

Introducing

Boys Night Out

Test, check. Well, he's been released again today, and I'm back where I started.

Looking over old notes, listening to tapes, wondering how bad I potentially messed up this time.

The wounds seem to be healing, and he seems to be getting along without his appendages, and I know he seems fine,

But 'seems' can be a very dangerous word, especially in this business, it can be fatal.

Initial Diagnosis: Catatonic. And I know he's back there somewhere,

but there's just no response whatsoever, to any kind of stimulus.

We'll start him with medication tomorrow, for sure.

This man's tragedy has made him a prisoner in his own body.

And it's not just tragedy, it's dementia, despair;

it's this hole I can see in each of his eyes,

where all the events that happen in this real world kind of just fall through.

It's loneliness in its most crippling form, the kind that no amount of love,

or human contact, could ever mend.

The patient was plagued by violent nightmares, terrible, deeply troubling dreams,

which one night overflowed into reality, and he murdered his wife, in his sleep.

These people were in love, deeply in love.

And it was that love filling those holes that I can now see behind his eyes.

And it's my job to try and fill those holes with something else.

But with what? Hope? I can try to fill those holes with drugs, soothing words, but that's all.

I hope his wounds will heal with time, but right now, things aren't looking good.

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The lines around my wrists, the infection seems to be getting better.

It's in the center of my torso, behind my eyes and in the back of my head.

Something is eating me alive from the inside out.

Well that's grief of your loss.

Don't tell me what it is.