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Numb

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Author Note

Tory is 21 years old and left Montana to pursue international studies at NSU. She played on the NSU volleyball team for two years until she broke her back in an accident, ending her volleyball career. In her spare time, Tory enjoys writing poetry, travelling, and attending music festivals.

Numb

Tory Njardvik

Stuck in this vicious cycle
Repetition and routine
My mind is numb
I can no longer feel the excitement
The alcohol, pills, and cocaine aren't cutting it
They no longer take me high
Orgasms and vibrations no longer exist
Nothing but a runny nose
I am bored in this glass house
He finally comes home
I beg him to choke me
To pin me against the wall
And burn me with melted wax
Nothing
He lies on the bed exhausted
Covered in sweat
Annoyed, I go outside
He follows
Standing on the deck
Waves crash and beat against the rocks
Holding on to the railing
He stares at the moon
Triggered
I push him.
His scream gives me goose bumps
Finally
I can feel again
I run down our staircase that connects
Our home to the sand
Blood rushing between the sharp edges
Staining the shore
I can feel his heat
I can feel!
Fingers interlaced
Struggling to pull his heavy body
I cut into him
Coring him like an oyster
A trail of his body
Leads the way back home
Exhausted I lay down
Coming down from my fix
Arms strapped to my sides
I can't move my legs
Belted in tight
Nothing on the walls
A room bleached and stale