

VEGETARIAN MEAT.

Oil, ink and bleach on canvas.

Joints of meat wore lingerie
In a butchers shop
In Amsterdam.
Beef shanks vaunted stiletto heels.
Purple ribs. Pink ham.

Carcasses sagged on leather chains
In a butcher's shop
In Amsterdam.
Rationed meat sliced by hired blades.
Prime cuts. Sex jam.

Cadaverous boned lines tumbling
From the abattoir
Of red light,
Heads hung, trussed and thrust
Like dead meat, taste, bite.

A vegetarian stag felt his loins freeze
In the abattoir
Of red light –
Startled, he hid in the caressing shadows,
His meat still clean, white.

A random coitus of veined flesh
On a soiled bed
In a Dutch street
Recalls the cur, the thrust,
The pain, the slab. We are all dead meat.

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