

# *The Appetite Enormous*

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I trust in killing  
Like one of many minor gods  
Or some lesser despot in the drag of his predecessor  
It's the scale that interests me  
Plagues wars and their numbers  
Are quite boring compared to the care with which  
One can practice the precise destruction of a single part of flesh  
So not only do the nerves suffer but does the mind  
Ever so enamored of its own being  
I consider it my duty to correct this deceit  
I'm practiced and not so vain  
That when I encounter a prince with a saintly demeanor  
Or Amazon in the full bloom of her strength  
I'm not moved to grieve  
For what I have been wired to be done  
Monsters are born and made  
But the subtleties are lost on me  
I pray for my demise as much as I accept  
That I exist bound to these perfections  
Where I pick at my compote of raspberries  
When I should be slurping it down  
Tending to my nursery of piranhas and Tasmanian devils  
With a disinterest their frenzies belie  
But one should never mistake boredom  
For the active waiting that pulls the wires taut on time  
Anticipating the snap and the lacerations  
It's easy to talk of discipline  
To feign affectations the rabble will fear and therefore worship  
And another to be present and brutally apply the enema dry  
That will prepare the intestines for my acid interventions

