

Beef

We eat succulent rare meat sliced thick
from the bodies of the girls we keep on losing
in the streets of the Cape. We choke on them
as the juice drip from our chins and burn the silver
rings we used to cut them. Under notes of black
pepper and rosemary, we taste the salty tears
they must have unleashed like smooth shards
of glass. The pink flesh pulls away delicately
and the slice of apple we chew as a palette cleanser
masks whose body is breaking.

Lee-Ann Williams