



11-15-2008

## Mortician

Keisha Sandusky

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### Recommended Citation

Sandusky, Keisha (2008) "Mortician," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 2 , Article 29.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss2/29>

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# Mortician

by Keisha Sandusky

They brought my angel in last night  
You'd almost think she still had breath  
Her beauty, overpowering,  
Could not be quenched, even in death

My eyes drank in her smooth, pale skin,  
Her full red lips, her flowing hair  
A beauty rare, of just 18  
And all for me, just waiting there

I stood beside her on the slab  
And touched her cheek so tenderly  
And wondered how I had such luck  
This angel'd come to be with me

I traced my fingers down her chest  
Then ran them thru her eb'ny hair  
Then gently undressed her, then I  
Lay beside my lady fair

I put my lips on hers, blood red  
And opened sultry emerald eyes  
And tasting, took her mouth with mine  
Then mounted my illustrious prize

And then her hair, like ravens' wings,  
I grasped and tangled in my hand  
And took her breast into my mouth  
Took her all, and it was grand



To touch, to feel, to make her mine  
My every whim to quench this fire  
I can't control this urgency  
For death derives deranged desire

"She was an angel," the preacher says  
Ah, that she was, and so much more  
I listen to her mother cry  
While standing by the stained-glass door

I listen to the preacher's dribble  
"I remember..." he takes off  
I tell her mother, "You are in my prayers"  
And, "I'm so sorry for your loss"

And so they placed my angel low  
Into the ground, into the blight  
Without a sound, without a sight  
And yet I'll not despair tonight

For now I must see to my guest  
With long blonde hair and blue eyes bright  
She's waiting for me on my slab  
The prom queen killed herself tonight

