

I don't want a life lived through  
layers of saran wrap,  
so that  
the barest impressions  
surface  
while the rest is left to  
wither below.

My old lies are eating me alive  
from the inside,  
squirming under my skin.  
I want to wear them  
like scars,  
reduced to evidence of an injury  
long gone.

So I'll remember to feed my  
mindful consumption,  
because Athena's going to cut her way  
out  
of my head  
one of these days,  
and from my bloody remains  
will emerge  
a creature  
proud of its too sharp teeth and monstrous sensibilities.  
True nature at its terrific finest.

I'll be all eyes and all mouth  
in form,  
shameless in my hunger  
and with a stomach for greatness.  
This world will stare in envy and awe  
at my ugliness.

It's time for  
something new  
under this old sun,  
something true,  
or as close as I can get.

But to eventually be consumed  
in turn

would be the greater accomplishment.  
To serve the needs of those still struggling  
in skin  
that doesn't seem to fit.  
I'll never be enough, in all my flawed glory,  
but hunger doesn't discriminate,  
and to feed just  
one mind  
would be a triumph.