

## Tentacle

## Pig Destroyer

Bitter aftertaste  
of every exploitation  
chokes me  
like a mouthful of spiders,  
crawling in or out  
I don't know  
but I kneel  
to the gods  
of nausea in moments  
of reflection upon  
what I stole  
from a fifteen year old girl  
and not even  
a thousand seasons  
of rain could wash  
my leprosy from her body.