

Jars

The Black Dahlia Murder

My jars, wonderful jars, each labeled, sealed, and stowed
Beneath the cellar floor where not a soul would ever know
Preserved, my sustenance, to last the entire winter long
These jars, my precious meat brined and pickled cuts of human beef

Row after row
A pantry full of enemies
Maintained and organized
A vast collection dear to me
Each one a toy of mine
I revisit them when I should eat
With zeal I recollect
That very moment of their defeat

Salting and curing every piece for my flesh feast
(In jars) vessels immaculate
Cylindrical and clean (Their heads in jars)
The lightless winter months
Have gone straight to my brain, know what I mean?

Here in my solitude
Fed by my stock of dead (preserved in jars)
Their facial features warp
The laughter never ends
My foe, I win

My jars innumerable, incalculable my pride
Trophies of my love to hunt
Taken to such egregious heights
Each one encapsulates
A visage of that fateful night
Of those who have met their end

By my ever still and sharpened skinning knife

Brown-sugared long pig, what a treat
Obscenely orgasmic to eat
For this scrumptious family recipe
I've saved you a seat

(In jars) Vessels immaculate
Cylindrical and clean (their heads in jars)
The lightless winter months
Have gone straight to my brain, know what I mean?

Here in my solitude
Fed by my stock of dead (preserved in jars)
Their facial features warp
Defiled unto no end
Again I win

Row after row, a pantry full of enemies
Maintained and organized
A vast collection dear to me

8-17-05, this collegiate girl did kick and fight
The next sow bled September 9th

Plucked from her tracks, out like the tide

(In jars) Vessels immaculate
Cylindrical, and clean (their heads in jars)
The lightless winter months
Have gone straight to my brain, know what I mean?

Here in my solitude
Fed by my stock of dead (preserved in jars)
Their facial features warp
Defiled unto no end
Again I win