

All I can picture is teeth

chomping through tangerine  
coloured flesh like it's

butter, thick, viscous blood  
swirling and sloshing down  
a throat, trapped in a

dark, maroon mouth, teeth  
mountains and tongue an  
ocean, surrounded by the

sound of my own heart  
trying to jump out and  
remind me that I'm alive.

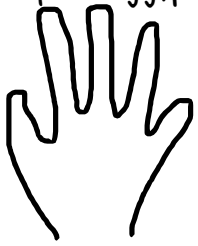
But possibly not for long,  
And I am scared.

Today, like so many of my  
other days,  
I am not scared of what's  
under my bed or the thump  
at night, I have fears that  
I will be on this bathroom  
floor for the rest of my  
short life.

That I will wake up one  
morning and realise that  
not a day has passed where  
I have not wanted to expel  
whatever is inside of me,  
Whether it be in words or  
in liquid, choking its way up  
my throat,  
And I am reduced to what  
I've always been at this  
point.

A scared, sick little girl.

Squares of  
different colours as the  
blood has nowhere to flow  
and stagnates,  
The juice that is meant to  
soothe my stomach looks  
like that frozen blood.  
My nails are turning purple  
without polish.

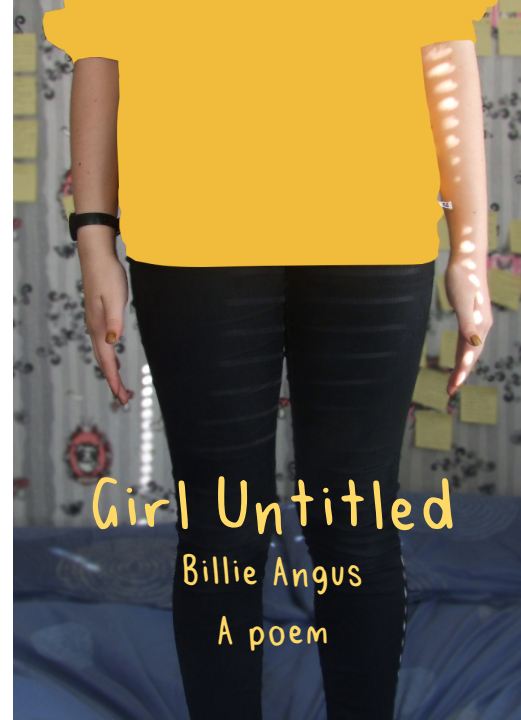


@angusbillie\_bujo

I am starting to melt into  
the black and white check  
pattern,

Meld until I'm one with the  
floor that has become my  
only source of comfort,

My hands are starting to  
look like that chessboard  
pattern,



Girl Untitled  
Billie Angus  
A poem

I am sitting, no, laying, on  
my bathroom floor,  
Where I have been on and  
off for the last 2 weeks.  
And for the month before  
that.