



**NATURE
OF THE
BEAST**

Nature of the beast

I lost something today, maybe it was yesterday, whenever it was. I lost something that held my soul. Guiding me through hopes and dreams and even the willingness to move. Holding my hand to settle the ugly reality we live in. I lost something which we share among us all. I lost nature and with that unforgivably cruel absence, it led my attention to accept the truthful nature of the one I love.

This text isn't to sway or bend your mind it is simply an account on my thoughts. Thoughts expressing a lover's attention while timelessly giving my body.

This is a personal experience between nature and man.

Nature -

There's something so incredibly rare about the other life forms we share on this planet. Such a wonder, so grand with so much to explore. Yet such intimacy held within. You don't have to go to the depths of the ocean to uncover anything extraordinary. Having that first morning glance out the window, while you light up your cigarette or sip that drab coffee and watch the trees dance from side to side. Even that ant on the worn down red and white checked tablecloth is enough. After moments of studying, you'll realise that the poor bugger is simply confused by the colour changes, constantly analysing a new patch. The pet dog you take for granted but the two eagles flying over your head while the sunsets, that you will think is spectacular. Well, fuck off. It is a wonder to see, but the little things should be just as appreciated, because that stupid dog you cuddle when your sad, or that bug you just squished, any animal, insect or plant has a lot more in common with human nature than some may think, even their generosity.

Animals like us feel emotions, many friends I've spoken to would argue otherwise. However, when you spend that much of your day interacting or watching documentaries on them, you suddenly realise how similar they are to human nature. They can feel anger, happiness, love pleasure and depression¹. They accept different species around them, and even adapt to the language we speak. Yet many of us are too ignorant to learn their language. Take a horse for example, the facial expressions they use are identical to ours. Making it incredibly easy to read our emotion, (or facial emotions). Something which takes them seconds but takes man a whole lifetime to understand. (And we call ourselves to most intelligent species). Although it has been said that unlike us, they do not have the capacity to create and explore ideas like us nor can they feel pity and pride². Resulting in that leads me to wonder if they seek pleasure in mating or if that pleasure has developed through the progression of man. Causing him to desire the natural instincts within him. As for pride, we all know each human being poses it and maybe that's where the animal kingdom gained a lot more in life than us.

Nature,

I see it then, I see it now.

¹ Hume's mention in his book *Treatise of the Human Nature* that animals just as well as men can have passions such as fear and courage. Which leads to the communication between one another. He also states that envy and malice are strong emotions within the animal kingdom. (Hume's, p398).

² Later in the passage Hume's states, "They are perhaps more common than pity; as requiring less effort of thought than imagination". Which he is referring to the sentence above that animals can also feel envy and malice.

I watched it flow in its horrifyingly beautiful way.
Tossing and churning, the wonders of the world.
Exotically cold,
Not matter how close to home.
Humble execution's, no complaints, it is only a matter of survival.
Not a day of pity.

Nature,
Raw and true.
Glimmering fragility that never seems to crumble.
Similar to mankind,
Oh, so similar, yet you never get your say.
Complete desire.
You love, you kiss, you hate, you fight. You probably
Even fuck better than us.

Nature,
I've heard the 6 am mating calls from the desperate, docile, beasts.
I've smelt the pungent sex odour of spring,
While covered in the floating sperm pips
of a dandelion.
I've watched dogs in heat.
Fuck even felt a mare squirt on my face.

Nature,
It seeps and dissects through my mind,
Gripping my thoughts.
Wondering,
Wondering, When man obliterated his connections with the animal kingdom.
...
Pride.

Man

Human nature is a funny thing, so odd and varied, I do not have the experience to talk about, and maybe never will. Yet in moving to London, I lost my connections with nature, I lost me. Knowing that if I stepped outside, I would still find a part of nature, yet my mind was unable to see. Perhaps it's because I'm residing in a landfill, with floods, rats (I wish I could enjoy the rats) mould, no space to breath or think. I'm living two minds, my own and my partners. Which in doing so makes all the easier to see what's truly under there... A pervert? No, I think it's just natural instincts. I always knew he had strong sexual desires, which to be honest never actually bothered me. However, I guess when you start to live with someone so intimately, you recognise how they work. Constantly being the one that releases a moment of their frustration, a lost passion. A quick suck not even insertion. Will this go back to before, or have I lost something else. "Pay attention please, I beg. I am not your personal fuck bag".

I don't contemplate for a moment that he is selfish, nor do I pity myself. There are endless reasons which I admire, but recently the animal inside in him has been inviting the desires more than usual. Perhaps he's lost something to, I know he has, I can see he has. But sadly, all I can see is a beast, right now. Burdened by both our losses, needs. You could at least indulge in me for than your moment of satisfaction. A little of ounce of affection.

