

enemy, I keep my arm over my eyes

until my shoulder aches and

I see paisley behind my eyelids where

the hooks catch in my pupils

dragging at me I lose track of

time one second

is the same as

the next, after all there’s

no way to distinguish a now

from a then, and it takes too

much energy, anyway, so

it’s too late now for remedial

efforts a waste of time

which I have plenty of, so why not

waste as much as I can? what

stupid words I hear

a sound inside my head, the sound

of metal ropes winding around

a drum, am I still here? I went

somewhere for a minute there

it was almost good, forgot to suf-

fer for a bit, can’t complain

about that but the smells of burning

are loud, almost drown out the

taste of metal that crawls from

the back of my throat when

it peaks

it is better than acid and I leave for

a while, see things I didn’t know

like a cool wind in a cave and

a glimpse of a fingernail moon

from the depth of a tunnel that I know

now there will be an end but not

yet but

if you don’t let it peak it just

goes on forever, it has to get

worse before it gets better, my eyes

are pinned with thumbtacks, I can’t

open them if I want to but wait, for a

second there I felt nothing, a

wave of nothing washing over

me, bring it on, wait for

it

‘s coming, catch the wave

how can trains ride a wave? it’s

not a train now, that metaphor

is over now, finished, done

with it’s a needle now, sharp

and tinging like a tuning fork

but the sound is getting quieter

as the wave catches me again

lifts me up into the lovely

dark and delivers me to the

beach, warm sand in the night

another wave washes over

me the needle cools, is withdrawn

another millimeter and I can

lower my arm finally and open

one eye, there’s still a world

there, not my world, but a

world nonetheless and maybe

I can stay here, maybe the

light will be my friend

again as I am pushed further

up the shore and the tide

pulls the burning ocean

away and I sit up and

for a moment the bile rises

in my throat but I fight it

back and suddenly realize

I have grown hands and I

suddenly realize that

I want.

I want.

I want.