

At the Abattoir

Splat.
Grunt.
Plop.

We feed the world,
Except for bloodless vegetarians.
Come hither, sweet swine,
And we will make you useful,
Oh, so useful to mankind:

Thud.
Rip.
Crack.
Slit.

Cow, your life-long destiny is consummated here.
Your epitaph reads "Grade A, choice;"
Your burial ground, the maw of man,
Is decorated with two rows
Of tombstone teeth.

Remember, as you face the club,
Your life perhaps has been in vain,
But not your death.
You die to serve a greater cause than you:
The betterment of man, who talks and reads.

Chop.