



put the heat on simmer, and the hissing  
of my precious liver kissing the body oil and body fat  
a sexual ritual, habitual of my  
tongue and something else, no, someone  
somebody to whom I can give my right-hand lung

when the meat is tendered, fat rendered  
and your hunger has not yet surrendered  
do not eat your friends  
that is impolite  
slightly wash your hands, and then,  
invite

them to sit, to seat them with a bib  
giddy, offer them a rib  
cage and then ask for wine  
this is what they mean by body line

with knife and butter seduce the meat  
don't be afraid to cut me  
smother it with gravy and biscuit  
and eat it all, all of it  
don't you dare fucking stop  
you don't need no fork  
nor knife nor bitter butter up  
use your nails to cut it up  
and lick your fingers  
lick, or bite them off  
the crunch of bones and fuck-me-up  
suck on the flavor, the grease and bathe me  
with your unsatiated tongue

i don't know what you're trying to taste from your insides in  
trying to diagnose what makes your hunger widen

seriously  
hurry the fuck up, just swallow  
do you now know  
know which organ houses your hunger?  
or will we have to eat another one?