

Coprophagia

Broken Hope

Sick hunger, I desire human waste,
Urine and feces meet my taste.
Excrement, the smell makes one choke,
When put upon my plate my fork shall poke.
What fills the bladder and intestines push out,
I worry not of hunger and drought. Bowels move and excrete my buffet,
Induced cathartic is fast food today.
Undinism, swallowing urine turns me on,
Attraction to feces - the coprophagion. The alimentary canals end awaits my dish,
Human manure I slurp, suck and relish.
Eating waste has problems I didn't know,
Voracious tapeworms within my guano.
Stools for sampling, melenas black and brown,
An enema chilled washes them down. Fatty, mucous, and lead pencil shit,
Are which I am a connoisseur fool,
A hemorrhage in the stomach and duodenum,
Adds a repulsive flavour to a black tarry stool. I symbolize fully coprophagia impure
Diagnosed mental illness,
excrement cravings occur.
Essential foods needed, already digested,
Diet deficiency from feces ingested
Consuming sewage, how I enjoy to be,
The Coprophagion is what you call me.

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