

BUTCHER AND BODY

FLORENCE POLLOCK

BUTCHER

I grab her outstretched hands
Pleading kisses
She kneels before me
Speaking frightened fundamental language.
Mouth trembling touching me
The hook sinks into the bone in her back
Unusual urgent words
Kicking out
Stroking her white worn body
The cleaver screams
A pop in the knee seam
Rub the tender moist grooves
Magnificent repeating action
Sound of detachment from her shoulder
Yanks the fleshy stitches
her tears blobbily becoming a slow moving riviera
Chunk of killed meat, haughtily glints.
A mad glint of frightened beauty
Value in kissed
Eyeball, Ears, Hand wrapped up
From worn print delivery, I forgot to read

Ink seeps into meat. words everywhere.
Butcher her body without love and
without her kiss



BODY

The summer morning passing in the crack of the window.
I embraced that fired January as I did the male crimes.
Humanity being students of revenge,
Doing wrong

Machine-made, man handmade girls.
Compelling lacework design,
made for a quieter lonely me.
A beautiful punishing man for the invisible woman.

There were two times I felt captured
Held taut having sex
As soon as it stopped brief relief
Then again

Lace border taut to my neck.
Fancywork imprisoned me.

I'm not myself
I admire the dead

My soul isn't alive

I know this love
I've seen it with my mother, her mother, and her mother before that.
Several lifetimes, death would never be kind.
Years were too legible.

Raising a white napkin to his lips
And tumblers are filled with confidence
the foam bubbles out among the glorious glasses.
Humans exchange mere humanity for fabulous supremacy.

Our idle green refugee takes for granted
Bloody endless mundanity.

Moments of the children in farmhouses
You taught them your craft on bronze-coloured country
Wildly disgusting demonstration of heavenly death
The children look at him with admiring enthusiasm.



How could I let you have them?
How you had me
How she let him have her
How he took her
They beckon hibiscus victors.

Depraved dialogue
Hearing myself
Dress in shame
I felt lace lines shrink into me.

To my utter dismay, never do I feel covered, unpunished, divine.
Rather in the mirror I see a different soul
often times ever changing, that of a full connected girl,
One that has lived. One that is not myself.
The mirror is superior and I know it couldn't possibly be true

I secretly longed for a more significant life
Every bright summer how I wanted

Mother,
sister,
sister,
sister.

Their depraved eating
Tearing
Pulling

stretching.

A final toast

Are you done?

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