

Mortal Decay

"My Mind Bleeds Tragedies"

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You never can get used to the smell of burn victims, Or
the sight of a dead child,
So repulsed yet I can't look away, heads separated,
exhumed from twisted wrecks
Sifting through the debris, identifying the bodies,
pronounced dead.
Adrenaline rush when screams and cries collide in
such perfect harmony,
Crosses on the roadside symbolize the shattered
memories, I often envision
The broken bodies on collision.
The overwhelming pain, their final words, thoughts of
loved ones watching
Them fall dead...satisfies the morbid curiosities
Stimulating the crazed imagination. Exhilaration,
inhaling the stench of
Incinerated flesh, gut wrenching reality, the goriest of
all homicides.
Thirst the blood of suicide, revisiting the crimes sights
of nauseating
Death scenes. Their brutalized, inanimate images in
the morgue fascinate.
Witnessing appalling autopsies, victims of
catastrophes crippled and
Paralyzed, facial lacerations, pieces of the amputated.
Anxious for more
When they bleed so viciously I crave for this world of
violence. When the
Shrieking intensifies in agonizing surgeries.
Life so sacred, yet defouled with such carelessness my
mind bleeds
Tragedies.

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