

Exhumed, Nativity Obscene - A Nursery Chyme

Calcified infant is a breach birth debacle
Natal necrolysis, destined for a formaldehyde-filled bottle
Caesarean section reveals the ghastly tot
An ossified infant, in its womb borne to rot

Livid and stiff ere its first breath is claimed
The rigid bundle of joy, catatonically maimed
Cold, dead and hard as it's exhumed from the womb
The uterus its cradle, and its moist fetid tomb...

Only scalpels left for playthings
Swaddling clothes bloody but not from chafing
Baptism by embalming solution
As the trocar facilitates the cold blood's dilution...

Festered fetus drawn from the cavity in which it was conceived
Birth and death now unified, as the grotesque infant is retrieved
Livid osteopedion, breathless lungs still, cold and dry
Birth is just a forensic folly when in being born one dies

Birth and death in one fell breath, extract the corpse from her guts
The morbid birthing cavity is lavaged, torn and cut
Another tiny life that ended before it could begin
Another piece of human offal, to end up in the rubbish bin...

Neither gurgles nor cries escape its lifeless blue lips
Placenta disgorges amniotic fluid as the umbilical cord rips
Morbid nursery chymes fall on deaf little ears
As the dry-eyed infant incites parents to bitter tears...

Obstetric atrocity
With a casket for a crib
Nursery for an autopsy
Body bag for a bib...

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Mama's going to have to get a casket reserved
But if your body is too decomposed
The coffin door will have to stay closed

A babe in her arms
Not safe from harm
When the water breaks, the cradle will rot
A nursery chyme with no happy ending, left in the wastebasket, dead and forgot...

Another corpse to carve for pathologists and their ilk
Nursed on embalming fluid, no use crying over silt mother's milk
Silent baby rattles stilled
The doctor's gloved hands deliver the babe into a grave that now is filled

Morbid anatomy technicians are the child's only playmates
Callously dissecting, the infantile inanimate
A bloodied dissecting table serves as the young one's tomb and trundle
As inquisitive butchery, splays this joyless rotten bundle...

Dead before ever being alive to die
Eyes closed forever ere the first tear could dry
Mouth sealed by rigor mortis before the first newborn cry
Dissected infant on the table, dead-cut and dry...

Newborn fatality
Whose playpen is a slab
Lifeless nativity
Diminutive toes to be tagged...

Now I lay you down to sleep
Your putrid flesh not long to keep
If you should rot before you wake
Then leave your corpse for the worms to take

In the cold corridors in the sterile, dead morgue
Sobs are heard from the maternity ward
But from the mouth of babes, no sound escapes
In this nativity obscene behind mortuary drapes...