

Butchered

Your air, heavier than the ocean's water,
Sinks deeper into my lungs and I drown.
You stay on the surface afloat,
Holding onto your indifference.

First I am washed, stripped from my cautiousness.
Cleaned of all my prejudice and skinned.
The gently sharpened blade makes a rehearsed cut,
And down come all my walls like a glass tower,
Made in the furnace of broken trust and bloody heartache.

Here I am. Back on your butcher's counter.
Alive but motionless. My face turned to you in hope.
You point to the next breathing part of me you want,
Ripped, chopped, and served to you,
For a price, you will never have to know or pay.

He caresses my face with a steely touch.
You smile.
The blood comes running from my neck to my navel.
It hits the floor.
Each drop echoes over your whisper.
I am gutted.

My heart is picked to feed your glutenous hands.
My stomach for your trophy.
My brain for you to wear until it falls to shreds.
And my eyes are jarred to watch you.