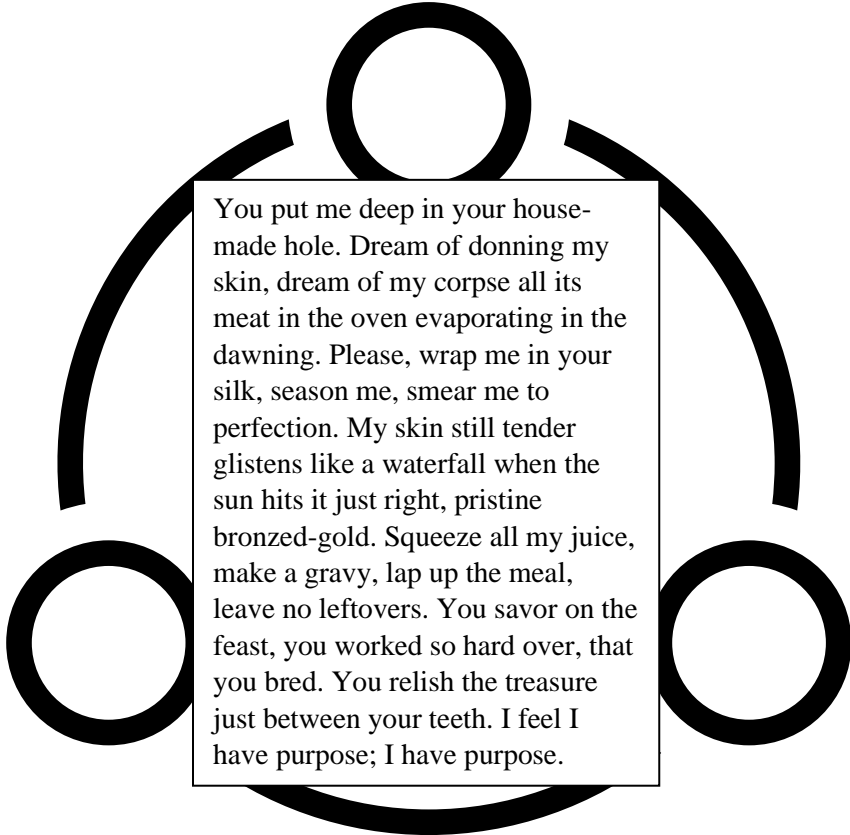


Prophecy While on My Back



You put me deep in your house-made hole. Dream of donning my skin, dream of my corpse all its meat in the oven evaporating in the dawning. Please, wrap me in your silk, season me, smear me to perfection. My skin still tender glistens like a waterfall when the sun hits it just right, pristine bronzed-gold. Squeeze all my juice, make a gravy, lap up the meal, leave no leftovers. You savor on the feast, you worked so hard over, that you bred. You relish the treasure just between your teeth. I feel I have purpose; I have purpose.