

The first poison

this is the poison of human oppression
the poison of cages
the poison of ownership
of hate
division
and sin
the poison of right and wrong
the poison of language and separation
of the society of war
the poison that's silencing women
the poison of patriarchy
the poison of advertising
flashing images
slices of skin
airtime on high monetary value
the poison that industrialised the female body
the poison of plastic face value
this is the poison that's keeping everyone asleep
in a slumber of piss and regurgitated anxiety
oozing from a rotten mouth
the poison of cancer
of dumping antibiotics in us just to eat
the poison that keeps us locked in wearing masks
the poison that removed our roots from the earth
the poison of separation
of seeing one's pain as pleasurable
and another's as an outcry
the poison of otherness
of unequilibrium
the poison that keeps our kin in cages
sleeping where no-one should sleep
becoming a sport without their will
the poison slavery
the poison of envy
the poison of choosing to end a life
that doesn't belong to you
this is the poison that claims every life
the poison that makes us defile our own flesh and eat it
the poison of eating death
the poison of the wage gap
the poison of rape
this is the poison of fear
of emotional impotence
the poison of unspillable tears
the poison of silence and screaming brains
the poison of a distorted body image
the poison of being unable to walk freely
the poison of having to look behind you

Flesh of my flesh + the disassembly line

her screams echoed by a myriad others
unnoticed, unacknowledged, unanswered, unheard
an orchestra without an audience
weeping in B-flat

a space so small
an embrace of steel rods
form fitted, cold, unnerving

the smell of filth
no man can take
like diving in a river
of guts and the greatest of sins

no light, no window, no door
no view of grass

eyes becoming tactile organs
touching an air so thick with desperation
a fog of suffering

when they're done they leave her to dry

in the disassembly line

right behind you another
another carcass moving to the fate you're in

i'm sorry
i'm sorry
i'm sorry
i'm sorry
i'm sorry

no time to scream

still the pain of another
stains the knife of your killer
you make no difference

in the disassembly line
in the disassembly line
the female body
is more edible
boobs and ass
and loins and face
pussy hair nails feet
and thighs
arms and tongue
no light

no hope

again
again
again
again
again
again
again
again

i'm sorry
i'm sorry
i'm sorry

would you like some book stake?
a few cold pussy cuts?

in the disassembly line

in the disassembly line
in the disassembly line
the female body
is more edible
boobs and ass
and loins and face
pussy hair nails feet
and thighs
arms and tongue

in the disassembly line
there's no space for you to breathe
no space
no hope

song of the voiceless

my body
is not a temple
for your
fucking rites

no ivory statue
shall stand on me
I'll search for every one
that's left
and
knock it
down

hoping to find you
hiding behind