

**Flaxseeds**  
**by Candace de Taeye**

Pinhead, flax or apple seed and hypodermic knife penis. Isabella Rossellini shouts 'Seduce Me!' in spandex but everyone else is ashamed. Hiding their linens. Coats wrapped tight vestigial wing nubs. Rape-y bastards, traumatically inseminating each other right in the gut. You need to steam them as if trying to get a good froth from skim milk. Kafka into book spine. Diatomaceous earth arcs apartment doors. Optimistic protection, like garlic for other sexier hematophages. Females rarely emit their alarm pheromone, unlike the topped gluttonous misread males. Sultry harborage smells of rotten raspberries. Rostrum into your nape, thighs, even that little pocket behind your knee. Studies hypothesize resisting may be higher than the cost of consent. Bean leaves Balkan magic Velcro. Thank DDT for fifty years without that phantom itch. Bed, bath and beyond the bald eagle omelets.