

The Faint, Birth

In the beginning there was semen
In a deep mouth of flesh
And the crest I traveled
On a wave of virile mess

Through a tunnel of mucus
And on toward a vault
With tourists and traffic
I just paced myself

Not I as my whole self
Just the half that I had
Before greeting the rest
Of my better half

A connection was made
Through a shared love of science
And vows were taken
A seed was hired

A cavern of fluid
Brought shape to my hide
In the months that remained
Till the time of my life

I thrashed for the reason
Of spilling from the crack
To the palms of a doctor
To a towel full of scraps

My brains wouldn't fit
Through her organs of sex
An incision was made
With a scalpel and mask

I should have noticed the beauty
And not how it hurt
Wet like a cherry
In a bloodbath of birth