

An Infestation

And Hell Followed With

Futility in clawing at my flesh,
a pain that runs deeper than veins and tissue.
My organs, the womb to a terror within.
A scourge unto this sterile world,
I am a carrier.

Unearthing this sickening truth,
fingers embedded within my infected wounds.
Pustules, the mark of their movement;
trailing sluggishly within my vessels.
Pestilence, my becoming.
From the bowers of man,
this formless terror shall ascend.

Skin wearer, your form deceives me.
Your hundreds of malefic voices
taunting in harmonious tongues.
Sores, enumerated by their feastings.
This living decay, a tide of tainted waters upon pure sands.

My secret runs deeper
than the veins beneath my skin.
With eyes that watch
from the bottom of fed upon sockets,
this usurping world has irked my every sense.

Cloaked beneath this drape-like cloth,
anticipation moving decayed legs,
this husk of skin deteriorates.
I shall ascend this edifice,
and with quick step,
unleash this infestation
upon an unknowing, unclean world.