

Domesticated

Tilly Winger

In his mouth I was a writhing excuse of a wild animal,
Domesticated some years ago by another bloodline
I do not remember myself following him home
I do believe I was forced

But in his mouth I am revered as a delicacy,
Fingers licked clean of sorrows and disgust
By a tongue that comes looking for insecurities,
And domesticates them, not by nature but by nurture

In his mouth I was always frightened
The jagged edge of volatility and endearment
That lead me to believe possession was security
And obsession was a tender something

But in his mouth I am tasted for what I am
Sour, with a sweet coating hiding the bitter flavors
He licks me down, layer by layer,
Until all that remains is spit and trust

In his mouth, I was cursed
But In his mouth, I believe that I'm cured
And that I was never ill;
Just poisoned