

Antennas To Heaven "The Dicing"

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He's seen it... In the mirror... In windows... The eyes of his colleagues... His so called friends... He's seen it sprouting... Growing... Where the hair once was... Where the hair was now gone... His head... His skull... Growing... Pushing... Sprouting... And it got worse... Morning after morning... First a centimetre... Then an inch... Upwards... Always upwards... To the sky... The stars... The sun... His bathroom ceiling... But when he touched it, there was nothing... Only bone... Only skin... Only his head... His head and mind growing further away... Deeper... He could have put it in a bag... His head... He could have ended it all. But there were holes... Always holes... So he was left with the hats... Oh yeah, there were hats. Hats to keep the water off and the heat in... Trendy hats... Stylish hats... Hats they wouldn't notice... Hats to stop the stares... Hats to push his eyes to the ground. To push his away from theirs... But they didn't last... It grew beyond that... And he couldn't hide it anymore... They would all see it... What he was becoming... What he was now... He thought of the layers of his skull... The bulb at the centre... He thought of the doctors smile... The card from the office... He thought of it all, all that would scare him... The smell when they were doing it... The tears of the surge on... The imaginary clean metal... The roasting in the sun... The dicing... All that was left was all that bothered him... The fact that it would grow forever... Until he was gone and it would be all that was left.

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