

# Dissecting the Caseated Omentum

## Exhumed

Feverishly savouring my sordid, charnel chore, The rib cage and sternum I  
frenziedly bore, Skin flayed and stripped as your torso is wrecked, A  
grotesquely wrenched cavity now lays bare to dissect... A granular amorphous  
mass is all that remains, Of the peritoneum which enshrouds the rotted  
stomach, Tubular enlargements extend across the abdomen, The gnarled cheese  
like clumps I now hack... Necrotic tissue converted to casein, Omental bursa  
caked and dried, My dissection kit now quite bedaubed, As I further sunder  
your rotted insides... Blanketing the organs that once facilitated digestion,  
Transversing the dead bowels like an apron over the intestine... A dried  
crepitated mound of viscera, Innards desiccated during caseation, I gouge and  
excoriate my way through the guts, Now ripped and mangled during  
desecration... The disfigured gut now totally wasted, I regard the disinterred  
stiff with a smirk, Decomposed, dissected and dismembered, I resplendently  
admire my handiwork...

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