

ADAM

GLENN HAYES

You ate a steak tonight, a slab
Of brother meat, a cut of cow
But might have been a flipper fried
By some blood-lusty Fogo boy.
And yesterday you gobbled down

Some shapeless knobs—real chicken meat
The label said—but could have been
A rattlesnake. Hell. On Easter
You'd gladly trade your chocolate eggs
For rabbit simmered in Chablis,

And will confess a sizzling mess
Of stir-fried tripe or sautéed brains
Sets you to drooling like a dog.
You look askance at those who'd set
A sacred hedge around the cow,

Or drive swine screaming over cliffs.
Or chat like Francis with the larks.
(You'd spit them, oiled, over coals.)
When laying leg to leg with lamb
You lick your knife while grace is sung.

Tonight, awash in garlic slick
And peppered pools of juice, you pick
Your teeth. The animal domain
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