

Alone In The Landfill

Cattle Decapitation

This world is a cemetery. Often I visit my plot.
And listen to the winds ripe with trichloroethylene.
This stagnant "air". Sometimes it speaks to me.
Tells me of damnation. Rightly just and on the horizon.

Knee-deep in a concentrated stockpile of manufactured
scraps foretelling human downfall.
Grisly. Obscene. Toxic. Motherfucking desert.

Sifting through the ghosts of human consumerism
I find myself searching for body parts to add to my
collection
A hand. A finger. A leg. A head.
The dead sometimes reside alone at the landfill.

This is forever. Time now an enemy.
Humans are forever failures...

The children wade in the leachate
diseases - man made and carried on through the DNA
of our future to which we're slaves.

The world as a trash heap where we bury the past.
We try not to ponder the fact that our detestable
actions will forever last.
Ethylene dibromide, methane and carbon dioxide.
Slowly dissolving human body parts reside in the
excess.

Knee-deep in a never ending stockpile of manufactured
trash reminiscing human existence.

Among the fermenting stench is the fallout of humanity.
A virulent force of passive destruction.
Harbinger of perdition, herald to pandemonium
In our own contamination we are forced to drown.

Hideous. Shameless. Toxicant. Goddamned desolate.