Junk Food Thoughts

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A glutton, I, on thought morsels feast,
A weak dieter succumbing, no less.
For breakfast I gorge on thoughts that had ceased.
My parents ruined me, but they won't confess.
My appetite grows with the passing day.
I indulge in a menu of nuns for lunch,
penguins who took my self-esteem away.
For a midday snack, injustices I crunch.
I chew, for supper, my spouse's great faults.
Responsible, he is, for my lament.
Various verbal attacks and assaults,
I nibble on nonstop when the day's spent.
Sickened by such stale, sour tastes of the past,
appetite appeased, it is time to fast.

On a mattress of warm granules my body melted into limpness by the sky stove lies, relaxed, reclined, vulnerable to a bumblebee Slowly, stealthily, approaches the entralent. Ready, aim, fly! Zooms in a black fuzz ball and hits my back, stings, then retreats to Comrades in arms to battle, he entreats. This battalion's battle cry is buzz!
I tense and twitch as they torture me fiercely. Stinging. They take hostage my life, they take hostage my soul. The tranquility is spoils for the victor. Besieging thoughts ambush my mind in my peaceful

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