

Lonely As A Cow (apologies to William Wordsworth) – Ian Henery

I wandered lonely as a cow
Grazing free, barbed wire factories;
Wanderings led to a meadow,
Cries of the dying on the breeze.
Smoke from an abattoir I saw,
Floating on a dead sea shore.

Captive, a continuous line,
Prodded to the deadly chambers.
Chainsaws, they did twinkle and shine,
The soft flesh they would dismember.
Rows of scared faces at a glance,
Tossing heads, a hideous dance.

Red rain spurted into the sky
Gathered into pools of hot blood.
Pulsing in waves, watching them die,
The rain working into a flood.
Transfixed, the horror filled my brain,
Wells of murder that cannot drain.

Now, wandering over the fields
Those murdered flash before my eye.
I wonder - what will my life yield?
Purpose of it, I wonder why?
Then my heart, with horror and dread,
Remembers their dance of the dead.