

# In My Human Slaughterhouse

Exhumed

By night I return to the storage shed, Anxious to catch a glimpse of the dead,  
Nervously, I unbolt the door, Making my way into this abatoir..  
. Hot air  
rushes out the aperture, A putrid gust of flatus and methane,  
Inhaling the  
rotting fumes as I choke, Hit by a wave of nausea I try to restrain... At last  
I regard the bloated stiffs, Terribly dislimbed and deceased, My plumpened  
prizes now swollen by putrefaction, A makeshift mortuary for the obese...  
Their corpulence exceeded solely, By the foulness of their smell, Their girth  
only expanded upon in death, The fleshy carcasses bloat and swell...  
Postmortem hypertrophy plagues the hefty cadavers, Their portly bodies now  
thoroughly dead, The incessant buzzing of insects as necrovores slaver, Fills  
the tepid chamber whose walls I've stained red... I hacked through their  
layers of blubbery fat, Some were gutted, some punctured, some eviscerated, When I  
finished I found them decidedly flat, If not yet dead, then at least bleeding  
and dazed... In this dingy shack I had left them to rot, And then departed the  
undignified scene, The makeshift crypt they inhabit now fetid and hot, The  
curdling innards turned a sickly shade of green