

# Hungry for... Something

By Susan Catherine

What is this mood that drives me to food?  
What is this absolute demand of my hand?  
What is this silent command of my brain?  
The gnawing within that wants more, more and more?

A underground critter that lives deep inside me,  
Forced in a cave that's locked in my heart.  
What IS this fiend that's never happy or silent?  
What does this stinking fierce monster WANT?

Attention. My beast wants attention.  
It screams HEY! Look at ME! Hey! Look at ME!  
I'm not happy and I want to be soothed.  
I'm not happy and I want to be fed.  
I'm not happy and I want to be~full.

This fierce little beast is grumbly and grumpy  
This creature of mine is ugly and bumpy  
This little horror is whiney and stumpy  
Could this little being be worthy and lovely?

Dear God how could I hold this monster within?  
How could I soothe this disgusting beast?  
How could I feed the mouth that won't quit!?  
How could I love this critter's big ugly teeth?

If I don't Stop ~ this fiend will shriek silently.  
If I don't Look ~ this beast will breed rapidly.  
If I don't Listen ~this emptiness will gobble me slowly.  
If I don't LOVE this ogre....  
It will not stop  
Until  
**I stop me...**  
When I fall on my knees.

Grumble and groan- oh all RIGHT!  
All RIGHT YOU WIN you little creep  
ALL RIGHT you've been heard loud and clear!  
And the agony of  
Somehow staring at you  
and somehow caring for you...  
begins as I own my own skin.

But I don't want to.  
I don't like you.  
I don't even want to own you or claim you  
Let alone look at choo.  
So.  
Something Bigger than me,  
Something Nicer than me  
Something Greater than me  
Must Somehow find a Way through me  
to this little pile of poo in me ...  
hidden inside my heart.

Then softly and swiftly this SomeThing Invisible  
holds me, adores me and whispers me worthy and lovable  
Adorable and snuggable~

I finally feel this out of order-busted up-conked out-broken piece  
of me ~  
belongs to Me...  
My darling, sad, lonely, madly lost wee little one ~  
and we can begin again:

Lovingly. One day at a time.