How do we know the bodies we love?
We see their surfaces; layers of skin, hair, clothes.
Seeing though, has never been enough.
We have an insatiable craving to be inside.
Knowing and understanding.
We attempt to seep our way inside, first by sitting on the skin, hoping to be absorbed by time and with diligence.
This is futile. For, we sit upon the upper most layer of epidermis to create yet, another layer.

So, we creep across the other openings of the body to find one in which we can fit. Small though they are, we squeeze ourselves inside. Maybe through the ear canal to dent their memories with our sounds.
Still, this is not enough. We move over the body and its orifices and find
one that holds promise; the mouth. It is here that we scrap
our spines
on the roof crawling inside. Passed the teeth and the tongue
slipping down the throat. We make our beds in the belly,
and recline amongst the acids and juices. Here we are comfortable.
Here we bloat the individual.

Eventually, we tire of this, and it too, is not enough.
So, we move through the inside of the body climbing
the spine like a ladder. We reach the eyeballs,
licking the backs of the
eyelids tasting the slat of tears to come. We move on,
our mouths wet and dripping
to the tunnels of the brain. A delicious maze. We walk through
its twists and turns dizzied. We grow famished.
Ripping chunks out of its walls, we feed ourselves.
Here, we make another home, for it is more permanent
than the last.
It is not enough to be ingested, we crave to be remembered.

So, we trash the place. Pissing on the floors, staining the carpets
of the mind. Punching holes through the dry wall of
another soul.
We wreak our havoc in the minds of individuals, whirling about
like garbage in a strip mall lot.