

THIEVES OF MARROW

Isobel Sinclair

Thieves of marrow, you strip flesh from bone -
cull that which does not serve you.
Lovers tortured into sinners
to be prayed upon by the holiest of hunters.
Reality of hope you hide,
slaughter brought on with fear
to lay an altar to a confidence man
emboldened by your hatred.

Do I scare you?
Will I kill your children
the way you wish to murder mine?
Hardened to my blade
you tighten the blinders
to turn the fearful into the ignorant.
Lift your arms, divide a nation,
strip what is mine from mine own hand.

Do I disgust you?
With my complicated tongue
And romantic heart -
I am all that is deviant.
I am all that must be tamed.
Rid me of my filth -
flush the pollutants from my blood
till the tap runs clear.

Is my existence inflammatory?
Does her hand in mine chill you to the bone
like devils, pages rites, and witches sabbaths,
held at the old god's altar
to pray sacrilege
to my goddess in weakness,
burning your icons and shrines.

Is the event of my happiness
a direct threat to your safety?
or does superiority
supersede all other intents -
manoeuvring from the powerful
to the victimised.

Does my voice echo far too loud,
ricocheting off the mountains you keep as enclosure?
We wait, outside your valley of death
with fuel for an infinite fire.

Are you fearful of me?
Good.
Choose your last meal, lick your chops.
Rump steak, extra rare.
I will serve you a plate of blood, growing cold and congealed.