Meat + Light
A Small Poetry Anthology
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dressed to the notes app

oh to be eaten the way you consume me

white on black with purple on the tongue

i placed the raw flesh of my gut onto you
and all you did was listen

all i need is meat
all you need is light

you consume me in the way i haven’t eaten
touch-parched

touch-parched

touch-parched

there is a pressure in my chest
it is drowning me
i suck in water like air,
pain like water

i need a pressure on my chest
it is drowning me
i breathe air like fire,
touch like air

one day
i am going to learn how to ask

pressure me,
i will only bend

i saw our sea today and i was afraid

she was still just as cold
and the towns were just as small

the drive hurts my leg now
but i sit in the same car

elton john is on the radio again
and the blue leaks into the hills

more sky than ocean
i drown in both

if i waded into the water and laid on
my back
would she float me to him or to you?
i’m not sweating through my eyes,
 i’m just crying

i am happy to cry so easily now

there is a lot to cry about

and i need to catch up

objectification as a term of endearment

come sleep with me in the way you want.

prove that i am needed,
 make me your need.

i will rest because i am a thing;
you will steady because it is yours.

either way turn the lights off,
the object does not need to be seen
to be held.
Fetch the Styx

I trail at your heel
Nipping and barking for scraps
It is blessing enough
To get thrown a smile or laugh

Some days I am lucky,
And you let me into your home.

Others I am cursed,
Left at the threshold of your palace,
Scorned for my begging and
Kicked while I’m down.

Be careful, dear Achilles.
For I trail at your heel,
And I am known to bite.