Jars

The Black Dahlia Murder

My jars, wonderful jars, each labeled, sealed, and stowed Beneath the cellar floor where not a soul would ever know Preserved, my sustenance, to last the entire winter long These jars, my precious meat brined and pickled cuts of human beef

Row after row
A pantry full of enemies
Maintained and organized
A vast collection dear to me
Each one a toy of mine
I revisit them when I should eat
With zeal I recollect
That very moment of their defeat

Salting and curing every piece for my flesh feast (In jars) vessels immaculate Cylindrical and clean (Their heads in jars) The lightless winter months
Have gone straight to my brain, know what I mean?

Here in my solitude
Fed by my stock of dead (preserved in jars)
Their facial features warp
The laughter never ends
My foe, I win

My jars innumerable, incalculable my pride Trophies of my love to hunt Taken to such egregious heights Each one encapsulates A visage of that fateful night Of those who have met their end

By my ever still and sharpened skinning knife

Brown-sugared long pig, what a treat Obscenely orgasmic to eat For this scrumptious family recipe I've saved you a seat

(In jars) Vessels immaculate Cylindrical and clean (their heads in jars) The lightless winter months Have gone straight to my brain, know what I mean?

Here in my solitude Fed by my stock of dead (preserved in jars) Their facial features warp Defiled unto no end Again I win

Row after row, a pantry full of enemies Maintained and organized A vast collection dear to me

8-17-05, this collegiate girl did kick and fight The next sow bled September 9th

Plucked from her tracks, out like the tide

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