

Once the maggots indulge in my carcass,
will the beholder stop looking for beauty?

Photographs may paint it as a curse,
withering peaches
consumed by mold;
but for i'm perceived as a woman,
the camera is the curse,
my body the damned,
the mold, my hope.

Once this body dies,
will their sore eyes give it a rest?
When vultures gaze upon my carrion
i'm assured, even in death,
of the parasitic relationship
between voyeurism and femininity.