

We Call It Hunger

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When the dog sinks
her dull teeth

into the down
of the rabbit,

we say
She must have really wanted that one.

Blood lust, we call it.
Carnal.

Both the meat
& the pain it suffered—

Tender.
Raw.

Oh, we moan.
We keen.

Fall to our knees
& kiss the muzzle.

The empty chamber
of her open mouth—

weapon
& instrument of affection.

Killer, we call her.
Feed her bones from our own plates.

Good girl, we say.

What a good girl.