

the interruption of decay

it is
prepared,
may its contents
be ever pleasing,
Duamutef.

this
jar—vessel—
holds happy, full of air,
to sustain your
journey.

I,
a-
nubis,
lord of the under-
world, am
here...see!
I control the whole ritual.

this
cylinder is
filled with imesty
for cleansing
beyond.

hail
Qebehsenuf!,
who will help us
digest our
shit.

incisions
have been made,
how removed—preserved—
contained within canopic jars.
what's left? natron of course.
pack the body full of coarse salt
to pull all of the damp moisture
out of the shell to be preserved.
now the allotted time for drying—dehydration—
to work its wilderness wiles within a rotting corpse.
in time the flesh shrinks, shrivels, and the skin tightens.
nothing is done until the shell is drained of all of its fluids.
this is the finality of every mortal fear—the end of autolysis.
the interruption of the expected—decay doubly destroyed
by the masters of mind, meaning, mystery, and the most
macabre messaging to be found within this world of won-
ders. yet this is not the end of the process—no!—for no
artisan should ever forget the resin, the bitumen, the
humectant to keep all of the life-preserving moisture
within, so that all of its essence might carry one
beyond the detailed fingers of masterworkers
whose due diligence made all of it possible.
time will pass, ages and tragedies will pass,
events and countless mysteries will unfold,
and the wisdom held here within this vessel
will remain constant, unchanged, and ready
to haunt all who dare to open its jars and
seek what can be found within the sar-
cophagus waiting to reanimate, to rise,
to begin to move and walk its way back
into a world that had long forgotten it
had ever even existed. for the power-
ful, this will be a curse upon them all;
yet, for the meek, for those who seek
freedom from the chains of conformity,
this and all living works, wrapped in textual
binding, will find within the key to what it means to try.