

Munkhi

Mario Stone

Sometimes I feed him daily
though I try to not at all,
and despite the bite, his empty eyes,
I heed his monkey call.

I (**Clutch the stick**) crawl on my fists
in search of flesh to beat—

(**Blind it**)

(**Claw it**)

(**Maul it**

raw) the pulp I eat

I eat

I eat.

There's a monkey lives inside
my brain, twisting
grabbing me
he bites— what bliss
to lick his tongue (**Your lips**
desire) what a fright.

He's crawling through my mouth (**Again**)
he's fingering my eyes,
I've let him come alive (**AGAIN**)
his howl no surprise

fore twilight throes, the victim moans

unto **My jungle groans**

her wet oasis, her featherdove hair,

Her skin *the moon*

so fair **So rare**

**so soft her lips We're crawling through
the bliss Her mourning seeks**

**red tongues Her eyes so wet
to lies— We come**

for sin Death welcoming

**The pleasure
Your demise**