

## Tiger Love

I am drawn to anything with a tiger,  
a snake, a scorpion, a bite.  
It's the same attraction  
that keeps my knife bone-handled,  
blade damask-sharp.  
I have little use for beauty  
incapable of injury.  
It's a luxury to feel the death  
encase my ribs, the skin stretched  
& blackened, laced so tightly  
each breath is contained.  
I keep so many fires near  
they haunt my sleep.  
Dream of nightly burnings,  
toe the apartment to ensure  
no ember has escaped my snuff.  
See how I make a light & unmake it?  
Man made god in his image  
& I have that same brimstone spirit  
beating my chest red.  
Let me make something worth breaking.  
Let me love so deeply each throat  
splits open like a pear.