

put the heat on simmer, and the hissing
of my precious liver kissing the body oil and body fat
a sexual ritual, habitual of my
tongue and something else, no, someone
somebody to whom I can give my right-hand lung

when the meat is tendered, fat rendered
and your hunger has not yet surrendered
do not eat your friends
that is impolite
slightly wash your hands, and then,
invite

them to sit, to seat them with a bib
giddy, offer them a rib
cage and then ask for wine
this is what they mean by body line

with knife and butter seduce the meat
don't be afraid to cut me
smother it with gravy and biscuit
and eat it all, all of it
don't you dare fucking stop
you don't need no fork
nor knife nor bitter butter up
use your nails to cut it up
and lick your fingers
lick, or bite them off
the crunch of bones and fuck-me-up
suck on the marrow, the grease and bathe me
with your unsatiated tongue

i don't know what you're trying to taste from your insides in
trying to diagnose what makes your hunger widen

seriously
hurry the fuck up, just swallow
do you now know
know which organ houses your hunger?
or will we have to eat another one?