When someone bites into my soul I'll be laying in the dry dirt sinking deeper as crumbs slide along the crevices of my ideas, creations and hopes.You're nothing but an ant.You live to eat, survive and continue moving. As I lie without motion you crawl around me taking a bite of my outer rim. I taste like nothing. You can't even feel a texture in your mouth. You're just feeding like you're born to do, again all you are is a mindless ant. Your only purpose is to feed off my unsensual rim. Yet you find yourself gnawing further into my skin. I won't explain the magical sensation of how or why you choose to feed harsher down on the lump of what's pictured to be my spirit. You would move through the left wing finding yourself upon a rubbery portion. It tastes brinded. I shift with each swallow you take, and slowly you feel me start crumbling under your tongue. I hold my shape as I loosen, never fully melting to your hot knife, just making room for it. In a way this layer is almost protecting my insides, making sure you don't have an opportunity to punch my guts in.Yet past that layer you'll find a rich chocolate flavor dominated by holding.Dark chocolate has been called a taste for lovers, but you won't like me if you prefer your sugary joy. Just imagine, dark chocolate paired with some deep cherries,or a savory layer of prosciutto with fresh fuzzy peaches and honey, maybe even arugula with a lovely balsamic glaze. I sound so lovely right?Besides the fact that I don't taste like cotton candy to you. You love your blue raspberry slushy so that forever makes me flawed. Instead of tasting my savory notes and intricate flavors you think I'm bitter and harsh. What built me to my beauty you find vile.My petals feel wilted instead of firm and addicting. I'm selfish for forgetting that if you mix oil and syrup I will only mix to be unappetizing to all.To try to be desirable to you turns me revolting to each and every person, even myself. I don't want to be a sticky sweetener. You haven't even tasted my raw thigh yet. Maybe it's my fault for covering it with an unbreakable candied shell. A part of me kept sacred till you truly adore my bitterness. You keep demolishing, and make your way to my center.You'll find nothing at all, nothing sweet or tangy or bitter or sharp.That doesn't make me coreless though.It's just invisible to you. To me it's something I wish to not describe and I never will.I wouldn't know how to anyways and you wouldn't be able to describe the taste of it to anyone else anyways, it's not yours. Do you really need to keep biting me anyways?The fragrance of my right side is finally peering in. If you ignore the dirt sticking onto the rich and velvety feel of this portion I'd like to imagine it's somehow light you know? Simple to chew, and maybe even refreshing but I'll leave it to you to interpret. I've been left swallowed and as you finish your stomachs bloated with lack of self control. You wonder if something was ever wrong with such acts of feeding, but we shouldn't discuss damage that's already done. I might be beautiful but I don't mean a thing to you. My spirit, passion, depression,confusion, worth. You've finally tried everything, with just the motion of chewing, how grossly simple it is to get tom= know a person's insides. You wonder why no one else has ever gone past the boredom of our outer rims. As you're naïve to learn that everyone has, even yourself. We all are flavored once you take a bite. Eventually you'll notice everyone is enriched in interchangeable ways, every ant has tasted this sensation before or eventually will. You've forgotten that I'm not your first deep feeding. From the moment you opened your

eyes in your mothers arms, you learned to touch a soul. You won't ask every coworker or neighbor for the opportunity to explore their hearts, but I bet your friends will. I'll be patient with you as you grow, understanding of the inevitable discovery of learning about yourself through somebody else. We are all selfish creatures. Building our own desires off the discovery of disliking someone else's beauty. This acceptance was built with love, love that can only be found by biting deep into another's flesh, leaving a wound that will eventually scar. Whether you're grasping final breaths with your hurting father, watching a friend tear and plead for the forgiveness of god, or begging the stars to let you finally melt into her skinless arms again. Every deep bite you make leaves a mark. Pouring on yourself only made the bruise acne longer. I'm removed from your tongue and into the back of your mind as long as you rinse the inside your mouth and let your stomach settle. I'll only be memorable to compare and evaluate your next feed. But we wanted that anyway.

Authors note-

Hi reader! I hope you enjoyed this short entry. There were two songs that really hit me well writing this. One being "Cross Country" by Alex g, I personally get a very unpleasant sensation in my chest every listen, reminding me of where I'm supposed to be and how life is supposed to be lived, yet it isn't.I feel as if this song set the mood of my words.The other song being "Tiny Vessels" by Death Cab for Cutie, every lyric in this song aches in a different ounce, striking down, reminding of untouched feelings. Feel free to message me with any insight as a reader! Your words are valued and wanted! They're all we get to own anyways. ;)

-Evelyn Aja-DeCristi