

ALICE NELL ALLAN

SATURDAY'S ROAST

Cattle,
cattle grazing,
cattle in the holding paddocks
grazing terminally.

Cattle
raising bovine heads
ruminating.
Grasses, Irish as St. Mick,
laid by summer hail, green
fence to fence.

White egrets,
thin spindly shanked confessors
each to a beast apportioned, each
digesting sins with gusto.

Pastoral scene! Painted sky!
But why
do they always say
the animal world smells slaughter
ahead of time?
Hi! You there! Saturday's roast!
Do you smell cooking?
Poor dumb beast
have you no more senses than we?