

# Atrocities

*by Gary Hardaway*

I crush the ants without a thought  
and swat the buzzing fly flat.  
My table offers up the gutted calf  
with carrots and potatoes yanked  
alive and whole from fertile beds.  
When I am sick, I swallow pills  
that realize microbial genocide.  
My life depends upon abundant death.  
I'd make a scrawny and diseased  
disciple of the Buddha.