Perhaps it's true when they say the masculine generosity will give to receive, but the feminine will give out of love and nurture, expecting nothing back ³.

Another soul, another blank body.

³ In the book *Corporeal Generosity* by Rosalyn Diprose, it explains in detail about the two different genders Masculine and Feminine. She goes on to explain that a man either gives to receive or tries to return the gift as soon as possible. Whereas the feminine role is more likely to give without expecting anything back. This not to say that to say that all males and females are like this, it is more of a general analogy referring to the nature of the bodies to describe, the generosity of giving in social and political terms. (p10)

A place in this world, but only for a while.

Time is short, and runs so quick

bodies made aesthetically with flesh, curving bones to hold the structure.

A machine with a purpose to always reproduce.

Yet a mind to create and fulfil ideas.

Intelligence of course,

But each mind craves one thing.

A good fuck?

Endless thoughts that only the guilt of the mind can hold.

A moment of pleasure

On a bed of ice-cold heats.

The knocked lamp, red in tone

Sheer mesh black tearing at the seams.
You are the red lights that burn so illicitly
On the thighs of Amsterdam
Bleeding through my skin, I can feel the blistering heat.
My dark tender body.
I feel free, burn my thighs one more time.
Darkness.
light has switched off.

I give it you, my body, but you can only love me when there's something else
there for you⁴.

I look at the one I love, and I see a beast,

⁴The writer also explains that generosity when it is not seen truly works at its finest
“Only in invisible silence does generosity do its work” (p7)

Not a beast, perhaps a dog,

something domesticated.

Has the thoughts and knowledge on how to behave,

But impulses to react like a piece of filth.

So truthful to his routes, ill applause him for that.

Completely raw.

It simply makes me howl.

That purity of the animal instinct.

I see you, watching my every movement with your exotic eyes. Forming a speculation for when that undressing can take place.

You do a like a chase.
Slowly you indicate that flick of pleasure
While you pour that bottle of red that calculated to around £4.60.
At least it wasn't a bottle of bucky.
Thank God.
At least some effort was made I can tell.

You intimidate me with your thrusting power.
Glass eyes for desire.
I know fine well you'll get my sweet cunt later
What flavour did it remind you of again?
Lust increases.
Your eyes fixated as the wine stains my plump
Salacious lips.
Waiting is becoming increasingly unbearable.
A move was made.

Your breath on my neck causing signals
To my stomach and more.
Every girl knows that flutter.
You give me a look; I uncross my legs.
You call me to bed.
Hearts racing with excitement, desire, rush.
I know you want a good fuck.
I'll let you do so even if my pleasures don't complete.
I present myself like a dog in heat.
Screaming with undying pleasure
The lust, the grip, the slap, the spit.
You dirty fuck.

Breathing heavy, your body piling onto mines.

You're quite a good screw.

Sadly, I know your just emptying your balls.

Ejaculate.

My body lying unaware, static to the chaos.

My mind conscious to what just happened.

I am merely an object.

An object of satisfaction. Satisfying your human nature.

The nature of man.

Man, and beast

Depending on where we are in life all leads to the experiences we have, and as mentioned before impressions cause the experiences, which lead us to the development of ideas. I lost myself, a part of my mind perished. A part that made me alive and wild, like an animal. My partner was never really that animalistic, but maybe I wanted him to be. He was being himself and maybe the generosity I needed was something else. I wanted something to blame, something to occupy my mind. To blur the truth or show it more explicitly. My attention now has been brought to us. I see us as equals. Both trying to survive in a city, that has taken away the nature from us and strengthened the animal instinct inside our head.

I've understood that Animals are pure to what they are, and act how they should. Yet humans are much more complex. Having the natural instincts which have traced from the animal kingdom, but a mind which has developed into something more complicated. Luckily it allows to grow and create new ideas, and allows our attention to life to even expand, to see things in a different way. What you see is what you get, In a sense. Although the mind can show and alter into very scary things when left in a dark place. The mind becomes a lot more beastly than any other animal out there.

You are my beast.

I am yours.

We blame each other for the flaws we own.

Can I see the truth or is it blurred in motion?
Can you see the truth, or has it long went walking?
Stuck in a void.
Knowing there is love yet growing ever so sparse.
Crumbling as our minds let it happen.

You have too much pride to show me you suffer,
But I see it.
I have too much generosity to let you suffer.
Crucified souls.
Execution on the body.
Too scared to touch the ground.
Emotional barriers, that were never once had.
Lay my shattered bones on the earth surrounded by my beloved Adolor. and
I'll take you where you most content
A summer heat, surrounded by your mountains and skies.
I'll take you to your titans.
Because all we have in this dreaded heap,
In a moment of pleased sins.
Ghosts of our minds.
Haunting
Infecting and disfiguring our thoughts.
...
The nature of the beast.