

Your Rotting Sweetheart

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Does my corpse rot
In some corner of your mind?
Stomach split open
Maggots pouring out

Does it reassure you
That you ate my heart
Before the bugs could?
Some part of me
Defiled by you
And not nature?

Do you wish you could bury me?
Or do you like it?
You still have some of me

And rot still smells
A little sweet
Anyways