

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
y 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 necrovore
slaver, Fills
the tepid chamber whose walls I've stained red... I hacked through their
layers of blubbering fat, Some were gutted, some punctured, some
e razed, 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