



Bitch Buffet

Nyah-Renae Cohen

bitch buffet

my parts cleanshaven

then skinned

prepping the tender flesh

pink and rare

you cut along my skirt

gripping muscle

soaking my tender loins

neat and compact

you play with my trimmings

juicy decoration

you bite into my heat

bloody banquet

you

appalled at the human functions

I cannot control, as they leak without warning

sickened at nature's cycle

I cannot push it back, as you push into me

bleeding out, like a pig at the slaughter

house(ing) your cleaver, lodged

in soft flesh, it carves through me

My prime cuts a seducing starter

on society's plate, carnivores wait

forks in hands, knives in pants

manhandling ~~meat~~ lover

superficial ~~vermin~~ poultry sitting pretty on the chopping board flirty and flayed
butcher boy plays with his knife as *i starve* he carves into me, tender and prepped,
pushes his way inside, thigh meat separated and tied, my conscience leaks out
my holes marinated with the enemy's pres(ent)nce

blood in my nails that's not mine
flesh in your hands that's not yours

meat wrapped and ready, he's roasting, but not I
carnivore, man's whore, what are you good for?
stuck words clog my arteries
my willpower had given the slip
with no tongue
no route for the resolute
no comfort in coming

forward,
braised belly and breasts
no strength in the marrow,

drained,
by the butchering bloodletter
i am // separated
into both my desirable and undesirable
fats and liquids

my stripped bones discarded in a broth of toxins served for dogs of a different kind

sex doll malfunctions

WAS THERE SOMETHING

wrong,
with my parts REST ASSURED, SIR you were given the latest model
were my movements not up to par? did you notice my lag?

I'm sorry, although I was ~~afraid~~ trained
since girlhood, for this

just, drown me
in ~~lube~~ oil

fix me squeaky clean
Scrub (me) Daddy