

Verdict: Common Cyst

This thing marks me as animalistic,
It pulses against the side of my thigh,
A growth, an udder, perfect savagery.
When it bursts, I think it will take me too.
I cannot go on like this, wasting life,
No one can fathom how much this kills me.

What would mother say if she knew about me
The way I am now, animalistic?
Could she- my mum- regret giving me life?
I question how the girl raised on her thigh
Became utterly useless, malformed too,
Fearing love erased by my savagery.

I belong with the cows, the cavemen: their savagery.
This mass has contorted my image. Me.
I cannot sit, so I whinny- cry too.
My pain has made me animalistic,
This growth against the side of my left thigh
Leeches off my energy. My past. My life.

Outside this desolate compartment, life
Slinks slowly on, unaware of my savagery
And the silly stone that weighs on my thigh,
And how my little strength is leaving me.
They do not see this animalistic
Mutant here. They are too blind. This is too

Much to bear. I can't escape this savagery
That rakes its claws down my linings, pains me,
Makes me inhumane. A n i m a l i s t i c.

On my thigh, the finest devolutionist ruins my life.