

eating wide, eating light. eating life, abstracted

- a TON o' plant biomass, yr Greens+ superDrink
- the Harvesters a mowing herd, yr protein pill a sum of it
- all those years of milk & meat: before u went vegan
- all those years of milk & meat: the body u've inherited.

i'm summing here, am riffing on, Lierre Keith¹ and give her this: we can't go back to eating grass! i, too, would seek a way to sum it ALL yet wonder at the Omnivore's obscenity, the literalness of trying to put one's mouth around it!

i'll take in more while eating less: what vegans try by grazing low; and lions by ingesting the ingester!

i'll learn to feed on light & air, and so i shall become it! as flesh refines in temple flame, as saints are called to presence in remembrance i'll persist in the abstraction.

i'll eat it all yet have no gut or grinders, just a brainwave. my body the mnemonic trace of bulk grain gave. chewing, i'll eschew - my rats'll do it for me when i plate them cuts of melon and they waken by the smell of it, seize their piece with pleasure and i stand aside & survey.

i strive for subtle service: receding from the scene, my existence turns doubtful and their gratitude settles into habit.

¹ The Vegetarian Myth. interview at Prévention Santé, 2016

god-high, or rat-low - i'll feed on those
effusions that the Living have no use for. in
every room you leave your waste - i know that
you were laughing here, for waves of it still
resonate.

i strip into my underwear and do my special
praanaayaams, i sop up your remains.

soon i'll watch from Outer Space, dissolve into a
smile where my joy closely circulates.

soon i'll learn to eat my face, and feed on
thanks for **that**.

so i grow, though sickly; so i linger.

my chin is weak, my narrow jaw is chile-like. my smile is a liar,
and my molars crowd incisors up & out, like a vampire.
i bite my nails & like to scrape my calloused palms with fore-teeth.

