

The Birthing

Autopsy

The punctured exlife slithers
Out your bloody gaping hole
So warm the blood runs down your legs
Your tears you can't control
Your son or daughter (who knows which)
Is just a pile of shit
You look into what might be eyes
As your mouth flows with spit

Cradle the gelatinous thing in your arms
Leaking its fluids it's no longer warm
A would-be life is now defunct
Glistening mass of fleshy gunk

Hiding in the shadows
With the birthing now complete
Pick your child up
And suckle on its tiny feet
Bite them off, devour the rest
The body is diminished
Take the hanger, lick it clean
Your ordeal now is finished