

this is my way of bridging the gap

Sarann Spiegel

on evenings in which i'm a split-open
cadaver, poked and prodded
i think of you, who plucked
the liver from my belly and gnawed
at the lining of my long intestine. from you
i learned not to flinch at the brush
of fingers inside my rib cage.

i no longer fear the scavengers. i hear the love
in their cries and am glad i can satiate
the hunger eating at them. this way, we are both
devoured. i would cut the flesh
from my calf to feed you any day.

tonight, the first-years slice into my heart
and fearing they'll muck up the workings,
know this: i may love you best
with my guts in your mouth.

Written & edited September 2024. Published here as published in "The Lavender: Issue 13: Hauntings."