

Alas, Here Come The Hypochondriacs To Wait With You In The Lobby

The Locust

Drained blood from your own spine in a trophy.
Dead skin cells drip charity crumbs.
Biting the hand that feeds,
Deemed an unhealthy meal.
When slipping on someone else's elbow grease,
Gurgling devices loose their appetite.
Mirages seem to commission blame,
While pointing the finger cracks the mirror.