

Pointlessness

A

The cutlery section in John Lewis was his favourite. The gleams on the stainless steel and, if the lighting was right, the shadowy figures of the sharpened points sent tingles throughout his entire body.

Enough of his. Of he. He is me. Me, me, me. This story is about... ME!!!! I am he. Let the words flee. Set them free.

I didn't buy the knife. I thought about it. But the sodding stares as I played with them put me off. The security bloke was a right nosey bastard.

I didn't nick one though. I'm not a thief.

All I wanted, all I ever bloody wanted was to FEEL it. But I didn't have the bottle. For a while.

I learned about it from the telly. Some weird freeview channel. Can't remember the name of it now. Or its number. It was late.

I'm going to halt here and continue in a bit. Mum's pulled up. I'd best start washing up.

B

Got my CD on. Through my headphones. The ones I found in Dopey Dave's bag last week. Comfy fit!

Listening to hip-hop.
My head goes bop
And now I can't stop!
Anyway, truth is
Must give hush a miss:
Self-lying
And hiding
And non-confiding.

Burst on the page
Paper - take my rage
Don't diss me, don't judge
Please hold not a grudge
I'm confessing

Ain't messing,
This a kinda blessing??

I have this addiction
Yeah, harsh piece, non-fiction
Of something you might
Think's one ugly sight:
STABBINGS! THE KNIFE
STAB STAB thoughts run rife
Through this lost sad life.

To get to the point
As I puff a joint:
I fancied real bad
The taste! Drove me MAD!
This chap on TV
Bout same age as me
He owned this urge too
And he knew what to do,
So I copied. Shit flew!

He studied the blade
How each one was made
And he let all his fear
Drip away in top gear,
And he fondled and poked
And like me he smoked
And he done it. He did it.
He had his one big hit.

The rivers would flow
By the day they did grow
What a wicked red show,
I couldn't say NO.
Like him the buzz wore
Walked out through the door
And I needed MORE!

So I did it to him
I thought, just a skim
But in red he'd swim.
I've sinned and it's
That punishment's near
I swear - forms a tear

In my eye.
Weak men cry.
No lie.

They tell me, I know
Away I must go,
I should run, leg it quick
Or I'll be in the nick
And I can't be in jail
So off quick I'll sail,
Sweep me in your gale
God. Sorry, I fail.
Can't sprint, can't escape
My heart can but gape.

The sirens are blaring
As, at it I'm staring
The biggest of all
Which could make a huge pool
On the carpet. Soz mum
Addiction is dumb
And payback is due
These lines be for you:

Love ya. Always. With all my heart.
But from you now, I have to part.
Doorbell is ringing
My fave tune I'm singing,
Stan met a harsh ending
There's no point pretending
That I will not too.
Got STABBING to do.
This time dig deep
How five hours creep
And feel like forever.
I meant this pain - never.

Laterz. Goodbye.
It's time to -

Blunt ending...