

## **Carnivores**

I am the carnivores' favorite.  
They claw into my chest,  
appraising my body and soul.

A body worthy of ravage,  
a soul worth less,  
unable to atone for its ineptitude.

After they use their lips,  
siphoning my blood from  
every oozing wound,

after they have devoured  
the tissue off each of my ribs,  
gnawed on them 'til they're pearly white,

after there is nothing  
left to fill their gluttonous,  
bulging bellies,

they spit up the bile that once was me  
only to slurp the viscous sludge down again.

They know that I will only watch in horror,  
apologizing profusely.