

## Waxwork

## Exhumed

In my waxen world, time stands still  
Forever frozen like flies trapped in amber  
One perfect moment preserved, just ere the kill  
Gruesome atrocities transfixed in horror's chamber

Poetry without motion, figures stranded midstream  
Waxen players in this dark drama of the macabre  
Mouths agape with terror but breathless to scream  
No death rattle heard, nor parting sors...

I am preserver of life through my morbid art  
For each mannequin was truly alive from the start  
So if the eyes seem to follow your gaze as you gawk  
Know that in the eyes of the dead, in their shadow you walk...

Cadavers molded in wax as their lives buried away  
More preening puppets to perform in the scenes that I play  
Features cast in the moment of dying preserved  
How they screamed as they met with their fates well deserved...

### WAXWORK

Recreating the horror of the moment of death  
My models serve their purpose quite well  
Embalm their bodies in wax, capture their dying breath  
Drain the fluids to stave off the smell

Like dolls that dance to their own funeral dirge  
They play out their death scenes interminably  
As prized their exhibits in my dark reserve  
They unfold their secrets only to me

Life eternal in wax was their death's decree  
Suffering for my art, they surrendered to me  
So when their eyes lock with your gaze  
Look unflinchingly at death or turn away fast...

Skin blistered and softened as it was coated and sealed away  
Another preserved puppet to prance on the strings that I play  
The fear ensnared in their captive countenances I've trapped  
Mummified and memorialised in wax well-woven and wrapped...

### WAXWORK

So sit still in your place at the end of the blade  
By my design, death's hand find you just out of reach  
Another player in this deathly silent world that I have made  
Devoid of sound, fury or motion, sense, movement or speech

Awaiting a terminus that never will come  
You're a marionette bound by my strings  
Trussed in this tomb of wax, your time here is not done  
For time does not quite end all things...

This is my life's work, this still, silent place  
A monument to the fear frozen in a cold, waxen face  
Take care not to stare into their eyes, whatever you do

When you look deep into death, it sees back into you too...

Flesh bubbled and scalded, as this molten bath washed life away  
Wax covered my still-screaming prey  
Another piece for my prizing, recast in my mold  
Features harden and set as the wax grows stiff and cold...

WAXWORK