

I am a dog
matthew aksamit

I am a dog

inside of a woman

inside of a man.

Look at my teeth:

look at the

blood

dripping from them,

the spit slicked

concrete floor.

We are left alone in the garage,

save a shredded collar in the corner.

We are unwanted –

I know this.

I am a dog,

begging you not to kick me so I don't have to

rip you apart.

I am not enamoured by my violent tendencies

I have learned to trim my nails

I have learned to look nice –

Fuckable?

Is that the word?

Men have ruined me.

I have been ruined by men.

What's the difference? It's nagging at me –

I can feel the tension build between my shoulder blades.

I am a dog

I am a dog

I am a
dog

I am a dog

and I am not yours.

My god, I'm not yours.

