

The Wild Animal

Truth being so abstract that lies hold them hostage against their own wellbeing. Help cannot approach this animal, for it bites back with self-righteous vengeance and vendetta.

Like a feral animal trapped in its own trap, it snarls at all those who approach. Creating more distance with each step closer to it, it becomes a beast of its own demise.

Reassuring words and confirmations are met with tactless dispute and misplaced grievances for their own self-worth. They want to remain trapped and in pain.

Tossing morality at them to ease their anxiety and attempting to calm them down with decency, they smell the attempt and taste dissolution, choosing to eat their own instead.

“Beta’s” move forward to try and comfort me, showing me that not all of their species is so hateful, but the beast is too fast. It swipes its claws at the neck of its kin, killing them instantly.

I want to leave it alone like it demands from me but I care for it and see its potential. I try and explain my differences and commonality, but the beast is too content in its ways and trap.

I start packing my gear, preparing to head home, but the beast calms itself and tries to convince me to stay. Keep it company, it begs and pleads to me, yet not willing to change its behavior.

Compromise without the promise to hold tight to the definition of the word itself. Humans cannot forgive something they do not understand.

The beast wants me to become it, indulge in its vices and addictive nature. Never seeking moderation but always demanding satisfaction.