

## Leeches

You disgusting parasitic creatures cling to me  
and gorge on my flesh like it's your last meal  
before execution. You take and take and take,  
giving nothing back but an open, infected wound  
on my skin. All my love and joy and time is spent  
feeding your slimy bodies, but you're never satisfied.  
I offer up my empathy in blood on a silver platter.  
You drink it all up with no remorse. And yet,  
no matter how much I try to dispose of you,  
I am only left with more pain than I started with.  
Someday soon, when my drained corpse  
is left behind to rot, the scavengers will come  
and pick me apart until not even the marrow  
of my bones remains.