Food Chain

the maker of mummies

is an artist in death

no different from a painter, who varnishes

the surface of an unfinished work

yet he is also a thief.

having spent a long and easy life

ours is a debt to pay

we obsess over souls

and never think

that we are not owned by ourselves.

The Chain

is a ring, a circle,

a closed cliché

in one direction, property

in the other, deity.

I am not comforted to know

that my veins will be distorted

with the chemicals of resistance

against the process

that returns me

to my god.