

# 8 Foot Sativa, Crosses For Eyes

heads buried within the clouds, sickening white  
rotting corpses at your feet  
maggot infested  
devouring greyed out dreams, forgotten  
devolving into this nightmare reality  
but the dead shall rise from the sea of excrement in which they dwell  
to claw at your feet  
scraping tender flesh from polished bone  
to awaken as you descend  
to fall to join their ranks  
screams to choke  
as the filth fills your lungs  
drowning  
incision and  
separate eye lid from face  
now you can see  
but its still too late  
those below will dismember  
and pluck your averting eyes from your once crowned skull  
throw your remains on the heap  
just another body in the pile of the benighted