

Autopsy, or The Wages of Sin

1: Failed Love

With its swift wings, its venomous talons
ecstasy is cannibal and figment.

As you attend the viewing,
sign the guestbook, do you wonder when
this body's slow descent began?

2: Vocation

Are we biologists? Are we coroners?
Do we inspect the bowels for causes?
Are we oracles? Are we carrion-birds?

3: Coroners

Slice the leathery skin:
an evil gas escapes.

This terrain, hid
beneath the epidermal sheath
was not meant to be revealed:
the plumbing is vile and distant,
I do not know these contours.

4: Carrion-birds

A buzzard's grey feathers
turn brown with caked blood.

His dark, natural vision makes us ill:
all night long machinery whirs
in the factory. He has patience.
He has faith in what we most fear.
He does not care for causes, only
feels the slow thrill in his veins
when there's reason to stop the circling.
What is history to him?

5: Film noir

What do I search for
in the forest of a corpse?
Do I suspect a resurrection?
I at least expect clues
to the murderer of love.

I have posted the reward:
I myself raise the knife.