

*gospel according to*

Like it or not, when in her uterus, you grew a little extra finger.  
You never were too fond of it; not when you compared it to those extra two she had  
poking out of her chest as you gnawed and chewed on them,  
whenever you felt this other thing gnawing *at* you,  
a discomfort you yet could not name but soon enough learned to call *hunger*.

You chewed and gnawed and they would stick up for you, pink and then deep purple  
bruising to let out what only your mouth could suckle out of them  
and suckle it did for hours on end, those two purple pinches  
around which your tongue swirled and attached for survival,  
coarse and warm and exhilarating, a panther's kiss in the dark.

That was the deal in the early beginning and for a little while on,  
after she gently guided your mouth towards the world for survival,  
when your explorations were still allowed,  
you saw in the swelling and shrinking of her purple peaks  
a reasoning of your own *downthere*, a reasoning and a transfer,  
adornment and adoration.

Years after, you brought your protrusion out into the world, head on  
for it to feed and be fed upon, first coy then triumphant,  
shoved into mouths and orifices, letting yourself be filled too;  
joyfully, shamefully, wildly, pathetically  
party to the world's communion, ecstasy's humble labourer, you.

And for a while it was ok, you and your gift spread open,  
wide and eventually thin as slowly came the feel  
- first on your skin and slowly to your marrow -  
that all of what you thought you had, turns out, was not enough  
*the world will always hunger more!*  
And deep within its stomach now you were, if nothing else,  
a little sore.

*Maude Plume \_*