

The sport of killing.  
Hanging by hook and 1,000lb test  
Predator vs. predator  
To turn these waters red  
The sharks go berserk  
They circle the boat  
We hide with machetes and knives  
Ambush and cut their throats

Chopped up. Chunks. Cuts.  
Frozen in buckets of blood

With my trusty machete  
I carve the parts to summon the sharks  
Lurking around the jetty  
In a frenzy they're circling, their incisors ready  
To masticate and to munch  
These things you call humans but we call it lunch  
They smell it from miles away  
I stand at the dock now a butchering block  
Smashing. Hacking. Laughing.

We carry a payload  
Chopped torsos, heads and limbs  
Ground into a mulch  
Frozen and chummified

Intestines.  
Fresh organs  
Left on the dock, reeking, coked by the sun  
So pungent  
Disturbing.  
Vomiting induced and mixed with the chyme.  
This is blood.  
Not ashes.  
No mourning.  
No love.

Sharks go berserk when the blood starts to spurt from  
the stern to the bow human chum is thrown out

They never thought this would be the way they'd  
eventually die.  
Shredded into bite-sized pieces - a human goesicle.

Knee-deep in intestines, gray soupy mixture resembling chyme.  
Sloshing heaps mobilized by waves distributing the piles.  
Granulized.  
Homocide.  
Chummified.