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Carnivore

Shelby Metz

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CARNIVORE

Shelby Metz

I want to take you apart. To rip the very flesh from your bones. To make garlands from your entrails and handbags from your kidneys. I want to take you by the hand and lead you into my den of horrors. I want to sip on a gallon of your blood as your lungs collapse. To listen to the wet gurgle of your screams through the slit in your throat. To pop your stomach like a balloon and let the acid burn a path to your spine. I want to catch your tears in a jar and keep them on a shelf with your name. To dig my fingers into your eyes until my nails hit your skull. But they've got me locked up in a cage, love. I've got a life sentence on my head and tomorrow is my execution.

I want

A last meal of your still beating heart on a platter made of gold.