

The Feast

She surrenders herself to my arms, as she has done with other men
The warmth of their embrace is cold now
But mine is hot and new and real

Who is she?
A hooker, a lover, a pick-up, a wife, a daughter, a mother
It does not matter
She is here, now. Alive and warm.
Mine.

Now as I hold her, kissing her, feeling her surrender to me
Feel the heat of her body against mine
Arousing me
Awakening my want of her,
Deep within me something stirs

The change is so quick
Before I realize what is happening
The beast has reached out from its cell
And ice crusts over my heart

I can smell her
Smell the sweet perfume
That pumps through her veins
Smell it raw and wet and spicy and alive
And my tongue grows thick in anticipation
Of tasting her

My hands are trembling
Fingers clutching, twitching
As the thirsty thing which I fight to control
Stretches its awful muscles
I must stop
Turn back
Shove her away NOW
But my brain screams in an empty house
For another is taking up residence within me

My eyes lose focus for a moment
And when they see again they see
The slope of her shoulder
Through a haze of red fog
And behind my eyes
The Beast sees her only as food

I sense the beat of her heart
Feel the tangled spiderweb of her blood below the soft skin
So tender to kiss
To caress
To rend and tear
And as my lips graze her tender flesh she moans

My eyes are blinded
Only the Beast sees now
He sees the blood
Coursing and throbbing within her
Feels the heat of it
Like a desert wind on his face
Fanning the flames inside him

Shuddering
Trembling against her
And she thinks it's passion
But she's wrong
Oh, merciful God, how wrong!

When my arms shot around her
And pinned her arms to her sides
She was startled
But could not resist
For the Beast is too strong for either of us

Shaking worse
As my lips peel back
Baring teeth that want to destroy
To rip and pierce
To kill

Her scream fills the darkness
Shattering the night
Undercut by the growls
That bubble from my chest
As the sticky life flows
Squirting
Pulsing
Into my mouth

She struggles for a moment
Then collapses
Falling against me

As I continue
The Feast

Fresh, hot passion drips from my chin
And down across her breasts
As the beast snarls and bites again
Finding new, deeper purchase with its teeth

Then the mist parts
Reason returns
The beast, sated, its belly full, curls back into its cell
And I stare, bloody mouth agape,
At the cooling husk I hold
And realization of what I have done sinks in

Who was she?
A hooker, a lover, a pick-up, a wife, a daughter, a mother
It does not matter
She is gone now.
And whether she is the first
Or the hundred-and-first
My sobs over her lifeless body
Are no less piteous.

Stephen Thorn
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