

Guzzled

I have found the glutton
from a trail of snacks.
Of potato chips,
And lollipops.
It wants just hours,
just minutes,
and offers a drip
of sludge, sickly sweet
from its flower of Venus.
Each hour
a bite,
each minute
a drink.
Those pathetic pleasures
What has been done?
A word on a page,
one line on a canvas.
Just a thought that is pitiful.

Yet it wants more.
Shedding its sweetness

with its slim-cut skinsuit.

It slurps time,

to chew in it guts

making slop from seconds.

And ground moment gruel

with great gulping sobs.

Because time was sweet,

but the glutton was hungry.