

## BLOOD SAUSAGE

There is a flower opening  
There are smells  
There is smell of truffles (rotting forest + earth)  
There is resistance to full domestication  
There is an ability to digest one's own feces  
There is a wood-carving on an altar and  
There a sow is playing the violin  
Gypsy sow  
There is milk dripping  
There is the greatness of Christ  
—a greatness so vast  
There is an ability to eat human remains  
There is all kinds of garbage  
There is abundance  
There is fear  
There is a mouth and  
There is a teat  
There is blood congealed in a pan  
There is a painting inside a cave and  
There life blooms on rock  
There is a flower opening  
There is a season called sausage  
There is smell of flesh  
There is a runt crushed under its mother's weight  
There is eating  
There is blood  
There is a pan filled with clots and red peppers  
There are intestines  
—thin and translucent like a newborn baby's sheath  
to be stuffed  
There is no pain  
There is a story  
There is a sounder of swine  
There is a man who summons  
—calls the demons to enter them  
There is a precipice  
There is a waterfall of swine  
into the sea  
There is a bloodbath  
There is a fertile water  
There are cleft-toed prohibitions