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Pure

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Pure

A polar garden of sweet ripeness
and wretch and disease.
I will no longer be a vermin to this god,
no longer a sugar-bellied treat
for this parasite of a master.
not to throw my dignity to hungry wolves
searching for my delicate core
which is slowly gelling
wiggling and firm
with seven babyteeth- sprouting and awkward.
this cumbersomeness gone wild
to feast like the bloody-jowled wolf:
dangling veins and plasmic flesh
with silver in his ears and beastie-steeled chest.
I, the plush-covered sweet-to-eat,
will no longer oblige my red-lipped
priest of ritual consumption.
the final brahminical bite will gnaw the
ugly bowel of corruption
into a muddy puke of foliage.
the colorwheel spinning to deep placid-purple
performs cryogenic relaxation
of claws and achy-battled joints
and the crystal-bloody bits of fangs and spit
twinkle to the putrid earth in shards-
mirroring the dancing chrysalis,
pirhouetting and pirhouetting and pirhouetting
freely and madly
bloody toes of oblivious laughter.

Alexia Meyers

Westhampton College 1994

Winner of The Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry 1992