

Typically, it fits loosely around a

“What does it say?”

“What’s it for?”

Tell me what it *is*.

Example:

Charcoal on toned paper, 6x8.

And it’s a testament to false idolism in an age of publicity,

An egotistical, self-important load of shit.

I hold artistry close like a dirty little secret

Because I’m so guilty of my affair.

Unified to life in matrimony, I tell my husband

Who refuses to bear

Witness, in sickness: “*you cheater.*” “*I don’t regret it.*”

This beast feels so familiar - it feels like flesh, so I let it

Possess me in a way so intimate it is vulgar -

Carnal, how my skin exists in between its molars

Strip me and lay my body on the altar

Empty it out like a pig after slaughter

But I could never be more naked

than when I exist under its gaze,

Are you jealous?

Look at what I vomit onto the page.

My stupid human mind only knows self portraits:

More bloody and raw than my own dissected organs

Look at me so closely that it borders pornographic

Undress me of my beauty to feed your own perverted habits.

The beast looked like you, visceral and hanging dense

Inside the body, disguised in humanistic dress

But it then feigned divinity, so I worshiped as instructed

Hiding my bruised knees in fear of sin being confronted

Not holy nor human, it must be demonic

Drinking my life, it’s malignant - bubonic.

Searching me for where to place residence in

It festers and grows, tearing organs and skin

Wearing me on its back, it buries its teeth
Into the earth in hunger unleashed

In punishment for ignorance of its existence
Listen.

Wrongly christened
False omniscience
Baring, vicious
Narcissistic

Object of my affection, only I paint you sinister red
Without my Eucharistic flesh, dead
Still, cold lifeless body - instead
Of your killer, I become bread.