

## Pumpkin Guts

Brandishing my observant blade,  
I slice through the skin of the pumpkin.  
Beneath its surface lies a messy, shredded web of flesh— yes!  
I've found what I seek!

Reaching inside with both hands,  
grasping at the sticky vermilion pulp seeded with secrets,  
I take a trembling breath  
and tear out the heart of the pumpkin.

Searching through every thread  
of the fruit's vibrant tendrils,  
now spread wide across my fingertips,  
I've exposed something deep within myself,  
a primordial impulse to exploit.

Carefully studying every fiber, every nuance,  
I consume the most subtle, fleeting moments:  
the vulnerability, the tension, the passion—  
all pinnacles of the human condition.

Driving myself mad with thirst:  
inexpressible, inexplicable, insatiable.  
I have to drink in all the pumpkin's lifeblood,  
else I'll never be satisfied.

Wrapping myself up in my arms  
rereading, rewinding, reacting;  
each piece of media must be saved!  
What is this feeling?

It is Fascination, Infatuation, and Obsession.  
It is Yearning, Desperation, and Desire.  
At last I can only compare  
to ripping out pumpkin guts.