

## FERAL

I used to growl...  
at menacing men on the subway train.

I used to howl...  
naked to the moon in the pouring rain.

I used to claw...  
the back's of lovers and eyes' of rivals.

I used to woo, then kill...  
just for the thrill.

I used to bite the hand that fed me,  
With no fear of being talked about, left out,  
Taken off the guest list.

I was feral.

But, I awoke one day,  
To find along the way...  
I had been domesticated.

First indication,  
My carefully curated social media brand.

Next intimation,  
The outgrown wedding band upon my hand.

Final evidence,  
The section in my closet of designer dresses  
Reserved for pretentious parties  
Thrown by insipid hosts with no authenticity,  
Proving my cowardly complicity,  
And nefarious need to be accepted.

When did I fall into to this insidious rut?  
And start putting Neosporin on a paper cut.  
Fretting about offending a total stranger,  
Checking my insurance before dancing with danger,

Bragging about my deviled eggs.  
Slathering sunscreen on my shaven legs.  
Self-censoring on a daily basis.  
Content in a state of homeostasis.  
Scrubbing Eve's apple before taking a bite.  
Forgetting my instinct for fight or flight.

I have forfeited my freedom for a Roth IRA.

I've been cowering in a cage built from complacency,  
Fettered by fear,  
Hand-fed and housebroken,  
Too plump and pampered to hunt for my own food,  
Yet still starving for passion.

Tonight, that hunger gnaws through my frame,  
I am tired of tame.

I want wild.

I want to run just to feel the wind in my hair.  
I want to fuck just to know there is someone else there.  
I want drink straight from the bottle,  
And smash it on the floor.  
I want to kick in every door,  
Then shatter every mirror,  
So I can see myself clearer.

I am going to revert,  
Go ballistic, Go berserk.

I need to howl again at the moon...soon.

So, led by Lady Luna, I will flee to the forest,  
To be reared by wolves.

After a year with the pack,  
I'll come back...  
Tangled and Tanned,  
Ferocious and free.  
Utterly unrecognizable,  
To those who knew me...  
Especially, to those who thought they knew me best.

Tonight, I declare myself dangerous.  
Tonight, the man-eater emerges.  
Tonight, oh baby, tonight...  
You best beware my bite.

By: Donna Ison