

# 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  
Belongs to you—dumbbeasts.com—  
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