**Type Two Diabetes Speaks (Purest Poison)** by Joshua Merchant

I was mothered

by the slick hands of a corporation

who wears many faces,

spilled out of a roaring factory's throat

with cellophane skin.

I only know the process

of being pumped into something holy

and worshiped empty

we are not so different you and i

we are both replaceable

but only one of us decomposes

and thats fine. The day my fingers

curled around your neck like a wedding band

I knew I had you till death do us part

hunger is a survival tactic

but appetite

keeps us swallowing each other whole

you- little boy in the corner of the class,

auntie at the family barbecue,

man on his lunch break

Who spends more time

with the dead men in his wallet

Than his family,

Come here, bring me your mouth

like a ceremonial offering

I want family portraits

To be just as cemetery

As bank accounts,

i want kool-aid powder

to be just as sweet

as gun smoke

to little Tariq,

i want to enter your taste buds

the way celebrities walk the red carpet,

exclusive in your habits

like shake weights or crack rock,

vacations or funerals,

i want you to be sooo damn human

you cant even see yourself with out me

melting from your palms

I catch your eyes

licking the glass walls i dance behind.

I love how motivated i make you

to sit down

on the couch

in front of your computer

in your office

in your car as you walk your dog

while i trickle out your speakers

like gps directions

you always know how to find me.

I want to sodomize your smile

with malnutrition

it's not rape if you yell connivence,

cheap, around the corner,

sweet, salty

i noticed you were starving

or at least craving,

your welcome

my love

you are everything

i've dreamed of burying.

i want your teeth

to dissolve on my tongue,

i want you to envelop me

like meat holding a scalpel

I'll hug you so tight

your limbs will slide off,

you dietary supplement of innocence.

you flinching heart monitor.

you slab of decaying tissue.

you naive, fragile thing.