

# 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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