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Pomegranate

I walked into the supermarket, the smell of the mango I ate yesterday dancing in my nose. I was caught off guard when I saw you in a bin full of others just like you, but different all at the same time. You were slightly bruised, but your skin ravished in the light. I took consideration of those around you, studied them and even picked a few up, but I liked the weight of you in my hands the most. I left that supermarket with you. Sitting in the front seat next to you I began to realize the sunlight caressing your skin made me hungry, for you. But I'm not a vulgar man, I can push the hunger down.

By the time I met with my driveway, my mouth was half salivating for your skin, and half for your flavor. Even still, I left you to sit in the kitchen while I made some calls and finished my work. I could see you out of the corner of my eye while I spoke with my mother on the phone, still sitting, drinking in the sunlight. My stomach began to ache for you shortly after I ended the call, but still, I will wait to indulge.

I need to get in the shower, wash the sins of yesterday from my body. I make sure to let the water run down my face before getting out, I think you'll enjoy the look of a sweaty, wet man. But you don't. You say nothing. You stay sitting in the position I put you in just 5 hours ago, lifeless. I stare at you, waiting for your justification, but instead I notice your bruises are beginning to show more.

I've suppressed my hunger too long, eating just before bed wouldn't feel good, so I will just leave you until morning. My dreams never begin, instead I lay on my back, looking at my ceiling imagining you split open, and raw. I twist and turn, hoping to occupy my mind with

something besides your provocative shape, but it won't stop flashing images of the perfect curves you possess. Again, I can feel the saliva pooling at the back of my mouth. I'm hungry. But not hungry enough, for your beauty is much too prominent for me to feed now.

I must leave, perhaps for a weekend trip. I must go so I do not let my cravings for you win. Three days, for three days I leave you sit, just where I had put you. And you will stay. You will stay, while I'm three hours away picking up others just like you, cutting into them and seeing their raw beauty. I tear into them, broken open, eating them, letting their juice flow from the sides of my mouth, and drip onto my wet, sweating stomach. Though I do enjoy the feeling of them in my mouth, I cannot help but think what you would taste like, would you run from my lips, and drip onto the floor beneath me, setting a sensual mood? Or would you be sour? Would I spit you out, or sink my teeth in deeper? Though I've consumed so much, I cannot deny the craving I still have for you.

I came home early; I couldn't help it. Seeing you again made me pity the others, for they would never compare to you. My muscles tensed at the sight of you. I found myself standing over you, glaring down, silently begging for you. It was too much to push down, my heart throbbing, nails digging into my palms, and slobber coming from my slightly opened mouth. I am hungry.

I grab you hard, sinking my nails into your skin. You do not beg me to stop, but your skin does as I try to pry it open. You don't budge, but I'm hungry, so I grab a knife, and I begin cutting into you. I cut you in a few various places, making it easier to break you open. I place my hands on either side of you clenching hard as I rip you apart. Red juice stains my nail beds and my freshly ironed white shirt. I don't care, because I'm hungry, and I must have you. Now. Once you're open I see your insides; red, broken, beautiful. I stop for a moment to consider what I'm

doing, pondering the thought of your beauty being ruined by my teeth, but it's too late. You are too beautiful, and I am too hungry. So, I begin to pick you apart, letting my fingers feel you while you sit there silently. I put parts of you in my mouth, savoring the flavor, letting the tang of your juice hit every taste bud. I go in for more, but not with my hands this time. I let my bite sink into you, red juice painting my face, sliding down my neck, and covering my nose. I finish by licking my fingers and wiping my neck.

I put you down and you stay, you lie still, red juice seeping out of you. Punctures showing on every inch of you from my feasting. I stared at you again, realizing what I had done. You're so ugly... you're bleeding and fed off of, and your skin is wrinkled and marked up. You don't feed off the sunlight, instead you lay there letting it feed off you. I cannot take the appalling sight of you any longer. I place your broken parts in the trash can. And you stay.

I go to shower again, hoping to wash off the sins of today. When I look in the mirror, I notice your red juice still clinging to my lips. I can still taste you, why do I still taste you? Why does your smell linger in the steam of the hot water? Why does your beauty still flash into my mind? The red juice washed off in the shower, but the bittersweet aroma of you still sits in my nose.

I find myself at the supermarket once more, searching for the beauty I once found in you. Hoping to indulge in something as bruised as you were. Trying to find my next meal, because fuck, I'm so hungry.