

Chewed to Stubs

Broken Hope

Continued to a lightless cell, locked in solitaire
Denied food and water, a cruel form of punishment
Expecting me to die, I am never to be fed
In thirty days the jailers surprised when I'm not dead
I feed upon myself, my body is my repast
In gluttony I carouse in my corporeal cuisine
Taking in nourishment, literally from head to toe
Aside from the hair and pain the main course is great
Appendages devoured and chewed to stubs
The trunk of my gnawed body projecting nubs
My own flesh and pith taste delectable
As my hunger is satisfied by consuming myself
As the days roll on I ration on fodder
Nibbling slowly upon my shoulders and arms
I have to force myself to self-cannibalize
On my meaty parts I gormandize
Swallowing lumps of my personal provisions
Life prolonged by gorging on my bodily grub
What is to be the bill-of-fair tonight?
Will it be my left leg or my right?
When the captors finally open my sealed cage
An astonishing, appalling sight they find
Their prisoner disarticulated and terrible gnashed
Belly bloated with dissevered bites eaten of my mass
My nipples bitten off and ground between my teeth
Now I prepare to dine upon my bloody, severed tongue
Unable to eat belching erupts from my bloody chops

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