

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

