

THE RABBIT HOLE BY MICHAELA STEINER

I divide from my roots with the pierce of a razor.
Cleaving a meat fringe, wings endless, pine needles rolling off bark skin, detaches
my figure from nature.
This wild woman but a dreamy ghost; a severance from feral nature can be my
heroin for the witching hour.
Dominating my only territory, I shave, clear- cutting each hair follicle flower.
Unnatural glossy plastic legs attune to this disordered beauty industry.
Eyebrows yanked, hair eliminated to mask the wolf within, I nourish this homicidal
system fiscally.
Impregnating this mascara into my eye, I start to go visionless. Purposeless.
And I go from a wolf to a dog through domesticated forcefulness.
My birthplace goes from a habitat to a metropolis through ravishing Mother Nature's
fur.
Civilization after civilization, a fresh prey is captured thus insanity recurs.
Domesticated,
I yearn to roam liberated.
I yearn to know how to exist in the wild,
I yearn to restore my inner child.
Please release me from this prison cell of my build,
For as one cell of oppression morphs into two, interminable forms explode as
humanity is killed.
Hence self-destruction.
Is our sexual reproduction.
Driving me to delve further down the rabbit hole.
To feed my malnourished soul.