

# Austin, 22

*by* Anthony Van Hart

Austin, 22 and paranoid, would lie awake and wonder. Nervously. Every woman that had mistakenly ended up in bed with him after last call could hear him quietly murmur - "Are You coming for me tonight?"

A thrill seeker before midnight - but closer to twilight ... You could sometimes find him sitting against the outside of a local tavern, digging and scratching at his skin; working tirelessly to scratch away the blue ink that constantly reminded him - Carpe Diem.

Conflicted by conscience.

