WHY I AM A CARNIVORE

Before the teenaged shark attacks
and the conscious urge to vegetate,
my first fear was of being consumed
by a plant's blind appetite,
a trap that would digest me to petals,
infuse white roots with the cutest blood ...

I knew the power of archetypes
before I had opened a single book.
I saw birth, for the second time,
as a chance to lose what I'd freshly found.

Jack was the beanstalk he mistook
for an elevator: the greenhouse effect
was what forced Dylan Thomas to drink.

The knowing stem, the flowering mind
and the helpless leaves were terrible things because
they too could be human and eaten without a second
thought or a scream.