

Coup de Maître (Master Stroke-Genius)

Chaucer Cameron

I lay you on your back, twist off your claw-legs,
crack them with a heavy implement.
I will not allow you to shatter into small pieces, yet.

I will extract the bones of you,
place them with care into a metal bowl.
I will insert thumbs on the base of your body
push upwards to release you from your carapace.

I will pull away and discard your lungs –
they are only *dead man's fingers*;
you know them intimately, don't you?

I will press your mouth with such force that it snaps
from its shell. I will raid your stomach-sac,
cut you in half, scoop out the meat of you,
fork out the white from your carcass.

You will be left hollow, your cavities
will shimmer thinly, rocking back and forth,
open, empty, ready to be stuffed, dressed, put on show.

Then we will dine. You will be picked, hand-held,
lifted high on a fork, ready to be savoured
by tongue, swallowed down into the gut,
where you'll rest for a moment, before clawing
your way back through every orifice imaginable.