

Job For A Cowboy, Bearing The Serpent's Lamb

This virgin turns on the back of her own indisposed and throbbing body
Nauseated she chokes on her own vomit emitted from her distended and desiccated throat
Weak and obscured, this woman's body begins to convulse and twitch in her now soiled sheets
With an abdomen beginning to flourish as her ribs now unhinge and shift
Beneath the rib cage lay a sweltering child
A child forcing and pushing outward for decampment of his mother's womb
Bearing a bastard child
Bearing what is now the son of the new worlds lord
Bearing the serpent's lamb

Overwhelmed she grows debilitated and weak
Staying attentive becomes more burdensome
A struggle to stay awake as her body contracts
She mutters one conclusive crowning breath
"Why would such a God allow such deep evil? THEODICY!"

The curtains are slowly lowered over her solitary and meaningless life
Her chest lay open, an open and gaping wound revealing the damage left inside
Her own body used to mask the beast that dwelled internally
This orphan child scowls over the remains of his birth given origin, his own mother
Only to grow through his adolescence to clench the name of the antichrist