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## Nerve Pizza

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I felt my nerves slip out of my greasy hand.  
They pulled apart and outstretched themselves  
as if they were made of melted mozzarella cheese.  
I watched my own dislocation of bone,  
deterioration of muscle, snapping of tendons  
and cracking of ligaments in horror,  
as I degenerated into a heap,  
sprawling across the mental pan,  
an inconceivable oozing liquid that used to be me.

Then the rain started to fall.

Light sprinkles of pepper,  
showers of rosemary and thyme,  
and dusty garlic blowing a blinding sandstorm,  
seasoning layers of meaty muscle tissue of which was to be  
baked  
into my thin flesh along with my spliced tendons  
and my severed limbs under those strings of nerves  
which will soon be tugged at,  
broken down and digested  
by some unearthly  
cannibal.

You.