Cuticle Trouble

By Ella Harmon

There is an agony, an elusiveness, a whispering essence, that is repeated, but never captured.
An excess of desire, a yearning that slips beyond all need and possibility of demand.
The ceaselessly lost rupture. The break that is felt and never seen.
The dissipating horizon that yet holds together experience as we know it.

When I tear restlessly into my cuticles, this is what I am excavating.
It is beyond flesh. It is ground exalted as myth. The nagging of the clitoris. The ritual rising of abstruse tears. The lapse. The eclipse.

The by-definition-unknowable, met with all compulsion to know. The guilt of an impossible failure.
The filling of the throat with inexpressibility. The immanent haunting of the in-itself.

There is a brush with the thin, elastic membrane. The translucent stretch of an all-containing structure. The towering walls of apprehension. Bound fingers pressing for the beyond...

And perhaps this is where Thanatos lives. In the shrouded encounter.
The burning thirst for the real. The ceaseless appetite for the impossible whole.
An escape from the compulsory fragmentation of the realm of the living.

Blood rises to the surface of the barrier. This morbid habit really must be stopped.