

# Prime cut

*by* James Knight

## 1

I don't like it when they leave the heads on.  
I mean it's not nice, is it.

The idyllic order of the abattoir.  
Mary is on stunning and bleeding.  
She prefers evisceration.  
Still, the work's ok  
and it's her day off tomorrow.

Deft hands perform their daily ballet.

Mary had a little lamb. LOL

Pink eyes,  
white walkways.

From somewhere else,  
in the heart of the building:  
a man's voice  
singing,  
bellowing.

We listened for a bit.  
He had quite a good voice.  
Then Linda gave us one of her looks  
and we got back to work.

## 2

The first victims were the countless birds,  
spellbound by the voice of the singer.

Fingers  
pull him apart

chump chop scrap saddle

You'll notice  
there are several conveyor belts,  
each carrying a different cut

pink hands  
white overalls  
a whistled tune

bleached skin  
makes bloodless poetry

The trees shed their leaves and,  
with bared heads,  
mourned his loss.

### 3

meaty cut  
from the lower end  
of the leg

full of flavour  
fall from the bone  
~~forgotten cut~~

yields a generous amount of meat

will feed      very generously  
stripping the cooked meat from the bone  
and stewing it in its cooking juices

stretch it further

they lick their fingers  
and belch him

#### 4

sunset  
the horizon a bloody bandage

~~the snake god~~  
~~the god of clean death~~  
passes in a **skull** on wheels  
whiter than white

humming a dimly remembered tune

