

## **Seduction**

In a quiet, dimly lit bar, you emerge from the shadows and take a seat across from me. I sipped courage before your arrival, but your scent—a sharp blend of iron and decay—intoxicates me, making my heart race for a night yet to unfold.

A small flame flickers between us, the light dancing in your eyes. You whisper, asking me to come near. Smiling, you draw me to your side, your cold, slender fingers tracing my arm softly.

Your touch sends shivers across my skin igniting a longing

carried in silence. You bite your lip, tasting the tension between us. Memories of past lovers, filled with what I believed was pleasure and pain, flash through my mind.

Not a single one compares.

You grip my hair, drawing me closer, your breath a heated whisper against my skin. With trembling hands, I offer my finger to your wet lips. You bite down, and a lovely ribbon of dark blood streams forth. As the scarlet droplets fall into our drinks and stain the table, I trace your features with my blood, saving your lips for last.

Your touch, your voice, your presence—everything about you commands my desire.

Our gazes lock, within the reflection of your eyes lies my surrender.

I am your captive, and I do not wish to break free.

### **Maneater 1**

You beast,

Corrupting my mind, binding me in chains of comfort and nourishment.

I didn't prepare for how deeply you entwined yourself in my life, how thoroughly you cared for me.

Each bite you took left me craving more, your touch both tender and voracious.

In those moments of quiet after your feast, I felt a semblance of completeness,

A false sense of belonging that kept me tethered to you.

You consumed my very essence, and I gave willingly,

Believing that your hunger was a twisted form of love.

Time and again, I surrendered to your insatiable hunger, offering—

My arms,

My skin,

My bones,

My heart—

All for you to feast upon

## **Offering**

In a dark forest surrounded by a bountiful garden watered with tears, I kneel and offer her a bouquet of my ribcage—twenty-four agonizing pieces torn from my chest so I can share my heart.

With a twisted smile, she accepts, admiring the smooth curves of each rib. She delicately plucks one from the group and picks entrails from her teeth.

But her appetite is endless.

With a flick of her wrist, she drives my gift into my throat, the jagged edges tearing through flesh all too easily.

She kneels beside me, watching as blood fills my mouth.

Reality wanes and the sight of her predatory eyes become a blur. Before darkness overtakes, she wraps her hands around my face and kisses me. Using my lips as a chalice, she takes her offering, drinking all the blood from my lips, not missing a single drop.

## **Yours**

With the arrival of night, the scent of your skin reminiscent of dead flowers and freshly turned soil— beckons me into your embrace. You crawl beneath my skin, using your slender, sharpened nails to carve a map of sin across my flesh. Shivers cascade down my spine as my body becomes your canvas, molded by your creativity, shaped by your insatiable desires.

You blindfold me, allowing me to lose myself in the rhythm of your heartbeat, the pulse of your need.

For now, you need me.

For now, you use me.

I give myself freely to you, knowing I am seen, I am needed.

Even if only for now.

Because the pain of being discarded has yet to come; the ecstasy of being yours is now.

## **Bloodstained**

Our tongues entwine, a delicate ballet choreographed by past lovers. Her sweet saliva mingles with mine, passing her crimson-stained lips.

I fancy myself a master of this dance, but her pace makes me realize solo performances are my true forte. Attempting surprise, I playfully bite her lip.

Tenderly, she traces where I left my mark, revealing a smile that devours any remaining sense left that is not hers.

Her fingertips fall to my chest ...

In one swift motion, blood soaks her hand, dripping onto the floor.

Before my eyes, tightly held in her fingers, my affection, beating louder than ever.

## **Graveyard**

You pass unbothered by the corpses of past lovers,

A graveyard of passion and despair,

Of shattered promises and whispered lies,

Where the ghostly scent of your perfume— a wilting rose still lingers.

A sharp gaze and untold beauty hold my trembling soul captive.

Your cold fingertips paint delicate patterns on my cheek,

While whispering lies of love into my ear,

Intoxicating me with the belief I can endure a lust the others could not.

As our lips meet, your tongue claims mine—

marking me as yours.

For cyanide laces your lips,

And I am all too willing to taste.

## **Maneater 2**

You animal,

I wake to find your piercing eyes fixed upon mine,

Reviving a heart that has long beat in silence.

Your fingertips caress my hair, each curl delicately played beneath your touch. My hand seeks your body, tracing the curves, both of us desperate for more.

I surrender to your warm embrace.

And in your arms, my fears of losing you reach their peak.

