

Resurrectionists

Ides of Gemini

A hammer to drive the chisel in
A chisel to alter bone and skin
An algid stiff to now provide
A link to where the soul resides That still hearts should pulse with ichor
Is an ethical dilemma to be sure
That a body can be made to function
Is an enigma to decipher without compunction That the dead may in mere slumber lie
Is a query that begs us to coax a reply
That rotting lungs shall heave with breath
Is truly a matter of life and death The resurrectionists, the resurrectionists
No more death after life Augers employed to crack and peel
Gilding steel teeth with paste of bone meal
Their skulls disassembled and scored
With sanguine expectations, meticulously gored To reconnect nerve filled clusters
Our encaphalic skill, we muster
To reinstate arterial paths
Our hands engage in a blood bath To reset joint and bone
Our mending powers are hewn
To restart cardial beating
Our defibrillator is heating A hammer to drive the chisel in
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No more death after life Intra-venously dripping a potion
To rekindle locomotion
Old hat at plundering lifeless shells
But I shall never get used to the smell Sutures of catgut carefully stitched
Securing intestines in torsal pitch
Along the sciatic, nerves are defrayed
In our conclave, bodies remade This brain in a solution submerged
From a cranium we've purged
This jellied ganglia to reconnect
From the medulla to the neck This artery and vein shall rehydrate

From pulmonary functions we'll resuscitate
This human tabula rasa we've sewn
From it, coaxed, secrets to life unknownA hammer to drive the chisel in
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