

## CANNIBALISM

—*Brittany Violet*  
*Long*

IMAGINE HAVING THE CAPABILITY to lock up a butterfly in a glass box placed upon a pedestal. Your slicked back hair and glacier, glazed eyes captivated me; I was a prisoner locked behind the confines of surrounding glass, vulnerable in my raw nakedness with nowhere to go. There was a time when I didn't enjoy tearing my own grainy flesh from my milky bones just to forget about the way your fingers felt tracing the contours of my cheekbones. I remember a time when I loved taking long runs through the misty woods before sunrise. When running through the dense fog was like emerging from beneath the surface of a dark lake for the first time. I ran like I was being chased by those dark shadows lingering behind those tall trees. I ran with sweat dripping down between my breasts while my heart pumped blood beneath my flesh. I ran from my dark nightmares and I was free. Haven't you ever felt eyes moving over your body? While you were home alone, lying restless in bed when your dreams weren't enough to satisfy the cravings of your soul. Your desires wandered, always coveting what you knew you couldn't have, like moths circling a flickering light in the basement of a house you can't quite remember. It's like trying to feel your way through those dark hallways while being followed by something lurking just out of sight. I couldn't seem to make my way through the blackness, beyond your alluring grasp, but there was a moment of transformation, in those few moments before the sun would rise with its orange and yellow radiance painting soft streaks across the morning sky; the very moment when I transformed into just a fragment of a memory. ⚓