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The Beast

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the beast

alive
the streets pulse with
the life and soul of the city
that never sleeps.
the beast.
sidewalks crouch at the feet
of the scurrying crowd,
waiting to pounce and devour.
boiling hot concrete, sultry streets.
the steam rises from the bowels of the beast.
bowels growling and rumbling at intervals,
digesting the millions that move through its innards.
a continuous meal that feeds the hunger,
the beast satiated.
night falls.
the energy obtained from the day's meal
is shunted to kaleidoscopes of shimmering,
brilliantly colored lights.
beacons in the night, beckoning.
the beast is seductive and elusive,
alluring throngs of lonely minions.
the seduction begins...
unwary people,
scuttling down the streets like insects.
unmoving faces, animated robots.
glazed dead eyes staring forward, hard shells.
a symbiotic relationship, the food chain at its finest.
the beast, all powerful,
controlling and consuming those who
succumb to the promise of unparalleled pleasure.
the insect robots are programmed...
do not speak, walk quickly,
trust no one, lest you be defiled.
an unspoken law, abided by.
the beast eats the apple, little by little,
bit by tasty bit...until only a core remains.
rotting in the stench-filled air and the poison rain.
erosion of the heart, capturing of the soul.
possession and the consummation is complete,
within the beast.