An Appetite

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Cover Page Footnote

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Mortally delicious
I crave flesh.
Traces of smog,
that's just you
foaming
at the mouth
for me.
You have prided
yourself on tasting
black skin
and in your act
of cannibalism
you’ve stolen too much.
Yearned for me in
thought and in bed.
What we’ve produced
in retrospect
Beautiful
a mixture of
me and you.
But I want it back, most if not all.

My limbs,

    My walk.
My talk,

    My dance,
My music.

    My coarse hair,
My broad nose... Delicious
Your lips drink glory,
sipping from a chalice
filled with my juices.
A thirst that renders me,
Inferior.

I’ve struggled hard
against a domineering
Appetite.
But as the black merges
and separates
with the white,
with your saliva
I become transparent
diluted:
Deep down
I’ve grown accustomed
to you feeding
on me.