

## 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 mainn 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