

Sufferfest

Jolted up by grasshoppers tasting the air,
 a familiar stranger being refracted by dragonflies' eyes.
My backpack replacing the weight I've lost and
 trekking poles fending off the spiders' webs trying to glue me down.
There is no food for thought or thoughts creating food,
 only the shackling of boots consuming the next 15 miles.
My mouth swan dives into obscenities and prayer,
 "Why does every mosquito bleed me type O?"

The carcass of my eroded brain begins to be hollowed out by the gnashing of woodpeckers'
 beaks. In this 101 mile wilderness,
 this is my Sufferfest.

Approaching a sign, I do not excite.
Yet, another measurement of pain.
Each hand like antlers slam on the post,
 only 6 miles to go.
Marching to the beat of a hummingbird,
 I NEED THAT SWEET NECTAR!
Those words howling in unison with melding carnivores' shadows.

Twilight dawns,
My eyes lick passing hikers fingers clean, and lips for compassion.
 Snarling glances of humans remain the top of the food chain.
Insects and rodents skitter beneath my laces,
 the motion of starvation rings their dinner bell.
My last wish of compassion, to those as hungry as me.
With my body conducting, the decomposers prepare a symphony.
Alas,
 dissonance is heard as my rack of hair battles signage.
 I've made it, Windigo