

Samantha

I recently met a woman, metaphorically speaking.

I haven't seen her since I hid her away in the basement, locked the door and began her defacement, because I wanted to hide her from reacting to my pain with her sickly fangs and demonic veins. But I know there's times I will have to pray.

One day I went down to check upon her grace, because I wanted to help her be okay, so I brace and my heart and mind race as I open the door to a place I don't want to be in and yet I take the moment to look in this dark lace covered room.

I've forgotten how much I loved the sight of her face, but it fills me with anger to see her dance and play the devilish game she makes. It leaves red leaves of combustible frames. And makes others go away.

I see her picking her nails from her face, splinters piercing her in their place. Wood piled all over the basements tiled floor. She looks up to smile and remembers her name, look at this game, I wish I did not play with my mind's frame!

Yet instead of making a change, I tear down the walls and build a metal cage, so I don't have to sit up for hours and pick the splinters from beneath her nails. She still has the scars that make me scared. She still has the smile that makes me stare. She still has the fangs to make me bare, my neck, to her fare.

She still is the reason I bare my heart to the world and watch them pray to gods I wish I believed in instead of this broken house I shape, rubbing at the nap of my neck.

All the while my anger tells me she wishes she could take the place of my hearts shield, to blunt the blows of my weak will. She tells me that she wishes I would put the wood back cause at least then she would see me for the time I would tear the work she has done from her fingers, splinters in the form of efforts and misadventures.

How could I do this to her!? How could I press her away and try to live in denial of her!? She is apart of me!? She is me!

These splinters are all relevant to my screams, the ones that never made it past the door that leads down into the basement where I left her. I didn't even leave any of my light in there to comfort her! I should have been here for her like she was for me...

She was my unjustified truth... my anger locked beneath.

