

**Homicide: The Game**  
**Presents**  
**Painseeker**

**"Skin"**

by Raychel Wagner

These scars sicken me,  
Tattletale as third degree burns,  
But those can be removed  
by time  
or eager hands  
pulling off layers  
of crusted flesh.

These remain,  
fade,  
reoccur,  
multiply.

Blue and black  
bite marks  
hide in crevices  
of my body  
No matter how often  
I claw my skin away.

I thought I won  
the fight last night  
but now  
my knees buckle  
sweat starts anew.

Gritting my teeth  
I try to deny.  
The weakling inside.

*Raychel Wagner*  
*1998*

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