Self-Inflicted Scars

By McKenna Domalski

I bleed onto the paper. The black ink is stained with red droplets that now saturate my deepest thoughts, the ones that are worthy enough to find the permanence and personalization of pen. No delete button, or copy and paste, my pen holds me more accountable for my thoughts and the material formulation of those thoughts than a computer ever could. The blood escapes from my thumb, where the skin meets the nail, dry because of lack of concern and representative of the other nine natural conjunctions that endure the drought. The dry spell shows all over my hands. The blisters on my palms, the whiteness of my knuckles, my rough touch… I am not a hand model. I will never be a hand model. On a good day, my hands are pretty. Clean, manicured, lotioned, decorated with rings. But on a great day, my hands are indicative. Indicative of the words that flow through them, leaving inexplicable, evidentiary dashes of ink within every square inch of cracking, sore skin. My nails are speckled with the remnants of nail polish, victim to the chipping and biting that accompanies the creative back and forth that encourages the use of my hands as the medium, the cohesion of figurative thoughts and literal expression. My parched cuticles and palms suffer from the preoccupation that disregards the physical and obsesses over the intellectual and emotional uniting. My fingers no longer accommodate rings; they get in the way of the process. Instead my ring finger proudly displays my writer’s wart, more affectionately as a self-created beauty mark that is far more telling than something I could have been born with. You may not think my hands are beautiful, but I know better. My hands do what my mouth cannot. I look at the red speckles that adorn my full page, and leave it as is. The blood becomes proof of my battle wound, symbolic of the sacrifice of my apparatus. My words are my scars… spread across the page, telling of a time and place, and of true passion.