

some of u carnivores

can't spade a hole sans a warning tap, a scrape & pat of surface for the worms i'd hate to split.

a mastery of yr self - so Master of yr World u were, i promise to portray it!

often have my eyes out for ants as i step.

i hear u laugh, baffled by our weepiness, yr snorting thru our rescue vid i READ u - in comment-scrolls below i learn yr privilege.

i'll hear yr plea, u'll blubber that u never knew better, but the truth is u were WEAK. u didn't want your hunter-bro to think u weak, so tortured what he brought u, then u willed yourself to IGNORANCE: u muzzled crucial data, u cauterized your heart to every pain report, the screams i mean -

u're culpable, i'm telling u.

however many branchings since our Last Common Ancestor? Cousin, i lament u went evil!

guilt i won't feel, for u're owed all we bring u yet i know my heart shall complicate by sundown!

yr hard March, yr staking Camp, yr fervor for the War - these, and what we did to u, i promise to relate!

some of u carnivores are terrified of
death, and u're very superstitious!

u celebrate Life, in yr after-slaughter festival -

that u live, and others died instead!

some of u are fine in yr scratchy wool etchkins -
are numb to yr self, are with yr selves unempathic!

u carry on, consume & spread - i cannot say u
procreate. u multiply by usurping the living -
take yr parka trim - an aura that u've stolen
- and u traipse on lofty boot-heel thru the
dirty snow, yr foot encased in child-skin.

now i hear a dainty word - starlet - & her
action - she's alighting - from a limo, cuz
it's pretty-perfect poetry.

& writing this, i love again; typing this, i
wonder if i alter real starlets - if by my word
they'll soon emerge free of fur, naked or in saree
wove of fallen leav.

praxis of cosmesis via slicing up the rat face: a
likeness now i waken from my Scholar's slumber
INto, and i see the Town anew: i can't deny the
seriousness of Nite Life - authoritative -
many-sided, lovely & it all serveth Love: from
powder scent to ankle-brace, from coral-pink purse
to cigarette case, iz all for Love.¹

yet earlobe snip or forehead lift are superficial,
surface-facey. shape the face by shaping the
Beholder's brain, the FFA! cut the Eye, dope him
up, so every face allures!

OR does it discriminate - dopamine i mean. hype
him for some sub-sub-type, harden his revulsions so
he truly hates Fatties - he ain't but upping
bro-points - he'd NOT ride that Moped!

the doped-up have their Special Needs, get serious

fast procuring such exact stupid shit: the pimped-
up pink Bentley & the academic pedigree to grant
him wide access then to siphon from minutely, a
Pool to pluck eleven from.

flesh is such a dress; o sheer the veil, yet never shed!
nerves untie while hers remain a wev.

¹ from Herman Hesse's Steppenwolf [adapted]

