

## The Body Lover

Jarboe

At last it's coming up, the sun  
The bodysnatcher's day be gone  
With blackened teeth and ruddy skin  
And swigging long upon his gin  
He's weak with his breaking back  
The corpse he carries in his sack.  
The bulging burlap caked with clay  
Is foul yet musky from where it lay  
Beside his shovel, oh precious rubble  
Inside her cold and lonely grave  
The mournful wind sings songs of praise:

How lovely she in her blue dress  
Behold the tempting virgin flesh  
Her sunken eyes filled with blind grace  
Her shrunken lips with secret tastes...

For raven hair in tangles coiled  
Upon white satin, he hath toiled.  
He'd held her dainty feet and sighed...

The downy smooth upon her thighs

And wrapped within his fraying scarf  
One little heart floats in a jar...  
Swaying quiet now lifts his head  
This robber stops to toast the dead  
And pray will he in town lust waits  
For paid he'll be by pounds just weighed...  
This night he'll roam the streets of mud  
He's slushing down these roads of blood  
Tonight he'll own the meat and mud  
This night he'll roam the streets of mud  
HE'S SLUSHING DOWN THESE ROADS OF BLOOD  
Tonight he'll own the meat and mud  
HE'LL DRINK THESE STREETS  
HE'LL EAT THIS BLOOD

How lovely she in her blue dress  
Behold the tempting virgin flesh  
Ravished only by one called

Death