

Beastly Feast

(By a Bird Hitting the Window)
By Robin B Lipinski

Devour, inhale, swallow it down.
Saliva, anticipation, teeth grind it around.
Tongue pushing, muscles twitching, esophagus pulsing, my, what a feast!

From the beginning of life, we eat, we grow, we become deceased.
Our bodies were useful for us and now for those who feed.
No longer can we hunger, as we lay dead beneath the white sheet.

Crowd gathered in memory, speaking with tears, some telling lies, some thinking of eating.
As the ceremony ended, their feet moved them to feed.
Salads and pasta, bread and meat, all in your memory, they satisfied a need.

You are not forgotten as your casket is lowered into the soil whence you came.
Time is now your only remaining friend.
Thin is the shell of your new dwelling as is your corrupted skin.

Time passed, corrosion started that is when they came in.
Little worms swimming towards putrid, or if you prefer, what used to be your reason.
They found your history pleasant, they relished to the point to where there were now many of them.

Deep beneath the surface of soil, a new motion rumbled, interrupting the peace of this dark world.
Burrowing strong, this new creature sped, to find the juicy worms feasting upon the recently dead.
It's coming, it cannot be stopped, this world of feasting, this world of death.
While far off from the scene, a new sound is heard.
The cry of the baby born howling, preparing to feed.
The cry of the baby born needing, preparing for the worm, preparing for death.

The End