

Coagulation

Autopsy

I watch the blood congeal
From gaping cuts I've made
My arms a lattice work
Of trails to death displayed

They soak into my clothes
I let them dry, then rip
The blood seeps forth again
I bite into my lip

I wonder
I wonder how yours is
Does it clot just like mine?

You volunteer at first
It's just an innocent game
Until it turns to black
With just yourself to blame

A cut is not enough
I need to see blood well
A wound and then a pool
Let's watch the plasma gel

The bucket slowly fills
I watch the murky film
How long can I hold out
Until I drink it down?