

Writhe In Putrescence

Cattle Decapitation

This is the way your life ends:
On a slab in my basement
Perplexed by your loss of limbs
And wondering where your face went
Inside my den
Random pieces of corpses hanging
Traces of bloodshed and musculomanglings osseous tissue, carpal
s and phalanges
A reek so dense
The steam that emanates from your breath is evident of condense
d pheromones excreted by death
Post-mortal flatulations
Tissue gas from fermentation
Decrepit--corpus--exhalations
Writhing in putrescence

Oh, the agony!
Your lover, caged atop my stove
Helplessly observing your dismemberment
Inhaling the fumes of human methane
With heat on high
Simmering and cooked alive

Life is hard as an anthropophagi in such conditions as this:

After infection sets in
Intact homeostasis by saline and plasma
Spastically writhing in putridity

Carefully placed slabs of concrete become a vice
Organs and fluid exit your mouth and eyes
A complete peristalsis of the systems
Mucosal throbbing of every pleura

Venous, serous, menstrual-basted in pus
In blood and pus, we writhe