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He'd Make a Lovely Corpse

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HE'D MAKE A LOVELY CORPSE

Such a gentleman in his starched blue suit--no wrinkles,
no lint. No movement.

Make-up hides him, or perhaps enhances him,
as an actor on stage.

"He looks so natural. He looks so natural..."

He is a natural dead person.

Mouth open in life's last breath, he invites a kiss
on his purple lips, devoid of blood, yet swollen
like bloated worms.

His cologne is generic Death, bushy flowers
and embalming fluid.

Veins sucked of blood hide in his stiffened hands,
folded properly.

His hair, like a cheap toupee, is shellacked thickly in place.

There's no need--he won't turn in his sleep.

His fingernails are squared and clean clean clean.

Short.

Once underground the darkness will make them grow.

His skin will shrink.

Oh yes, I think as I look at him. He's a natural.

Su Stitz