

MANEATER

You enter this dense jungle of flesh
The thrill of the hunt filling your mind
Unknowing that you've become the hunted
She could be a cougar
Or merely a girl in leopard print
This hunter uses bright colors to attract her prey
The sensuous exterior camouflages the killer within
She stalks this watering hole like a crocodile
Too much alcohol and the waters become murky
Any show of money is like blood in the water
This perfect creature stalks toward you
Hair black as a panther's pelt
Wavy as a viper's nest
Skin pale as a polar bear
This predator will happily shed its tight hide
Hungry vulture eyes pick you apart
Mouth capable of swallowing a man whole
Tongue dripping with cobra venom
Her ample orbs lure in prey like an anglerfish's
She swishes that tail to weaken victims
A girlish giggle might become a hyena's cackle
This wild cat rubs against you
The occasional nip to test her new toy
Visions of cheetah-like long legs fill your mind
As does those legs wrapped around your waist like python coils
Its fuck or flight and why should you run?
She has surveyed the herd and chosen her target
It won't be a barrel-chested boar
Nor one of those lumbering hippos happily grazing at the bar
She's partaked in too many sheep
And chattering monkeys have lost their flavor
Pompous cocks strut about praying to be devoured
But where is the fun in easy game?
She could try another hunter
See what a fox's fiery pelt tastes like
Instead she selected a lean looking target
But like a sleek mongoose you playfully avoid her strikes
Toying with her attempts at sinking in her fangs
Enjoying the battle of wills
Rolling about as you claw at one another
Growling and biting with a passion
Mewling as fluids spurt forth
In the end you prove yourself too formidable
Defeated she slinks away to satiate her appetite elsewhere

Like lemmings others line up to have a chance at her
Happily waiting to take the plunge down her throat
To have this little vampire bat sucked them dry
Where she'll drag her willing victim varies
Possibly back to her lair like last night's victim
The remains of which still permeate her bedding
Who knows how long she'll feast on the poor thing
But once done, she'll discard their smiling corpse
Always searching for fresh meat this little vegetarian
-Jared Rust