Livestock

Otep

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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