

# TRULY, IT IS AN ART

by JULIA IWANETZKI

sprung from the same curse  
we humiliate  
each other,  
once more.

because why would you,  
take another bite  
of an apple  
that you know to be  
rotten to the core?

or why wouldn't you?

and it was never  
that I never believed  
a broken soul  
couldn't be deformed  
reformed  
newly performed.

but you simply  
seem to be  
hopeless  
child-like  
malformed.

I can smell  
sweet jasmine and lavender  
woven into  
a stench of decaying, burning flesh,  
in every word  
you speak

would I be one of your decapitated angels  
decomposed purity  
fallen from above  
when I let myself  
lie in your arms?

would I be your muse?  
a blank canvas  
painted with  
obsession  
aggression,

your possession.

silent vocal cords  
to be ripped  
apart,  
braided into a  
melody of an  
identity  
imaginary

yours.

and you call it an art  
when her corpse  
lies before you  
to repaint  
every scar  
blood red  
drenched in tar  
soft and clean

as you will please.

and truly, it is an art.

violence -  
the only forgery  
of divinity  
you could  
ever touch.

your creation  
always  
equals destruction  
disruption  
corruption

and truly, it is an art.