When our lips touch, we plunge into a whirlpool of each other,

Breaths intertwining, merging into a singular rhythm.

As your instincts take over, you lunge for my neck, tearing away fragments of my flesh,

I'm transfixed as you devour, embodying divinity in a feral grace .

I grasp your shaking thigh, sinking my teeth into your flesh and you sing a symphony of pleasure and pain.

Your moans fill me and deepen my hunger.

Our mingled blood and sweat soak the silk sheets, our cries blending into a primal chorus.

We consume each other until only echoes remain.

## **Feast**

On a floor warmed by our entangled bodies, glistening sweat falls. Her head rests on my chest, where the rhythm of my heart echoes every thought.

“Read to me,” she pleases.

A flickering candle illuminates poems in the darkness.

As each word leaves my lips, her teeth brush against my neck. She carefully listens while tracing patterns on my chest.

When turning to meet her eyes, she guides my focus back to the text.

Both of us impatient, waiting for her to feast.

Unable to resist, she digs into my flesh as I read soft words that promise love .

As my vision fades alongside the flame so do the words, until the only sound is her savoring every bite.

## **Obsession**

I'm an addict,

Consumed by thoughts of you.

Each heartbeat thumps your name, every breath a desperate plea for your touch.

I am ensnared in a straightjacket of your love,

Bound by a desire that devours me whole.

A mistake I'll repeat every time because I can't help myself when I'm near you.

Your presence is a syringe I welcome into my flesh,

Releasing a tonic of tar and lust into my veins,

Intoxicating. Inescapable.

You can have everything,

My nails, skin, bones, heart,

Love,

Hate,

Every piece

Of who I am,

And who I will be.

Every moment with you is a descent into sweet madness .

Even knowing the price, I would give everything,

For just one more taste of your love,

To be consumed by you,

Again, and again.

## **Love**

Your godly light shines, blinding all who bear witness. If any catch a glimpse, they deem themselves fortunate.

While boys rush to submit, kissing your feet, men cower at your sight. You kick the boys away gently, so as not to dissuade them from attempting again. The men try to run and hide, but are incapable of escaping your soft embrace.

You always find the ones trying to escape.

When you finally stand before those men, you embody what they feel undeserving of.

So, fear resides because they believe you untrue.

And you lift them up, convincing them you are the only truth.

Fear remains because now, they know they are yours forever.

And if they are yours forever, they will cease to be.

### **Just A Bite**

My heart pounds its way up my throat, mouth agape, pulsing loudly on the tip of my tongue.

She remains expressionless, her salivating lips say, "Just a bite."

But her eyes betray her hunger: I'll devour your heart.

I hesitate, speechless, only the frantic thrumming of my heart speaks.

Slowly, I nod and surrender to her.

She delicately plucks what was mine from my tongue, which now feels strangely bare.

Her saliva cascades from her tongue, bathing my heart in her warmth.

I wonder if I can ask for my heart back.

She caresses my heart slowly across her body, from cheeks to neck, breast to thighs. Every inch explored; she revels in the ecstasy.

Finally, she gently kisses my beating flesh, staining her lips in fresh blood; and I, for a fleeting moment, feel safe.

But, unable to restrain herself any longer, she bares her teeth and steals a bite.

## **Cooking Together**

Strands of your hair brush my cheek as I near your neck, a delicate touch to your shoulder makes you shiver.

A soft kiss to your cheek, my lips warmed by yours, a soft gasp escapes.

Slowly, my hand falls to your waist, fingers tightening the strings of your apron until they hug you close.

You move to the counter, eyes glinting with anticipation, inviting a sensuality that borders on sin.

I retrieve the meat from the fridge. It's marbling stunning, seasoned marinade from thirty minutes prior, flavors sealed in. The aroma of garlic, rosemary, and thyme mingles with the air, promising a feast that will satisfy more than hunger. I set a cast iron skillet on the stove, turning up the heat, the metal hissing as life enters the pan.

"Oil," I murmur, and you hand me the bottle, our fingers brushing. I pour a thin layer into the skillet, watching it shimmer and dance under the heat. The meat follows, a sizzle filling the room as it meets the hot surface. I press down, ensuring an even color, while you stand by, making my brow sweat with shared desire.

"Chop the vegetables," and you comply, fluid, precise. The knife glides through squash, peppers, onions, and zucchini.

Your movements slow, the knife poised high, a gleam catching your eye. While looking into mine, with one decisive motion, you slice your palm. The blade tracing a line down your wrist.

