

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.

