

## Dearth's Cradlesong

I sit now for the weakness in my limbs,  
yet I know I have done nothing today;  
I have nothing to eat, so here I lay,  
a skeleton to be born, flesh at rims.

Behind my eyes, a small fire dims.

I find enough food for me, sure,  
but my mouth is just one of several;  
mouths that speak not words, only revel  
in desperation for scraps; a lure.

Hope's hook treads not here anymore.

In time, my stomach's yell turns to music,  
not of peace, nor of pain's distraction;  
it is consumption, reversed in action  
body glutting body; smoothly rhythmic.

Growl

Howl

Churn

Groan

Moan

Breathe...

Heave...

Nothing

Rest,

For that is the best I can do, save weep,  
my hunger's lullaby sings, sickly sweet;  
far sweeter than bread or ripened peaches.  
Why hold onto what Death always reaches?

Why fight the peace that sleep always teaches?

I sit now on the dirt ground, dead in limbs,  
and I know there is no more to see today;  
I will have nothing to eat, so may  
my bones be my marker, gnawed at rims.

Behind this skull, a small spark dims.

-Ian Lutz, Freshman  
(785) 341-8786  
[ian.lutz@stmary.edu](mailto:ian.lutz@stmary.edu)