



Eat Me

Short Story
by Cole D. Lehman

Impossible
Things
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Eat Me

“No, I could never do that. You’re my friend.”

“Look, you have it all confused. I want you to eat me, I’ll like it,” they said.

“That’s crazy, won’t it hurt?”

“We Gluttos have evolved around that. Our systems transform pain signals into pleasure at an early threshold. All we have to do is hum to transmute it.

And we grow up eating parts of each other to practice and learn. By the time we’re mature, we’re ready to go all the way.”

“Why though? Don’t you want to live?”

They laughed, their many-limbed body shook all over in tempting ways.

“All life is food. You, me, the plants. We’re all grown to be eaten by the ground we came out of.

Experiences you have in this world are the ingredients for it to create more of itself. You come forth to experience everything that’s only possible from your view this one time — to marinate in the juice of life.

You’re growing into a unique fruit to be eaten by the cosmos and recycled into inspiration for new bodies, new landscapes, new art.

Instead of fighting that flow, we just learn how to enjoy it. We spend our lives playing and creating art so that we’re filled with beauty when others eat us. And when we finally get consumed ...

That’s the highest form of art in our culture. To allow ourselves to be destroyed by another’s desire and enjoy it.

I have lived fully.

Look at me! My parts are fat and plump with love and creativity and sex and sweetness.

I’ve chosen you to eat me, and I hope you will.

If you can just get past your stories of what it means.

As you eat me my body will send a substance through you that allows you to feel my pleasure. You'll feel the sweet drain of blood pouring from my veins.

The pleasure of splitting flesh and bursting organs.

And each part of us is divine to your taste buds. We've made sure of that.

Our livers are like a fruit from the far-off hills of blue lagoon — intoxicating and nourishing.

Afterward, you'll be forever able to appreciate and find pleasure in this world.

Only 5 or 6 of us are ready to be consumed every hundred years or so. Not all of us figure it out or survive long enough to get here.

You have the chance of lifetimes. People travel universes to find us and court us, but we always choose our own. And money is not the object we desire. Though sometimes it helps us sustain our tastes.

But you, you don't have to give me anything for it.

Time and attention, shared pleasure.

What do you say?"

"..."

"Yes."

I didn't have to think about it anymore.

I'd met so many strange creatures here and they had all opened new doors. This sounded terrifying and more enjoyable than anything I'd ever experienced.

Maybe I'd feel at home in this world I wanted to live in so badly.

We met at the evening song while the sun started to take out its teeth for the day.

A table stood in the honey light, set with every sort of instrument.

Sharp and spooned. Multi-pronged and oblong. Bowls and plates.

And the table, well it was more like a bed with an indented center to catch all the juices.

The trees bent toward us with interest and the forest creatures murmured in excited voices.

Eyes and bodies bounced in and out of sight along the tree line.

An evening song bubbled from the forest. It wobbled and fell and broke and rose — building an air of sweetness that was about to fade away.

The Glutto approached, long and sleek and plump. Legs sheathed in silky fur, belly growing roses, and a back filled with sun flowers and alien petals — fractal spiraled pistils and stamens.

Orchids sang songs along the path and changed color with the passing melodies.

A smell of sweet honey and lavender rain found my nostrils and the Glutto sat close to me.

Their purple eyes were wild with excitement.

And though they moved in small ways threaded by a slow steady rhythm, their dance was fascinating.

Waves rolled from their shoulders to the tip of their tail and back again up through their head as they purred and purred and purred.

The purring seeped tendrils into me.

I felt the beat of my heart, a warm and gooey drum.

The last golden rays of the sun kissed my eyes. Colors in front of me brightened, the sounds smoothed out, and the world pumped through my veins.

They walk-danced to me and curled their way around my body. The purring enveloped me and I fell away into a sea of vibrating colors and shapes ... Flowers of life and domains of sound and color and shape swallowed me whole. The infinite arrangements spread me into a new world of senses.

When I came back to my familiar sensory experience, the Glutto was laid out on the table in front of me, gently rocking and writhing — waves moving through their body.

I looked down and saw blood on my hands. I could feel a slow ooze from 3 holes in my neck. I felt every ruby molecule vibrating on my skin.

Part of my mind was terrified and screamed warnings to me from far away in a corner, drowned out by an orange- and purple- and blue-flowered ocean of ecstasy.

The Glutto looked at me and I heard them in my mind.

“Come, I’m ready for you and you’re ready for me.”

I stepped closer and their feet pulsed like windy campfire embers — wafting a smell I couldn’t resist.

Before I knew it, one of their big toes was severed and in my mouth.

It tasted like chocolate ice cream, but without the sweet poison from my world.

It melted in my mouth and I leapt forward, sucking the blood and fluids from the wound. They filled me with a warmth and joy that reminded me of what it must feel like to be, to be ...

To be creation and know it.

“Yesssssssss. Yummmm. You’ve got it,” they purred.

I answered.

Their flesh fell away to my desire as I picked apart the bones in their feet.

They reminded me of honeycomb as I chomped through outer layers into gooey sweet marrow.

Before I knew it, I was up their ankle and into their leg — peeling off strings of calf and quad and ham.

Flavors of rainbows and bird song filled my body and I knew I could eat forever.

“More,” was the only word thoughtform that came through the color and song.

Each leg offered a new landscape.

New kinds of chewy veins in every curve — some tasted like sex, others like coconut. Bones of red beet roots and flesh like peanut butter.

One whole leg tasted like soursop and filled me with a magenta color. It became me, liquid and immersive. Butterflies and fairies danced in my mind as my visual field flashed between tearing flesh and spiraling interdimensional pleasure.

