Fall 12-2015

A Cannibal of Sexuality

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Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol38/iss1/39
A Cannibal of Sexuality

You are my Kalona, my Klaus,
I fight to tame the demons in our game of house.
To be human is to be an animal;
to desire, to eat one another, is a cannibal.
A cannibal of sexuality
can be right by morality,
but it’s two you devour the flesh of
as your charcoaled wings loom from above.
Your mask chiseled and firm,
as I am marked with your sweet burn.

I look up to you as my protector, my lover,
but it is from you I have to seek cover.
For my heart doesn’t grant me a choice,
even as danger hides behind the song of your voice.
The lyrics in which I read,
causes my heart to bleed.
Yet I willingly give you my body,
begging you to feed.