

Dis-assembly Line

Exhumed

Throw open the drawers in the dissection ward
Hone the keen of the scalpel's dread blade
Scrub down the slab, for toes yet to be tagged
And Y-shaped thoracic incisions to be made
Slice - through the corpses that now lay before us
Postmortem butchery
Hack - through the thorax with bonesaw and pick-axe
Recreational pathology
In death we are brought to this - Dis-assembly line
Our legacy is hacked to bits - Dis-assembly line
On toe-tags our epigraphs writ, reduced to bone, flesh, bowels
and shit -
Dis-assembly line
Ribcages shattered, gastric acids spatter
The trocar suction sebum and bile
Craniotomies botched, cold blood curdles and clots
Staining forceps, hemostat and file
Rend - through cold flesh, never minding the mess
Dis-organized carnal junk heap
Slash - limb, hands, and feet, autopsy incomplete
Just another piece of dead meat
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Cankered cadavers, strewn in swollen disorder
An abattoir of the deceased
Slaughter the dead, spraying green, black and red
In gastric discharge I stand ankle-deep
Tear - out the brains of the sadistically splayed
Indignities heaped upon their expiration
Shred - unseeing eyes and gash venal, flabby thighs
With macabre, sardonic vexation
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