

Constipation Camp

Cattle Decapitation

with a hose
no one will ever find you
The smell of your carrion hangs low in the street
weeks of returning to relax in the meat
Butchery/morgue meets day-spa retreat
The smell of the carnage
begin the excrement
Choice picked tidbits of ligaments
I mix for an afternoon sludge soup
constantly craving, needing to eat shit
No escape from this place
life condemned to rot
pulpy ulcerous filaments
gagged snot and clots

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