

The Object of Desire

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

I was born to be desired, stamped with the insignia of my creator, and folded in precious, shimmering materials. If the fate of my co-createds holds true for me, then this covering was further covered with the name of my creator, printed on materials too rough ever to touch the skin of the beloved.

Beloved we were. Skin we never had.

What I did not expect was how quickly a worshipper will devour you. Barely was I freed from my sacred enclosure when teeth pressed into me, and I was gone. Made one with the flesh of the devout lover, in whom my voice speaks on.

