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Mortician

by Keisha Sandusky

They brought my angel in last night
You'd almost think she still had breath
Her beauty, overpowering,
Could not be quenched, even in death

My eyes drank in her smooth, pale skin,
Her full red lips, her flowing hair
A beauty rare, of just 18
And all for me, just waiting there

I stood beside her on the slab
And touched her cheek so tenderly
And wondered how I had such luck
This angel'd come to be with me

I traced my fingers down her chest
Then ran them thru her eb'ny hair
Then gently undressed her, then I
Lay beside my lady fair

I put my lips on hers, blood red
And opened sultry emerald eyes
And tasting, took her mouth with mine
Then mounted my illustrious prize

And then her hair, like ravens' wings,
I grasped and tangled in my hand
And took her breast into my mouth
Took her all, and it was grand



To touch, to feel, to make her mine
My every whim to quench this fire
I can't control this urgency
For death derives deranged desire

"She was an angel," the preacher says
Ah, that she was, and so much more
I listen to her mother cry
While standing by the stained-glass door

I listen to the preacher's dribble
"I remember..." he takes off
I tell her mother, "You are in my prayers"
And, "I'm so sorry for your loss"

And so they placed my angel low
Into the ground, into the blight
Without a sound, without a sight
And yet I'll not despair tonight

For now I must see to my guest
With long blonde hair and blue eyes bright
She's waiting for me on my slab
The prom queen killed herself tonight

