

# Hunger

## Funeral

Bitter-sweet nostalgia...  
Desire pulls hard,  
But it's too late.  
Dead are all my virtues  
And gifts.

It dulls not any pains,  
And hard covet  
Reaps a poor harvest  
In these latter days.

Starve me in  
Boneman torture.  
Skin-tight lover.  
Pound upon pound  
Of flesh paid well  
With gnawing ache,  
And hunger.

But your want lies asleep,  
Under frozen layers of ignorance.  
Or even fear.

Dressed in sacrilege,  
I sprawl in hurt  
... And wear thorns  
Just for you.

Read my scars,  
Count my sorrows,  
But see me !  
'Lest the cruel beauty  
In my song face the trial  
Of deaf ears.  
And that is truly worse than death.

I dance in your spirit  
And sleep so well in your arms.  
Awake unattainable one...  
Awake...