

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.

Light blue.

Two days.

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?*

