

Faint, The "Birth"

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In the beginning there was semen,
In a deep mouth of flesh,
At the crest I travelled,
On a wave of virile mass.

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 the 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,
Til the time of my life.

I thrashed for the reason,
Of spilling from the crack,
To the palms of the 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 masks.

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

