

Ravenousness of the Fiend

One, he sang, "Let the sun..." hungrily, looking forward to another breadcrumb.
Hush, people walked past his invisible existence.

Two, he patted his growling stomach,
"Pat, pat," just like a mother caressing the head of her child.

Three, he strummed his ukulele with dusty fingertips.
Cling, the coin dropped into his case—a toffee for the day.

Four, his voice was overtaken by the pain of his tears.
"Su-uhn," he tried, but he was already consumed by the twinge.

Five, he grabbed his belongings and sprinted back to the junk cans—his home.
"Thud," he lay down and dropped the cold, damp cloth on his belly to calm the beast.

Six, he woke up with his energy dead, drained down the trashy lane.
"Ugh," he muttered, eyeing the cans. "Another day of digging," he thought.

Seven, the demon had to tarry yet another day for bread.
"Shhhh," the boy whispered to his stomach.