

Adam's Confession

I long for nothing
Trapped flavors, essence tip lips
Nature's nectar, flowing through hollow channels
Sounds of smooth skin brazing internal distress,

Ruby red creations,
Press against fractured fruit veins
Inviting purities repercussions
Gently whispering... "For you",

Slithering through nature's bosom
Sandpaper skin rattling greyed branches
Hissing he calls to Eve
Her eye's light brighter than hell's ultraviolet flames,

Persuaded and suffocated, enlightens moral mayhem
Aggressively I bite tearing away at crimson skin
The serpent coils, Eve collapses as all is numb
In petrified fetal position shivering in regret,

I long for nothing—
Nothing will be received,
Forevermore dammed.

—*Brian Wilds*