A Torn Mind Piece

Body Horrors

Ed's life

sun's

where he expected the bus's wheel. His nose busted

The sun's angle didn't change. The shadows stayed their length, refusing

beads of sweat under Ed's

. His body wasn’t under his control. Like a beating from the ocean’s waves, his limp body

nced against the bus’s underside

–

bouncing was also quick lived. The bus’s back wheel

tself. He thought to himself, “W

?”

. This wasn’t the pain he liked; it wasn’

constant burn to his mind. There was no measure of time, but Ed became to know the heat. It’s

“I fell through this black tunnel, man. It was fuckin’ endless,” he told himself. “No, I didn’t where I was going.” He could see an image of himself in his mind makin

talked to was just like himself. They didn’t call each other by name; it was unnecessary. “Right. So I’m falling, and then it’s this blackness.” He lov

continued it's

. "Yes, I'll

have another. Look at this fuckin' guy." He laughed m

"It's really hard to tell the

difference without the contrast right at hand," he said. "Man, and so I'm falling down this

."

And more!” The bartender laughed, and played with his mustache. His eyes lowered down to the counter. “What’s wrong?” Ed asked. The bartende