

The Carcass Derrick

Cattle Decapitation

I left a human all alone
Helpless. Wondering Why?
How could a human do all of this?
What have I become?
Love for revenge-consuming.

In my design of death a carcass derrick was born
(Assembled with death, fantasizing of the uses to come)

Rusty pulleys and hooks
For suspension of living carcasses
(Fashioned with actual human skin! That's just how we
do it on the farm.)

Alive or dead - hung upside-down and bled.
Into troughs - slides indiscernible slop
I hesitate - catching every last drop
If alive - can't run as legs are chopped off
When deceased - cleanup is with such ease
Sterilize - man-made human killing machine

All your fears now realized.
There, dripping, dangling and hogtied
Terrified.

Your whole life now marginalized.
There, disemboweled as we let you die.
Horrificed.

Since when have you ever been so merciful?
I cannot recall a time you cared
With your intestines clenched in your hands
Now you scream for forgiveness
There can be no mercy in the carcass derrick

Alive or dead - shan't leave here with your head
Into troughs - rivers of blood, juice and snot

I rejuvenate - savoring every last drop
Never to scream again - your ugly head is now lopped
off