

Eating Jane

by Veronica Marie Lewis-Shaw

*Psycho?
You dare call me psychopath?
I am not some crazy person with but the thinnest belt of sanity
wrapped around them!
The world will know my story... they shall see!
My purgatory... this dripping cell... pen and paper to capture the
overflow of words from my brain.
I write as fast as I can... but I fear my words must soon end.
No food or water... my toes but a distant memory...
The hunger pangs become unbearable... I have all but finished my
right hand.
I pray I can finish my story before... ahhh... my stomach growls
once more..."*

~finis~

