

Mortal Angels

Itching. That's how it started. A tingle that ran down my shoulder blades and followed the curve of my spine. At first, I thought nothing of it. But no more than an hour later, I lay curled on my bed, tensed up in a foetal position, begging anything that could hear me to relieve me from this suffering. My back was raw from the days of constant scratching. It felt like something was under my skin. I felt like if I could just get it out, then everything would be fine. And then came the thought. A brutal thought. But maybe...

That's how I found myself in the bathroom, standing before the mirror as I held on tightly to the cheese grater from the kitchen. Whatever was under my skin had to come out, and there was nothing that could convince me otherwise. Almost numb from the days of scraping away, I pressed the cold metal to my shoulder blade and began to drag it against the skin. The feeling that followed? Excruciating. The itch that would take its place if I were to stop? Unimaginable. I gritted my teeth and hacked away. To my dismay, the grater only took me so far. By the time a few hours had passed, the sink was littered with metal and sandpaper, all stained heavily with a deep crimson. Looking over my shoulder into the mirror, I stared with twitching eyes at the mangled mess of a back. I could barely tell what I was looking at, drenched in lacerations and thick blood. My chest heaved with heavy breaths as I stood weakly, the taste of bile rising in my throat. What had I done? Lifting a shaking hand, I lightly brushed my finger against the mutilated area and let out a groan, feeling the lightness in my head as I explored further with a morbid curiosity. I flinched. Through the torn flesh and slick fluids, I felt something soft and textured. Part of a muscle, perhaps? And then it saw it: beneath my fingertips was a flash of white. A spotlight in a sea of red. I stumbled back and violently gripped the sink, nearly slipping in my own blood. I saw it. It was impossible. Yet, it was unmistakable; A feather.