Pure

Alexia Meyers
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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.

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