What was once blood, but now mingled with tears. With ash. With poison. Dripping onto the vegetables.

Tenderly, you rub the mixture over them, infusing them with your essence, your eyes unwavering, locking with mine. The meat sears to perfection, a caramelized crust forming. I flip it, the aroma intensifies, filling our den. You bring the vegetables to the stove, tossing them into a separate pan, vibrant colors sizzling as they cook.

"Wine," you ask, holding up a bottle of red.

I nod, and you tilt my head back, holding the lip to my tongue, draining the darkened red contents down my throat. Drowning me.

As the wine overflows the sides of my mouth, you pull the bottle back. Taking your time to lick up the spillage before finishing the bottle yourself.

You hold the knife to my throat, the blade tracing a tender line of blood. I grab your hair, pulling it back, a quiet moan escaping, “Not yet.”

We both salivate over each other, but resist the delicious temptations.

Both cuts are made, cooked to a bloody perfection. We plate it together, the vegetables vibrantly arranged.

At the table, candles flicker softly, casting a warm glow on our faces.

As we sit, we take a bite, your eyes roll back, falling into ecstasy.

Perfection.

You can’t help but glance at my bicep, still wrapped in bloody gauze. “Does it still hurt?”

I shake my head, gesturing to your thigh, wrapped similarly, as I take a bite, “Does yours?”

You shake your head.

A smile plays upon your lips and mine, both of us as delicious as ever.

## **Submersion**

We bathe each other in a shower of blood, a ritual we've repeated countless times, binding us in our addiction that has become our slow destruction. I can't look away from the droplets sliding down your delicious neck, and your rounded breasts.

You lift my chin to meet your gaze, and we sink to our knees together.

With your touch, I'm indestructible.

With your touch, I'm helpless.

Carefully, we wash every part of each other, only breaking gaze to close our eyes in ecstasy as you run your fingers through my hair. You smile, a predatory gleam in your eyes, and leap at me, gripping your hands around my throat. I do the same, bringing you in close as the blood fills, and both of us take away the other's breath.

We hold each other tightly, restricting any possibility of escape, as the blood rises, slowly reaching our lips, our noses. The last thing I see before being entirely submerged are your eyes—my desire, your passion, my weakness.

### **Routine Of The Living Dead**

Every morning, our first act as a couple is to dress the rotting corpse on our couch.

We carefully apply a touch of color to revive its faded cheeks, mask the smell of decay with a vanilla spritz, and place a hat atop its lifeless head. We perform this ritual, lest flies swarm to the putrid scent, crows peck at the flesh, and maggots delve into wounds.

Visitors' eyes glide past the motionless body, oblivious.

Hand in hand, we often slip away attempting solace in forgetting, hoping upon our return the body has vanished.

But always, the corpse remains.

She turns to me, her eyes tired and questioning, "Why do we continue this?"

I kiss her forehead and manage a weak smile. "Because the heart still beats."

## **Goodbye**

“Goodbye,” you whispered, your lips brushing mine, eyes sparkling with a promise of forever. That farewell carried a hint of return, a future hello. But you vanished before another hello could be spoken.

Every dawn, I clawed my way out of a grave of longing, yearning for your voice to breathe life into me. Each day without you was a slow, venomous poison, corroding my insides, filling my heart with an ache that felt mythical.

The seasons changed, and with it, so did I. The warmth we once shared turned to a cold void, the colors of our love fading into a barren landscape. I wandered aimlessly through the remnants of our memories, trying to sever those that made me smile, laugh, love—memories like daggers piercing my mind.

When the unbearable pain became a numb companion, you returned. Standing before me, unchanged, and I returned to the man I was. I ached so deeply for you that I would have swallowed that poison again just to hold you. But I remembered the pain that seared my sanity, so I restrained my longing.

I wanted you to seek my forgiveness, but you didn’t ask. Your eyes, once alight with passion and belief in us, now glistened with a despondent truth. “This is it.”

Tears blurred my vision. I wanted to ask why, but my strength failed me. I rushed forward, enveloping you in my arms, and you held me just as tight. As I cradled your cheek in my hand, I knew this was our end. Yet, I couldn’t help but whisper my love, knowing my words would never be enough to keep you.

“Goodbye.”

### **Maneater 3**

You coward,

Releasing me from your weighty chains, pretending your hunger for me has faded. Even as you say those words, your stomach growls, and your lips tighten.

I am yours.

