

The Nimis Adoration

Cryptopsy

This delightful stench
That lingers in the air
Assails my nostrils vehemently
With unmatched flair

My mouth is dry and my jaw begins to ache
The crowd jeers as my jowls begin to shake
Yet somehow I continue to chew and shovel even more inside
None shall sway my unrelenting stride

Ritualistic experience I must admit is quite unique
My outcome sadly most say remains bleak

The impressive mounds of sustenance
Upon which I must feast
Is far too much for any mortal beast
Sweat drips
Hands quake
As I cry

I regurgitate
And slowly blackout
The crowd explodes with curses and shouts
I come back to life and heave another load
Silently try not to explode

I seem to remember
This being fun
But now it seems
Like I am becoming no one

My ruptured cavity
Is nothing but a torn repository
A stretched sacrifice
For this crown I so adore

My teeth are exposed and my nostrils
Flared
It is hard to breathe but nobody cares

I tremble and my heartrate peaks
My vision narrows within their shrieks
But the end is at last in sight
So I lean in for the final bite

Partially masticated it slowly descends
Clogging my airways upon which my life depends
Clutching my gargantuan throat
It's the end to the one you call the goat

They continue to taunt as I fade away
The iconic one to whom they once prayed
Once they realize this isn't a hoax
They'll scatter as if I was a ghost