

Chummified

Cattle Decapitation

The sport of killing
Hanging by hook and 1,000 lb. test
Predator vs. predator
To turn these waters red, the sharks go berserk
They circle the boat
We hide with machetes and knives
Ambush and cut their throats
Chopped up, chunks, cuts, frozen in buckets of blood
With my trusty machete
I carve the parts to summon the sharks
Lurking around the jetty
In a frenzy they're circling, their incisors ready
To masticate and to munch
These things you call humans but we call it lunch
They smell it from miles away
I stand at the dock now a butchering block
Smashing, hacking, laughing, we carry a payload
Chopped torsos, heads and limbs
Ground into a mulch, frozen and chummified
Intestines, fresh organs
Left on the dock, reeking, cooked by the sun
So pungent, disturbing, vomiting induced
And mixed with the chyme, this is blood
Not ashes, no mourning, no love
Sharks go berserk when the blood starts to spurt
From the stern, to the bow, human chum is thrown out
They never thought this would be the way
They'd eventually die
Shredded into bite-sized pieces a human goesicle
Knee deep in intestines, gray soupy mixture resembling chyme
Sloshing heaps mobilized by waves distributing the piles
Granulized, homicide, chummified

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