

## Writhe In Putrescence

### Cattle Decapitation

This is the way your life ends:  
On a slab in my basement  
Perplexed by your loss of limbs  
And wondering where your face went  
Inside my den  
Random pieces of corpses hanging  
Traces of bloodshed and musculomanglings osseous tissue, carpal  
s and phalanges  
A reek so dense  
The steam that emanates from your breath is evident of condense  
d pheromones excreted by death  
Post-mortal flatulations  
Tissue gas from fermentation  
Decrepit--corpus--exhalations  
Writhing in putrescence

Oh, the agony!  
Your lover, caged atop my stove  
Helplessly observing your dismemberment  
Inhaling the fumes of human methane  
With heat on high  
Simmering and cooked alive

Life is hard as an anthropophagi in such conditions as this:

After infection sets in  
Intact homeostasis by saline and plasma  
Spastically writhing in putridity

Carefully placed slabs of concrete become a vice  
Organs and fluid exit your mouth and eyes  
A complete peristalsis of the systems  
Mucosal throbbing of every pleura

Venous, serous, menstrual-basted in pus  
In blood and pus, we writhe