

Sometimes when I'm bored
I look down at my left hand
and with my other hand
I push on my callused fingertips.
Then I pinch the fingerprint and nail together,
and releasing my fingertips
the pale flesh fades back to pink.
At this point, I again squeeze hard on my fingers,
so I can feel the bones rubbing against the other bones
and once I locate the gap I twist.
It doesn't hurt anymore.
I keep twisting at the first joint,
watching it coil like a spring
and eventually it pops off in my hand.
The tip with the fingernail,
a pale white crescent,
ready for my mouth like a piece of candy.
The first time I ate my finger I was surprised
by how chewy it was—malleable as an old piece of taffy.
After I swallow this piece,
I start to twist on the next joint,
working my way to the knuckle.
I twist
and I twist

and I twist until there is nothing left.

Not a nub or a nail or a sliver of bone

I move on to the next finger

and work them all down to less than—

I twist until there is nothing left.