

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

**"A Different Kind of Love"**  
by Lance Wagner

I.

Yes,  
it still hurts  
when you pick at my scabs.  
Do I still care?  
But it no longer draws  
the blood you desire.  
It does,  
however,  
increase the pain  
and anger  
which helps,  
I hope.

II.

When the side inside  
clicked  
on this night  
alone  
the wine bottle  
made me forget  
you  
as I shattered  
the glass  
on my flesh.

III.

Pain is nothing  
after this last time  
because now  
I learned how  
to convert emotion  
into a glass dance.  
Floating green prisms  
turn and twist  
in silent space.  
Crimson  
wells from cracks  
in my arm  
I will not feel it,  
today.

*Lance Wagner*  
*December 1999*