Tongue / Giddy

by Ajay Nair

I was eating my second slice of pizza when I bit into my tongue. I had cut firmly into the left side of my tongue, just past the point of where it curves in from the tip, adjacent to the inside of my cheek. I felt the blood spill and tip over into the cave of my mouth. A delicate thrill buzzed my face. I knew I had a private game to play for the next couple of days at least. I was already looking forward to scraping the wound against the lower edge of my upper canine, or better still, lightly gripping that part of the tongue between my teeth, pressing down with exquisite precision. This would keep me company in the darkest hours of the night, this rawness housed in my mouth, my injured flesh. I felt giddy at the prospect.

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