

## The Birthing

### Autopsy

The punctured exlife slithers  
Out your bloody gaping hole  
So warm the blood runs down your legs  
Your tears you can't control  
Your son or daughter (who knows which)  
Is just a pile of shit  
You look into what might be eyes  
As your mouth flows with spit

Cradle the gelatinous thing in your arms  
Leaking its fluids it's no longer warm  
A would-be life is now defunct  
Glistening mass of fleshy gunk

Hiding in the shadows  
With the birthing now complete  
Pick your child up  
And suckle on its tiny feet  
Bite them off, devour the rest  
The body is diminished  
Take the hanger, lick it clean  
Your ordeal now is finished