

Constructive Self harm

Every direction that I turn, tears my mind apart
Pulled apart by horses and don't know where to start
Everyone needs something from me or so it would seem
In the heart of a tornado where no one hears my scream

I double up on medication, not how it's prescribed
Doctor's words were heeded, but not really relied
Trying to numb my senses, forgetting all my thoughts
Need to find releases from this trap in which I'm caught

I flick the switch to power the needle before I dip it in the ink
Then the needle tears into my flesh, but I don't even blink
A pain that's like a burning, for just a second clarifies
Extinguishing the demons running round inside my mind

With every drop of blood that spills my worries fade away
And every line left in its place will have the final say
Constructing wonderful imagery on the canvas in which I breathe
Every line taking the time to make the harmful feelings leave

It's hard for people to understand, why I do the things I do
And just because it works for me doesn't mean it will work for you
For every time I've wanted to die an image will remain
Which say's. Can you truly understand pleasure if you've never experienced pain?
By Lee Haigh