

# The Earth Eater

Yolanda Kirk

I became obsessed with Shamdev the moment I heard of him.  
Last night I ducked into a phone booth and drank coffee  
ready to hang on every word you did not say.

Finally I made it to a bar. There He Sat -  
Shamdev's believer.

I recognized him and he recognized the imbalance in me. At eleven we went into the kitchen  
with a few leftovers who were also fearful of strobe light fingers touching the earth.

There, five of us managed to spend the evening and early morning hours devouring cold left-  
overs of dressings, tomatoes, veal knuckles and bread. When Bruce showed me a picture of  
Shamdev wolfboy as a child, my heart heaved. When he took me to his car and showed me a  
picture of the wolfboy as wolfyouth, I recognized the pride Shamdev was trying to preserve.

Shamdev had, in this eighteen year old study picture, plucked the hair from his chest and balls.  
He was an animal on all fours with the come-hither smile of a child who in all true innocence  
knew not what he had done. His crouch dipped, sway back and the look in his eyes betrayed  
his innocence. He had licked and slobbered on the devil. For the animals in their innocence  
have licked and eaten the dirt from the earth and have tasted the bowels of the beast.

His penis glistened in the sepia and his balls stood firm and hard. His hair was braided and  
except for the few stragglers on his temple, he was electric born anew.

I am an earth eater. I have no pride.