I looked up for a moment and the sun was gone.

Intergalactic diamonds burned in the sky. Faraway spiral arms of this galaxy moved with the wind. The creatures danced around a raging fire. Drums rolled, getting warmed up, and bodies spun and whirled in the firelight.

The song spread across my eyes and the whole land was breathing and singing. Every blade of grass and tree and flower. Every strange bird and warm-blooded thing. Insects of unusual size and fairy tale creatures.

A change in the Glutto’s purring brought me back to the legless and tailless body. When had I eaten the tail? I didn’t remember what it tasted like. It didn’t matter.

“See that twisty object? Pick it up and stick it in here, twist it all the way in and then drink what comes out,” they said, as they pointed to a low part in their belly.

I lifted the spiral pick and stuck it in. My hands twisted and shook as the Glutto moaned in waves of pleasure that shook the ground and everything around me. I could feel the sound ripple through my cells.

“Mmmmmmmmm... Yes. Almost there. That’s it,” and their body convulsed. Energy shockwaved through my hand and all the way to my root, sparking an erection I didn’t expect and couldn’t control if I wanted to.

A bright orange fluid oozed out of their body that smelled like heaven must smell. It was flecked with bright purple and red and I began to drink.

Songs filled my whole being and heat pooled at the base of my spine. Heavy and thick, it started to churn and stir and grow. Waves and shapes moved with the melody I heard in my body.

It built in tempo and the rhythms became more complex.

I saw porcelain bees and flowers enjoying each other’s bodies. Rolling in pollen and fluid and flesh. They were the ones singing the song in me and I began to sing with them.

Spirals spun and rose in my chest, weaving together and pulling apart. A warmth built and built and built.

The song outside of me flew higher, creatures danced around the fire screaming with delight. Their shadows did summersaults and flips in the flickering red-orange.

Stars joined in.

They danced in circles and arrangements that unwound my balance at the foundation.

Nothing was still. No one cared about the consequences. We’d clean it up later.

And all of a sudden, I knew something with a clarity that obliterated every ounce of doubt and shame in my body.

This was what we were here for.

To be consumed with pleasure, with sensory experience.

I pulled apart their upper things, stringy meat from the sea, seared just right by the heat of the pleasure moving through their body. Wasabi cream pulsed from severed arteries and veins. Facial bits fell apart into rice and avocado bones ... I ate and moved and ate, now laying on them and not bothering with the thought of any of the utensils on the table. I could see they weren't for me.

I heard a humming and looked over to see two huge doe eyes on a body — human fairy and deer mixed together. She stood on two legs, shaped like a curved human female, with fur and spots and flecks of gold all over her. Her hair long and green with twists of silver.

She held out a bowl.

I filled it gladly, loving to share this experience with anyone who wanted it. A line of creatures formed and they all danced over at the perfect time to get a piece, or as many as they could. I scooped flesh and fat to fill bowls and pulled out organs to put on plates.

And all the while what was left of the Glutto hummed and thrummed and purred. While arteries spit blood of every color, drums beat and the breeze blew sweet with silver full moon light.

I poured goblets of intoxicating blood and the dance roared and purred with cries of life and love and untouchable bliss.

“You. You. I knew it was you when I first met you.” I heard from the Glutto.

“Only a few have ever shared freely once they found what you found in me. And it's the best way. You didn't charge or manipulate anyone in any way. You handed them the gift of life without a worry that there wouldn't be more.

And for that, I can open even more.

When you get to my brain, and I am silent. There is a seed there. Do not eat it. Plant it on the side of the singing mountain. It will grow a tree to

feed you and your friends for as long as you stay in this land. It will grow any fruit you want, any substance, any medicine.

All you have to do is sing with it and love it and not demand a thing. And if you share freely, you'll never have to protect it from anyone."

My eyes grew wide with blue and white lightning and I wrapped myself around what was left of them.

This was all we ever wanted. Now I could stay in this world of dancing things and music and art and be fed and loved.

The rapture had started to slow and my body started to fill. The dance continued and new creatures came from all over the lands. Flying in on wings, appearing and disappearing at will, crawling kaleidoscope caterpillars and silky smart foxes.

I handed away every last bit of the Glutto.

The tongue which brought eternal satisfaction in speech. Each eyeball which gave the gift of perfect perception and translation of any image you saw in real life or your mind. Teeth that gave you the resolve to finish any piece of art you started and do it easily and quickly.

Lungs sliced into sushi so everyone could feel their breath dancing in them with the stars and remember it was the key to every gate.

And the heart I cut into pieces for everyone to share. It would remind everyone of love and radiate it through their field in any shape, any situation, enhance any light, brighten any darkness.

I gave everything away except for the seed.

I placed the seed in my pocket and I went and danced until I was exhausted.

As the coals were burning down, we laid in a pile of each other — purring and humming and breathing.

We fell asleep wrapped in bodies covered in blood, and sex, and love.

About the person who wrote this

Cole D. Lehman doesn't know who, what, or where he'll be when you read this. He loves stories and how they shape our worlds. Cole's fed mostly on sci-fi, fantasy, satire, and magic realism. His love for the potential of this universe, its moving bodies, and wild landscapes seem to remain a constant. Except for moments when the fire is too hot and noisy, the world's spinning too fast, and he's ready to play a new game.

What is Impossible Things?

An emerging collection of short stories, poems, and drawings that exist because people did the impossible. They coaxed ideas, feelings, and visions into shape.

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