Sed-a-give

by Emily Smith-Miller

The mirror was her, in fact it was better than her. She scrunched her blonde black hair and looked at her face. She was what she was, but the mirror was just a reflection of her prettiness. It wasn't all of the things that she couldn't fix. She bent down with the razor and ran the sharp blade through the length of her calf. Then she did the other one. It hurt. It burned, it lit her skin on fire. She felt real and alive. The blood running down her legs continued the feeling. But, she was starting to stain the wood floor. That upset her. So she did the only thing that made sense. She did what she came to do. Always thinking never doing. That was her, that was what they said, so she would do something. They gave her everything, but even if they didn't she'd find it. She'd been swallowing much bigger pills than this her whole life, even the handful didn't faze her. Greedily she swallowed. All the times that someone had fucked her ran through her mind. The way she once felt for another, naked mornings in her bed, and Young Frankenstein. Sed-a-give. She smiled, because she had taken so many sed-a-gives. She actually laughed now, and then a fear took hold. Never again. Everything, never again.