

## Constipation Camp

## Cattle Decapitation

with a hose  
no one will ever find you  
The smell of your carrion hangs low in the street  
weeks of returning to relax in the meat  
Butchery/morgue meets day-spa retreat

The smell of the carnage  
begin the excrement  
Choice picked tidbits of ligaments  
I mix for an afternoon sludge soup  
constantly craving, needing to eat shit

No escape from this place  
life condemned to rot  
pulpy ulcerous filaments  
gagged snot and clots