

My need to breach  
We shall explore,  
The flesh and screams  
And eventual gore.  
The whys and how's of these aggressions  
My feelings and groanings,  
Of ultimate transgressions.

You see inside my gut  
Groans feelings that bust  
Into open heart surgery  
Of a deathly proclivity  
And sexual encounters dripped in eventual morbidity.

A tenuous scramble between loving and hunting,  
A quest for satisfaction  
Involving deathly confronting's.

By oppressive acts  
I have been driven.

So to this point,  
I can be forgiven.

They slap my cushions,  
Pull my tags,  
Even scratch my skin  
To make me feel compromised.  
They ignore my upkeep,  
My pedi's, my masks,  
My upholstery not nurtured,  
No Feng Sui improvement tasks.

Bee's lure their prey with honeyed words,  
Dripping in nectar  
Like Cupid and Hectar.

A form of speech  
That traverses the flesh,  
A state of possession,  
Of killing and passion.

When a bee stings the lancets embed  
Within arms, legs, feet or head  
Of their prey  
And take turns pulling  
On those limbs,  
Piercing and tugging.

Then the stylus will dim

Into the flesh  
To pump and clump a sinful mesh  
Of apitoxin  
And aftershocks in  
Local inflammation

Reddened, swollen, hot, and painful. A striking violation.

My early designs  
Aided encounters of two,  
Dense and heavy,  
Made it more difficult to chew.  
But we grew in size and style  
As the popular seating craze caught on,  
Disappearances and killings widespread,  
We became a secret phenomenon.

Now packed and pumped with the finest design  
In alluring accessories of which I'm inclined.

My serpent surface  
Innocuous bumps  
And camouflage chromaticity  
Entice male figured lumps  
Of victim lovers for contortion,  
Lads as toys  
Of epic proportions.  
When luring them  
To my padded leather seat,  
I come to think  
'Oh what fresh meat!'

Then my ample bosom,  
A sweet seduction  
To melt his limbs  
And begin their deduction  
Like burned, boiling, scalding honey  
Caressing their flesh  
Using beauty and flurry.

Seeping down  
They reach the brink  
Of my wildest pleasures,  
So to speak.  
Squelching, squashing,  
I begin to move  
Over their triceps  
To their laces and shoes.

The major goal  
To swallow whole,  
A melancholic's dream (but in my case not mother themed).  
Then savour each cuticle  
Tendon and spleen  
Each blood cell and vertebrae  
Of this is execution cuisine.

Learned from early showroom guides.  
The Ortolan method is what I apply.

1. Capture in the wild
2. Blind and cage
3. Guzzle a strict diet four times a day
4. When fit to burst prepare to drown
5. Consume full the beast in the finest surgical gown

Once inside  
I can provide  
My preferred method  
Of the body simplified.

6. Mow off the genitals
7. Snatch out the lungs
8. Pierce right through the bones
9. Gnaw holes in the tongues.

These failings of the flesh,  
Combined, absorbed and intertwined,  
As skin and bone and breath break down,  
Aroused, I am myself inclined.

Those Epithelial tissues....That Aortic semilunar

...His Pericardial fibrous layer

...Sir's Temporomandibular.

There is no boundary  
Of the body,  
Nothing too sticky,  
Revolted or gaudy  
That makes me feel  
With every vertebrae meal  
That this act,  
Anesthetist, surgeon, mortician,  
Might be a gratifying mission.

A lavish atrocity  
One might be eager to think  
But this killing is vital,  
A voracious instinct.  
Consider this room,  
Those corners and damp spots.  
Consider my position  
Against these brass megawatts.  
For lonely nights  
And false day-time lights  
Spring urges and thoughts  
Of these erotic delight.

So I swallow them up,  
My evening meal,  
To fill my gut,  
And further proceed  
To feel content,  
For loneliness  
Is an awful scent.  
Of which I'm spent.