

Light This City

"The Collector : Muse"

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Lying here, inside a song, it seems, inside every song
I've ever read
Written not by a bloodthirsty man, but a shock-hungry
trend;
Rags of flesh discarded on the ground,

Eyes and ears hastily carved from heads while a
frustrated surgeon searched
For
Something he feared he'd never find.
The flies have long since settled on their feast,
Breeding maggots in the eyesockets of the deceased;
The walls and floor undulate under tiny beasts.

Amidst the chaos and all the unclean a body lay cold,
yet cared for,
Stitched up, yet pristine.
A bedside jar held entrails waiting to be fit inside her
empty shell.
She rested, queenlike, in this fragrant Hell,

Her arms smooth and white, sewn to hands missing
fingers.
My gaze trembled up her delicate neck,
And I noticed her mouth was opened wide.
Her pale hair flowed down to the floor, brushed and
clean,
And next to several organs in glass, floated two large
blue eyes.

Footsteps trampled down stairs; he was dragging
another lucky bride.
I balled my fists, flexed my legs, and cursed my
restraints,
A bad taste left in my mouth from biting through tape.

Trying to build the perfect woman, I see.
How very creative... a love you can customize.
How many donors did you volunteer—now flayed,
displayed,
And forgotten in dark corners if not for the stench they

emanate?

Am I joining the ranks?

What part of my body will you attach to hers?

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