

## The Faceless

### "Birth"

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In the beginning there was semen,  
In a deep mouth of flesh,  
And the crest I traveled,  
On a wave of virile mess.

Through a tunnel of mucus,  
And on toward a vault,  
With tourists and traffic,  
I just paced myself.

Not I as my whole self,  
Just the half that I had,  
Before greeting the rest,  
Of my better half.

A connection was made,  
Through a shared love of science,  
And vows were taken,  
A seed was hired.

A cavern of fluid,  
Brought shape to my hide,  
In the months that remained,  
Till the time of my life.

I thrashed for the reason,  
Of spilling from the crack,  
To the palms of a doctor,  
To a towel full of scraps.

My brains wouldn't fit,  
Through her organ of sex,  
An incision was made,  
With a scalpel and mask.

I should have noticed the beauty,  
And not how it hurt,  
Wet like a cherry,  
In the bloodbath of birth.

