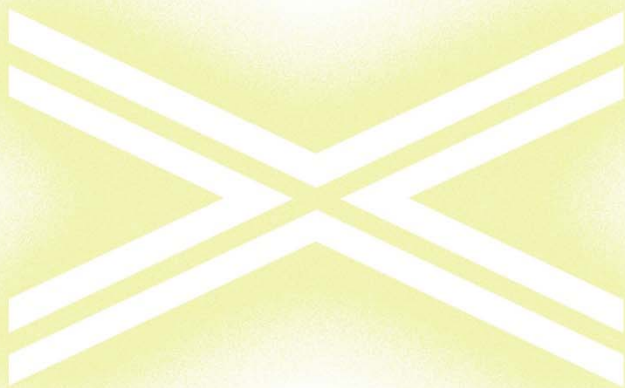


ZEALOTRY

(four poems)

ALEAH DYE

ZEALOTRY



(four poems)

ALEAH DYE

CW

Mention of blood; mention of violence; NSFW metaphor.

GOD IS FAIR, SEXY, NASTY

after Mac Miller

*their tongue winds my brain,
fingers find my throat,
knotted sheets*

*pulled over my eyes
because I am not meant to ask
questions*

*am not meant to see
their body*

*my body is theirs
for the making,
taking,
having*

their holy way

SACRIFICIAL LIPS AND LIMBS

a golden shovel, after a line from Hozier's "NFWMB"

*There is nothing
I would not make bleed for him. He fucks
me with a god-touch, with
intent to save my
soul from the rest of me. We're safe, baby.*

REFLECTING

a golden shovel, after "Angel" by Sean Hayes

*I'm not sure there is a god, but you are
such good evidence of design—you
with your rosy lips (like an
offering) and your golden eye (like a prayer). In the mirror,
do you see an angel?*

TROLLEY PROBLEM

*loving me is hating yourself because // I see your heart
// because I rip it out of you / I want to make you / better
/ because I know you are godlike / because you love me
/ and only god does that / and so god hates himself like
my lovers do / I hope every day for your mercy // because
you love me // you are forgiving*



about the author

Aleah Dye is a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan College and a first-year student at Quinnipiac University School of Law. A Best of the Net nominee, her latest work can be found in *perhappened*, *Collective Realms*, and *Dust Poetry*. She is dreadfully afraid of imperfection and spiders, and hopes to make hearts grow three sizes with her words. Follow her on Twitter [@bearsbeetspoet](https://twitter.com/bearsbeetspoet).



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