

# Memories of Blood

Cryptopsy

I awake remembering  
nothing the next day,  
my nostrils assailed  
by the stench of decay  
Dreams of dismemberment,  
fantasies of torture  
Mopping up affords me a  
reminiscence of death;  
Goosey bits and pieces  
are all that is left

Stench of rot: uplifting smell  
Someone's dead or at least unwell;  
What little is left smells impure;  
Who did this? I'm not sure

No conscience interferes with  
my memories of blood;  
PSI energy remains  
where a human once stood;  
I equate its suffering with  
the longevity of a ghost  
Who lasts the longest  
is who suffered the most