

Seven

Please protect me, like a father.

I am small. I want to be held.

No, don't! Please, that hurts!

I want to jump into your arms,

But instead my jaws unhinge,

My claws spring forward.

I may still be small,

But as a leopard, I fly toward your neck,

And embrace you in a deathly hug.

Instinctively, I devour a chunk of your neck.

You now lie on the ground,

And all I can do is lick the fatal wound,

And feel like vomiting the tissue

Of your vessels, your throat, your muscles;

Forlorn, a lost cub.

This was buried.

Not really your fault, not mine,

And I am sorry,

Not being able to face the ugly reality,

I could not forgive you earlier,

And love you more.