

Night Soil

Impaled

A new coproph-age, by pedung I am plagued
Inhaling the flatulence with which I am rife
Soon to be undone by my own dung
The first day of the rest of my life

Swimming in refuse and imbibing the cess
Overwhelmed by sewage and sickly excess
Nostrils rebuked by an olfactory assault
Alveoli and ordure forcefully gestalt

Uvula encrusted with night-soil
Crepitous taste
Treading stool, exhausted by the toil
Trachea burdened with occidentals
To the brim with waste
My sphincter has proven wholly detrimental

A new coproph-age, by pedung I am plagued
Inhaling the flatulence with which I am rife
I find I am undone by my own dung
The last day of the rest of my life

Unable to endure excreta and manure
Trapped in this toilet
Can longer withstand my bowel remnants
Mouth is full of shit

Drowning in post-intestinal sludge
Receiving my just desserts in rectal fudge
Serendipitously succumb to the vast amounts of bung
The turds on the tip of my tongue

Fæces slither down my oesophageal tract
Left in extremis, I'm resigned to the fact
Offspring of my arse, liquescent bloody shites
Inhumed in my own dreck, a human coprolite