

They are all shucked from the womb.  
The nurse still slaps the back  
but it doesn't cry. It waits. The mother  
collapses in exhaustion,  
places the mouth against her breast.  
They still take it home,  
give it their name. In the nursery  
the body lies in its crib  
still eyes open, fixed on the mobile  
of circling flies. A trap in the corner.  
It grows, develops unmoving,  
the ever larger cadaver  
propped in its high-chair. Not until  
kindergarten, do they animate,  
twitch towards each other  
    like sharks,  
test the world with their mouths, learn  
cold flesh is for loving,  
    not eating.