

*From Alex.*

Work:

There is something about working that I have never really been able to get used to. Maybe it is the hours, or that I do not really need the money but I need to fill the time.

Or maybe it is just that I am going to go completely insane if I stay in the emptiest flat known to man for any longer.

Here I am... finding that everything I imagined is real. I am here. I am still running. I am still searching for places where he will not find me and I can truly be myself. I am still searching for a way to be free of all the madness I grew up with and worked at forgetting.

I am still not fighting back.

So here I am. Watching as Tyler talks about the rules of the flat. What I can and cannot do. What will and will not be allowed. We tried to find a common friend from Kunst School of Arts. Apparently, I should have been more social. If I had, I would have met him before. Met him more than once or twice before. Because it has never been this awkward. It has never been me and someone I barely remember finally finding our common bond in photography and writing. He had forgotten me in the dash of darkroom chemicals and fitting everything inside a couple of centimeters of lens.

I keep searching out the quiet places. The places where I know I will be safe and can hide from the world. Where I can hide all knives from prying eyes. Maybe it is not best for me, knowing that there is a niche right beside the headboard of my bed that is just wide enough to hold my butterfly knife and still not be seen from the door. Or that a razor can slide in right between the joint of bed and leg... unseen until I run my fingers across it and come back cherry red and dripping. Until I brush up against it and find it is not so hard to work it out with my fingertips and feel the blood seep out from other wounds, a cure and a curse in and of itself.

Maybe I should find help. But who would understand? I just keep going to work, fixing coffees and coffee drinks for the snooty people who come in to the shop. I do not need the job. I do not even need the money. I am self-sufficient that way. But I have to do something with my time. I have to be out of the house and I have to be able to use my hands for anything but dragging sharp edges against pale skin.

Here I am, wondering why Tyler does not bring up the more important of rules. Why he does not say something about how I can trust him, or how I can come to him if I am in trouble. Maybe he does not trust me either. But it makes me wonder sometimes if this is more trouble than it is worth. Perhaps I should just work until I cannot feel anything anymore, and then go to sleep so there is no room for me to screw things up.