

Face down where the ancient soil meets the discarded  
flesh, the great stench of all that is rotten, and  
forgotten, the unburied clamber into what you were,  
feasting on the joy that is stolen forever, alchemy of  
disgust and hatred, the unceremonious, the smell of all  
final moments at once, embedded in the great beasts  
flesh, the carrier of the tormented, the final journey  
through the impossible, a silence so vast, that deafens  
with its roaring certainty, to the unnamed places,  
guarded by the ancient carrion and their minions of vomit  
and pestilence.