Hunger has a Price by Lorenzo Muñiz

At only 14, my parents left me to rot Hungry, starving, a stray

One night a dangerous man came to my aid He was the lord of meats

He gave me shelter, food, and work I humbly served the king of pork I even lived in his butcher shop

Nearly a decade had gone by

a wrinkled maiden came into the shop she smelled of lavender and rye

Her blue eyes stabbed my heart

We promised each other till death do us part

Her love of lamb

I stole for her the crown of the farm The fat pig lord caught my red hand He beat me and left his brand

Oink, oink, you filthy little rat You took from me, my precious meat You betrayed my trust, sneaky brat

And for that, I will send you back to the streets

Oh, woe is me

My home, the altar of meats

Ripped away like a prostitute’s screams Silence became my friend

And it was with silence, where my plan began to formulate

One night after the crooked moon was ablaze My wife, nine months pregnant

Was resting while my feet marched near the lake

I, being the sneaky rat that I was

Waited for the fat pig lord to close the shop and gorge himself in lard Nevermore would he lay his pus-filled hooves on me

From the corner of my eye, I spotted a new friend A rusty chainsaw

His chain looking sharp, his teeth revolving around his gigantic nose

I watched the fat pig lord walking by

And that’s when God was to meet him for the first time

I tasted his flesh

And that’s when my hunger began to manifest Before the clock struck twelve,

I dragged his corpse near my home

The sound of screams interrupted my feast It was my wife, no doubt her birth’s weep

I burst through the door, bloody and sore

The sight in front of me was something I’d never seen before My wife, now silent and cold

Our daughter looking like a stillborn

I ripped off her umbilical cord

And the color of my wife’s cheeks was no more Hunger began to sneak its way inside

As I watched my daughter cry

No, I refused

The promise my wife and I made must endure

I began taking over the butcher shop

All as well, until Winter’s grip made it impossible for me to sell

Meat was scarce

My daughter’s cries were not

Every day, she’d starve, and I would find nothing during the hunt

When suddenly, I had a thought

With the help of my trusted rusty chainsaw I cut my own flesh

And I fed it to my daughter, bloody and raw

A piece of my arm, legs, and shoulders And finally, one of my eyes

I then walked to town, as I held her My vision turned into a blur

Weak and fragile

I look at my daughter I felt her hunger

My final offering

The only thing that was keeping me alive

*Daisy, daisy*

*Give me your answer due*

*I’m half crazy over the love of you*

Tendon, flesh, skin, bone, and blood The hunger lives on