

Carnecitas

During breaks, guys echo to
and fro, lubricating chains to “off” the sounds
of bodies. But I know now the music it makes:
my knife inside your life, the wet resistant feel
of the cleaving flesh. I’d be lying if I said this smells
of death, coppery scent, forget. Chlorine creeps forth
to clean the commotion. These beasts are obedient:
when the chains halt they too make a standstill.
Surrounded by four immobile guests, I remove
surgical gloves to bolster my hands back to breath.
I affix my hair to air, trap loose strands under
the net. This is the job: waiting for the revving
of chains which ignite at any second. Tell me when
is human? Come, animals, one by one into the Ark,
heart of the factory. Like veins inside a body, wires
guide your travel, clinging to your puppet shoulders
while my fingers meddle a knife inside your necks.
Sacks of blood, you hide at turns, wires change
your course, and you shiver, forced by propulsion.
I see your faces, waning in your twisted fates.
My job: deep cut from neck to navel. Only by
pressing your esophagus can I release the final
breath. Talk my ear off as I cut you. I converse
so you feel comfortable, think you know me.
My cleaning swipe: blade on apron. Little makes noise
beside the creak and blow of fans. Can I pass
as any animal? Such a devil in the detail.
Days enter and exit in chains. Historically, “beast”
consists of whoever is beaten down harder. I’m host
to your lurches, no way around what I made you.