

Sometimes I am just like him

When I eat a pomegranate, I cut the red ball in half.
I don't feel sorry about puncturing it right to the core.

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Her seeds are for me to enjoy and her to forget.

I eat what I see and then I crack the halves in half and find more.
Some tart, some sweet, some tasteless.

And then I crack some more and eat all in sight.
Until she is nothing but bloody barren craters.

I feel powerful like I have something to prove.
I am somehow winning in dominance by defeating her.

When I eat a pomegranate, I cut it's beating heart in half.
I don't feel sorry about the corpse that lies before me.