

Blood In Heaven

by Christopher Novas

She felt the ants crawling across her arms, felt them digging into her flesh. The needle was still attached to her flesh, bruises lined along the stretch of skin. Her body convulsed until she slipped into slumber. The following morning she could no longer continue her self inflicted torture. Double barrel shotgun brought to mouth...brain mattered splattered across the white ceiling of her one bedroom apartment. Blood in Heaven.

