

Matriphagy
Asha Pacey

Would you like to glut planes of taught flesh?
Latch brittle teeth deep into crimson slickness.

Unhinge your jaw and suckle.
Your mouth is a wound,
your smile a blossoming of wet tissue.

Sink fingernails into fatty tendons,
in the lair of the white worm
where interstitial fluids soak into soil
like the living grave.

To remind me that even without diction,
my insides will stretch and make room for you.

Poetry

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