

All She Wrote

The Acacia Strain

It never stops raining. With daggers sewn through her heart she cries. Filled with confusion she cries. "No one can help me until I can help myself. And I can't help myself." Frozen through out, exposing broken skin. One week, one more week. She can't take anymore burning in her mind. "Why can't I sever your head, why can't I sever your memory?" The image burned through her eyes has made it on to the mirror. Broken glass reflecting on the shards of the past. Forced memories walking on tacks, please pull the knife fight out of my back and I'll pull the knife out of yours. "You can't stop the rain", she says. "You can't stop the rain".