

## The Collector Part 1: Muse

Light This City

Lying here, inside a song, it seems, inside every song I've ever read

Written not by a bloodthirsty man, but a shock-hungry trend;  
Rags of flesh discarded on the ground,

Eyes and ears hastily carved from heads while a frustrated surgeon searched

For

Something he feared he'd never find.

The flies have long since settled on their feast,

Breeding maggots in the eyesockets of the deceased;

The walls and floor undulate under tiny beasts.

Amidst the chaos and all the unclean a body lay cold, yet cared for,

Stitched up, yet pristine.

A bedside jar held entrails waiting to be fit inside her empty shell.

She rested, queenlike, in this fragrant Hell,

Her arms smooth and white, sewn to hands missing fingers.

My gaze trembled up her delicate neck,

And I noticed her mouth was opened wide.

Her pale hair flowed down to the floor, brushed and clean,

And next to several organs in glass, floated two large blue eyes.

Footsteps trampled down stairs; he was dragging another lucky bride.

I balled my fists, flexed my legs, and cursed my restraints,

A bad taste left in my mouth from biting through tape.

Trying to build the perfect woman, I see.

How very creative... a love you can customize.

How many donors did you volunteer—now flayed, displayed,

And forgotten in dark corners if not for the stench they emanate?

Am I joining the ranks?

What part of my body will you attach to hers?