

## The Eater

Cancer

I am the eater - a merchant's son starved and beaten  
Staving pangs and knives with milk of seed from bleeding  
Plato's disciple - befriender of the weak  
A mere vessel of woes - a life of mind to reap  
Trade a hardship for another, both desperate and regal  
Sway through narcotic clouds and cleave the feeble  
For misery loves company - a sadness that won't escape  
No such thing as to forget - the veiled inscription remains

Oh Ambrosia! My hero, my swindle  
Buy me transcendence and joy to kindle  
Grant pleasure and beauty, wandering nights in youth  
Drown me again - I'm dying to be pure