Do not say otherwise when your hand has bathed in the blood of my heart, and your teeth have torn away my flesh. Do not cast me away to the graveyard as you have the others, as if I am like the others.

If I am to be buried, bury me,

But I will not be forgotten.

Because you cannot forget my taste or the way you quivered beneath my touch.

To remind you, I trace my fingers over your skin, hoping to feel the pulse of what we once had, but I feel nothing.

I bury my head in your chest, seeking solace in the familiar, in the comfort of your heartbeat. Yet, as I listen for the rhythm, there is only an empty echo.

There are no beats for me.

As your heart is no longer mine,

But mine still bears your name.

**Beneath**

I'm sinking,

Drowning myself in memories—

the lasts of everything:

the taste of your lips, your laugh, time lost looking into your eyes.

How many more must I relive before the heartache leaves my chest?

All I want is to breathe again.

### **Give Us A Smile**

In the flickering light of the bathroom, I stand before my reflection.

The person staring back isn't enough.

With an uneasy hand, I carve myself a smile, cutting deeper. Raw flesh hangs and blood slides down my cheek.

This facade of happiness, scarred into my skin, is a mask I can no longer remove.

As the blood trickles down my chin and drips onto the sink, I face a truth: I will never truly smile without you. Yet, I'll try.

### **Comparative Hunger**

She gently nibbles on my skin; her faint touches are a cold reminder of your warmth .

Her teeth sink in, but they don't pierce my skin the same as yours.

The hunger, the passion, the time we shared—now a dwindling memory.

I close my eyes, trying to lose myself in the present,

But each bite is a reminder of the marks you left—a pale imitation that leaves me aching for the past we shared.

I tell myself this is moving on,

That the smell of her citrus perfume can intoxicate my senses like your natural scent,

That her touch can replace yours,

That the warmth of another stranger's bed can heal.

But as I imagine the heat of your skin against mine, both of us glistening,

The way your tongue traced my body, and the way mine traced yours,

The lie emerges in my touch.

As she holds me tightly, softly kissing my cheek, and whispering in my ear,

I only hear the echo of your voice,

Resonating through the hollow chambers of my heart which no longer beats.

I remember the way you devoured me whole, leaving nothing untouched.

And as I lie in her arms, I despise that I am still yours.

### **To See You Again**

Sweet despair, your song lures me from safety. Even when I tried, yours is a melody I cannot resist . Your voice, steeped in angelic sorrow, draws me to a grassy cliff I have visited on many dark nights—where you patiently sit on the edge, awaiting my arrival.

“Come,” you beckon, as a single tear drops from your eye. A matching drop streams down my cheek.

I submit, enchanted by your voice, ignoring the pit in my stomach that sinks deeper with each step.

I sit and let my legs dangle off the edge. You take my hand, gently caressing the unseen scars, softly kissing each one. With my hand in yours, you ask, “Care to see what’s at the bottom?”

“I already have,” I reply. Memories of that solitary abyss flood my mind. “Not worth the climb back up.”

“Then what will you do?” you come nearer, and as usual concern laces your voice.

“I’ll stay here and listen to your song. I’ll leave once it’s over.”

“This is a long one.” Your hand tightens mine; your skin cold and trembling.

“I know, but the song will come to an end.”

You rest your head on my shoulder, continuing your song as we gaze toward the endless expanse, your melody carried by the waves crashing below.

#### **Man-eater 4**

My beauty,

I'm not the first, nor will I be the last, to be ensnared by your embrace. Now, I sit atop a mountain of bodies,

The remnants of past loves who, like myself, foolishly gave to you, hoping to satisfy a hunger that could never be sated.

Now, their flesh serves as my salvation.

Flies hum around my open wounds, maggots burrow in my guts, eating away the pieces I once gave to you. With trembling hands, I carefully thread the needle through my decaying skin. Each stitch is an attempt to replace the parts of me that you consumed.

I remember the first time you looked at me, your eyes full of unspoken promises that I was desperate to believe. But you made no promises, yet I felt deceived, for your allure proved so fresh and irresistible.

You nourished me so well, my stomach was always set to burst,

I didn't notice how little there was left of me until it was too late.

Until I was a shadow of the man I once was,

Held together only by the desire to be enough for you.

I have my own mountain of dead somewhere, lovers who whispered my name as they succumbed to my touch. Now occupied by someone who speaks of me, the way I do you.

But as time passes and the taste of your lips fade, the marks you left on me disappear, and other memories decay.

No matter what, one thing remains:

I still crave your bite.