

# Livestock

## (O)â€™ers

It began  
With a pen  
In my hand  
Stabbed  
In the center of chaos  
To write out the light  
That lives within me  
That sought to break  
The darkness  
Eating me alive

For hours I would sit  
Dreaming, drawing  
Writing, believing

My arm in a sling  
One eye swollen shut

Whispering  
There would be a way out  
There must be  
A way out

Focused  
On the paper  
On the floor  
That held me  
Heavy as a stone  
In the corner  
Of that tiny room  
Floating on a river  
Of Imagination

Isolated  
On my knees  
Seeded in the soil  
With girls  
Younger than I  
Holding their backs  
Arching puffed bellies

Stuffed full with their  
Infected children

Celestial incest  
Terrestrial insects

We slept in boxes  
That doubled as coffins  
Because  
Some were smart enough  
To die

But not I  
Stubborn little cyclops

I  
Was destined  
To fight

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