

Alabaster Bodyworlds

Born Gold

I've seen my pale limbs mummified in infernal fridges
wax paper, foil and plastic wrap hold fast their hinges
i've seen my face in shadowed lines
in a six-foot pool of ashes
i've seen my kidney
huddled next to the spleen of a sixty year old priest

So come back down...
we have graves
in the dirt
so come back down

so, no?

I've seen my veins strain to be seen in plastinate noblesse
das kapital continues on well after cell death
i've seen my hair coiled in the grass
of a ditch in Strathcona County
i've seen the oily underpass
where the third search party found me

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in the dirt
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so, no?