

One Poem

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The Appetite Enormous

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

