

## Would You Like To See the Menu?

By Robin Lipinski

Feedlot to the north,  
Fattening them with barley,  
Their last meal.  
The cattle hustled up the ramp,  
Boxcars rumbling down the track,  
You could hear the wheels squeal.  
Soon, they were hanging from a rack,  
Cooling in a room filled with marbled fat,  
Preparing for some shiny steel.  
With knives trimming while saw blades were spinning,  
Their silent mooing was made tidy,  
And packed.  
Off now to a Piggly Wiggly store,  
Or some other place of need,  
These cooling bovines traveled.  
Sitting in his chair staring at the page,  
The lady came to take his order.

Would you like our two year Angus?  
You know it's very special.  
Tender cuts, almost like veal.

With a momentary pause,  
Sighing tilting back his head,  
He said,

Do you have any fish?

The End