PIECE 1

You're too perfect and you're too imperfect. You're the only one I want to be around, and I have a really hard time being with you. When I'm with you I feel like I can't breathe, and when I'm away from you I feel physically sore, here, like someone punched me extremely hard in the chest. I feel destroyed, I feel—dismembered, sort of, or maybe it's the opposite, I feel so incredibly, powerfully coherent that I'm about to implode from the pressure, I don't know, I don't know, what have I let you do? I could feel you working your way inside me. And now you're all the way in, here, right here against my heart, like a little hot stone, and there's nothing I can do about it anymore, but what are you going to do to me now that you're in there? You could do anything. You could poison me. You could tear me open. You could detonate and shatter me into a thousand pieces. You could disappear and leave me empty and alone. I can't trust anything anymore, not even my own body. There's no part of me you haven't touched. I know you're going to hurt me. In fact, you're hurting me right now.

PIECE 2

I don't think people see me. I get this feeling sometimes like I'm invisible or something. I can be standing there in a room and I'm talking and everything, and it's like my words aren't getting anywhere and I look down at myself and sometimes my body isn't getting anywhere either. It's like I'm standing behind a one-way mirror and I can see the guys and I can hear the guys, but they can't see me and they can't hear me. And I start to wonder if maybe I'm ugly or something, like maybe I'm some alien species from another planet and I don't speak the language and I look totally weird. But I don't know this, you see, because on this other planet I had this really nice mother who told me I was beautiful because she loved me so much, not because it was true. And I arrive here on Earth and I'm so filled with her love and her belief in me that I walk around like I'm beautiful. And because I'm so convinced and so strange and so deluded, people pretend to listen to me---because they're being polite or something---or maybe they're afraid of me.