





# **BODY**

**Chat Noir**





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*To the bastards who stayed when everyone else bailed.  
To the motherfuckers of fear and desire, who won't let go  
of the body, not even with a sledgehammer.*

*To those who say love is beautiful — fuck off, you never  
knew what it is to stain the sheets with blood and rage.  
To those who swallow silence like downing a glass of  
cheap vinegar, burning all the way to the spine.*

*To those left without her, without me, without anyone —  
and still didn't jump out the window, not out of courage, but  
because the ground already belonged to them.*

*To those who know the body is just flesh, bone, and shit,  
and in the end, what's left is a fucked-up stench of fear and  
a party that never ends.*

*This book is for you.  
For the fucked, for those who haven't forgotten, for those  
who keep licking the wound because there's nothing else to  
do.*

*For those who never asked for redemption — and told  
hope to go to hell.*

*I stayed.  
I stayed with the body.  
I stayed to tell this whole mess — because no one else  
wanted to.*