

Transdermal by Carole Lydon

I was born incomplete.

A shimmering vacuum in my aura holds a cold emptiness, waiting to be filled.

My blueprint sparkles under the haze of opaque eyelids.

The way I should have been.
Beautiful. Angular. Composite.

Pain holds no attraction, just a means to achieve perfection. The smooth antiseptic surface comforts as it pierces my skin. Each wound has only seconds to weep before a shining spike presses hard against exposed nerves. Titanium security makes sure only those that understand get close.

But beauty is only skin deep you know. It's what's inside that counts. So as my shoulders round and flex, a delicate dermal costume hints silently at the personal trinkets placed carefully underneath. Iconic iterations of a project underway.

Incisive decoration brings me back to my blueprint.
Hard. Uncompromising.

Strong enough to say, this is who the fuck I am.



Listening, by Lisa Conolly

