

Dearth's Cradlesong

I sit now for the weakness in my limbs,
yet I know I have done nothing today;
I have nothing to eat, so here I lay,
a skeleton to be born, flesh at rims.

Behind my eyes, a small fire dims.

I find enough food for me, sure,
but my mouth is just one of several;
mouths that speak not words, only revel
in desperation for scraps; a lure.

Hope's hook treads not here anymore.

In time, my stomach's yell turns to music,
not of peace, nor of pain's distraction;
it is consumption, reversed in action
body glutting body; smoothly rhythmic.

Growl

Howl

Churn

Groan

Moan

Breathe...

Heave...

Nothing

Rest,

For that is the best I can do, save weep,
my hunger's lullaby sings, sickly sweet;
far sweeter than bread or ripened peaches.
Why hold onto what Death always reaches?

Why fight the peace that sleep always teaches?

I sit now on the dirt ground, dead in limbs,
and I know there is no more to see today;
I will have nothing to eat, so may
my bones be my marker, gnawed at rims.

Behind this skull, a small spark dims.

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