

The Pitted Leg

by S.H. Gall

Pick, pick, pick. Scabrous flesh comes off. Goes into mouth. Picking like a drone. This is my leg. It tastes a little salty. Iron apparent. Partner sits across the room, on his laptop, begging. I can't stop widening the pit. Partner goes to kitchen, eats sugar-free chocolates that I bought him from my novel work site, and I tear into the pit. The scab is liquid, so I move up the leg and pick at smaller sites. My partner pukes in the kitchen sink, done in by anxiety. Also, he eats too fast, according to him. My left toe is beginning to bleed now. The scab is breaking again.

Most people likely don't know how it feels to be on fire, smell the meaty flesh. I know it many times over, but I am done with that phase. Now I just tear myself up and feast. Most days my scab tissue is my only meal. It is an exceptional source of protein. And it prevents tears.

