



Meat + Light

A Small Poetry Anthology

by @pom.machine

addressed 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

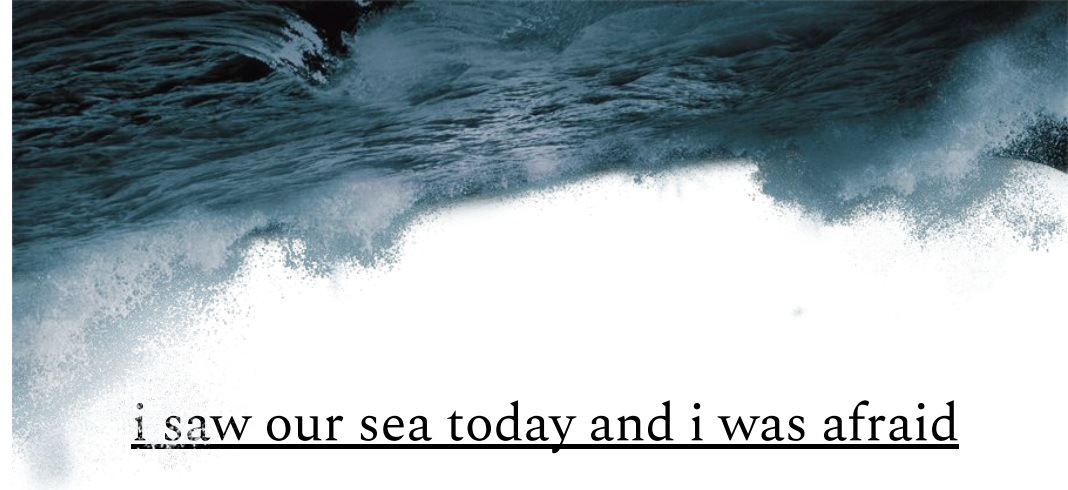
touch-parched

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?



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.

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



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.

