

## Consuming Impulse

Exhumed

Your dry throat creaks without a saliva to sputter  
As your pulpy dehydrated tongue soundlessly threshes  
Days without sustenance spent shackled and fettered  
Emaciated torso aches for the warm taste of flesh...

I will make a meal of you, your hunger I'll sate  
Saw off your leg at the knee to put on your dinner plate  
Try not to wince at the pain that you feel  
As I mince up your calf to prepare your next meal...

Cauterise the gargled wound to stave off the haemorrhage  
You should savor the thought of your repast  
Choke down this bitter meal in spite of your revulsion  
Though how long can your source of food last?

Keeping yourself alive as you're force-fed your own flesh  
If you don't eat up, you're truly dead meat  
Legs turned to stumps, bloody drinks gargled in clumps  
In this case you really are what you eat...

AUTOPHAGOUS GLUTTONY  
CULINARY PATHOLOGY  
DIETARY BUTCHERY  
CONSUMING IMPULSE

Ingest your corpse to be...

Quadriplegic you feed as your dinner is served  
Waste not ; want not, though there's not much to conserve  
Severed and severely served upon a platter of splatter  
After a while the source of the sustenance barely even matters...

Now a half-eaten torso gorged to the glut  
Piece by piece you are fed the chickest cuts  
As the dinner-bell rings your bloody chops are feverishly licked  
At the sight of your own roasted fat turned and browned on a spit...

Your own meat in your mouth tastes bitter and internecine  
Noxious and moist, you get a taste of your own medicine  
Gnashing, pieces of your limbs with delight  
Digesting your death with each grotesque bloody bite

What's eating you? The question seems to moot  
Scraping chunks of your feet out of your blood-soaked sopping boot  
Bash open bones picked clean to suckle at the marrow  
As your culinary milieu of options inexorably narrows...

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Ingest your corpse to be...

Feeding time comes again, the thorax falls victim to this slaughter  
Blood, pus and sebum replace wine, whiskey and water  
Sometimes survival will cost you an arm and a leg

Your spittle running, red with bits of reeking bloody dregs...

Masticate your own genitals, choke on your bludgeoned testicles  
With a hunger that will not be denied  
The sweetest of meats is your soft, fatty teats  
That I'll be stuffing your face with tonight

Puking up your own skin, just to devour it again  
Is a treat you'll save for dessert  
Fresh meat for your lunch, fibula cracked, drained and crunched  
As your overstuffed gullet gasps and blurts...

Your crudely resected anatomy is a wretched grisly sight  
But your stumps once arms just whet your appetite  
Nibbling at the sinews of your bloody forearms and wrists  
Ravenously devouring your shredded survival in fleshly chunks and meaty bits...

Eviscerate yourself to gnaw at your own intestines  
Bones from severed fingers facilitate this haphazard self-dissection  
Clutch at grume inside your bowels with half-eaten grubby stumps  
Pulling out the repugnant meal in grotesque tumescent clumps...

Remaining fingers prying off your succulent gouged out gums  
Gnaw at your stringy cheek lining and masticate your insatiable tongue  
But the pieces you ingest in carnivorous abandon  
Fall out of the gaping that you have torn in your intestines

Gnash the meat from your avulsed face in a frenzied rush  
No genitals, no feet, no legs, no appendage left uncrushed  
Half-eaten tongue oozes spittle down your face - your hunger undiminished  
Only when your partially devoured innards prolapse will this meal at last be

finished

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Excrete your corpse to be...