

by Brenda Shoss, Kinship Circle

we hear your cries

Inside airless stockades
With metal bars beneath your feet
Eyes stare over a beak, cut off
Stolen: Wing flutters and dust baths
Infinite rows, an automated hum
and absence of light.

we hear your cries

From crates that hold your nameless life
That take your children, maim you...
To the blast of a bolt gun: Gone.
But eyes blink while cut into pieces.

we hear your cries

The moment you are born, ready to die
In concrete corners where you collapse
And await more blades, tubes, poison...
Each time your screams become data
Logged, analyzed, sold
Because you are a test, nothing more
A life taken in scraps, over and over.

we hear your cries

As 5,000 electrical volts pound your flesh
Metal pipes, bullhooks, straps and spurs
Erase your memory of a mother's love and
Delete landscapes where you once roamed.

we hear your cries

As you search for one familiar face
A kind voice that was your refuge
When you shiver inside the killing room
Still looking...
Your last tail wagged.
Your last purr heard.

we hear your cries and we are coming.



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