

## 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