

to slaughterhouse: [a cut-up]

baby chicks were thrown on a sloping home that was finally paid off  
He envisioned bird.

Each shell rode the waves of the wife in the dead of winter,  
walking his daughter through a tiny crevice, plunging onto another  
golfing with his buddies every weekend, yellow chicks were piled on top of one  
all of the other goodies that life has to offer.  
journeyed to their next destination.

Upon Spouses die, jobs are lost, children lose mechanical woman trying to determine their  
in, steals your thoughts, warps your world,  
and females were then separated and dissipate with the rolling clouds.  
Life is like dazed fuzballs  
plummeted from a twelve foot you've committed, there's no going back  
and tried to swim past each other in a pool of  
being stripped away minute by minute by  
unsuspectingly sprayed with chemical disillusioned greed and self absorption.

Ken threw a dash of salt into his mixture  
yolks transform into frothy foam  
and was a future of Caribbean vacations with his  
watched chronicling a chicken's life from egg down the aisle on a beautiful spring day,  
Within seconds of being hatched, the  
retiring in a few years with a decent pension and  
cavities conveyor belt that separated shell from belt while the chicks were violently sucked  
pity, life begins to sink.  
Oblivion creeps conveyor belt.  
Hundreds of confused fuzzy and you begin to watch second chances  
another. Flapping and struggling to stand,  
they a four-hour game of Monopoly – once their arrival they were jostled around by a  
you have to watch the wealth of your life  
sex.  
Once the sex was determined, the males undeserving players who wallow in  
thrown down their respectable chutes.  
The tube onto yet another conveyor belt, as they  
and continued beating.  
He watched the yellow feathers and unanswered cries  
they were reminded of a documentary he recently...