

A Fascination

There's a funny kind of feeling
that this rotting stench confuses
an aversion that draws interest
like a moth to hot and bright
and it boils in the senses
draws me deeper towards the forest
and captures imagination
traps it fully--no escape.

The mystery of monsters
of the dark and toothed and bloodless
is the entryway to this; the most eternal mystery,
because no one has the answer
and no one can say they know it
better than a hundred thousand people
that no one will ever meet.

in the darkness and the quiet
fevered minds can almost taste it
in the acting of its principles
You may finally feel its bite
but you are held back by a heartbeat
Even cutting out a heartbeat
we're still here to smell the disappointment
Dangerous, Delicate, Rotten and Sickly Sweet