## Every Time It Happens

by Jennifer Donnell

Every time it happens, I think of Amber Heard.

I'm a narcissist. A bitch.

And how hard you can be slapped without a bruise forming.

It's only red. A slight sting.

Tonight, my left cheek when I took a chance at normal conversation, then my arm when I wouldn't agree

That I'm to blame for your choices.

How much pain do you risk to save a life, when sanity lies at the bottom of a bottle of pills?

One per day. If only you would.

Yet, madness mistakes my handshake for a punch, my thank you for fuck you.

*My mouth. The right side of my head* (that one hurt).

I call for help, but they don't see any bruises.

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Besides the mental ward is full of people with better insurance and can you fault a mind on the brink?

*How much of my life am I willing to spare?*