

You Know Where to Find Me, and I Know Where to Look

Veronika Linstrom

content warning: *self-harm*

i didn't think you'd ever be back again you sickly thing lying in wait sickle in hand wasting away at the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle here waiting and mocking me when i thought you couldn't ever be again which sounds naively hopeful in the same stupidly childish way i thought mothers always loved their kin simply because they were sculpted and reinvented from their own threads of dna and husks of bone but sweetness despised and detested her daughter for her dark skin even though her daughter couldn't help it couldn't control what she inherited in the same way i couldn't erase that i reasoned with life like my father and that made my mother refuse to touch me without a ragged cloth fearful my father's traits might spread where she couldn't contain them but you are you are coming back and suddenly it's the end of the world suddenly i am thirteen again and bright angry blood is flowing out of the haphazard cuts on my thighs staining my hands and the bandage-crisp white of the bathtub while the smears of crimson streak further against the acrylic as i try to wipe away what i've done with that same ragged cloth but i can't see i can't see anything but the blood and the cuts and the razor blade sinking as i'm praying to you through pathetic choked sobs the only time

i've ever genuinely prayed for anything clinging onto that naive hopefulness again that it's enough to do the job enough to afford me your sickle's swing the only salvation i can afford you didn't answer me then so why are you answering me now at the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle when i am supposed to be better but maybe you know me better than i do maybe you know i'm the sickly one now and that if i was better i wouldn't be seeing you in the bottom of this shitty tequila bottle.

"I myself am strange and unusual." is the life motto **Veronika Linstrom** swears by. As a current junior at UND, Vern is pursuing their bachelor's of English, as well as certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, and publishing. When they're not suffering for their art, Vern can be found curled up on their futon replaying the same three games, or hanging out with their fiancé, Alex, and their three pet rats.