

# The Gluttony Of Lady Cronus

*By Harjit Singh*

I hate the second thoughts.  
The ones which question it all.

Is this good? Is this bad?

Shall we stifle their calls?

If God *created the heaven and the earth*

Shall I forge the hell and steel?

So tired; smitten with Machiavelli plots  
That make even cold and bold hearts the most fraught

I miss the past, even when the past wanted too much.

The future gave me permission to hunger,  
because it felt it itself,  
insatiable

I don't want to be fed and sated;  
Coddled and cared for.

I want them to blush, not bore  
Seduce me with  
Hunger galore

*Herr God  
Herr Lucifer  
Beware*

*Out of ash  
I rise with dark hair  
And I eat them all  
like air*

Ouroboros  
Lady Cronus