Inpropagation

Carcass

Insipid fumes bellow
from the atrabilious
chimney.
In the sanetified
crevet I calmly pillage
and rake
for hot dry
powdered human slag
still steaming in the
crematorium's grate.Bio-organic ebullition,
bones tar, tallow dehydrates
for my deleterious horticulture
so that I may cultivate..Your mortal mechanism dies
in nutrients rich.
In the hallowed turf you lie
just for the taking.Charred sinews
as good as lime,
no phosphates do I need.
Deteriorated flesh
used as top-soil
to replenish and
nourish seed.
Spreading this human potash
as ash matured.
Recycling my rich harvest.
Bring out your dead...
for use as manure!Irrigating tears are shed.
But the ground must be fed.
And there's no rest for the dead.Tipping and dusting up
the spilt contents of urns.
Every morsel that glows
as embers in the fire.
Extinguishing all hope
of beautrific dispatch.
These charred chassis desired.Exequiet rites performed.
A coronach sooting up the flu.
Enter my execrable inferno.
Even in the after-life
there's work to do.The nitrogen content high

the flesh is weak.
At the graveside mourners cry.
You're never to wake again.Burnt brisket renews
the ground
to germinate my seed.
Cremated bodies
are my spoil
to use them as plant feed.
Ploughing this abhorrant
human manure.
Seedling my rich harvest.
Bring out your dead
for the soils to devour.Dry the dead are bled.
because the ground
must be fed.
Still no rest for the dead.I propagate
Dust in the grate.Ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.
Diluted in water
and sprayed on crops.
Charcoal, fats,
flesh and soot
fertilising pastures
with active furtile rot.Incumbent.
Latent calories are spent.Ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.
Renewing the land
with corpses corrupt.
Mortuary scrapings,
hearses a must.
To the hot hearth
the diseased are trussed.Harvesting the defouled
to fertilise the soil.
Rejuvenating the spent
with my fecundate spoils...Reaping the gone
to nourish the land.
Replenishing exhausted pastures
with my uncanny sleight of hand.
Restoring the unnatural balance.
sowing my seed.
Defalcating the departed
I rapt and glean.So I recite my contrite lament.
Lacrimation for the dead.
Their rest which I disturb.
Where should stand row upon row

of cold grey remembrance stones
my cash crops now grow.

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