

Seth Eric Evans
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Susan Hunter

"I never really understood animals.
I don't really know why, but I
wasn't the girl who sighed and cooed
at every puppy or parakeet.

No, something about them just
turned me off.
Sure, you can eat them,
cooked on a bun, but what else are they good for?

I remember four years ago
On Auntie Bertie's farm.
My mom thought it would be relaxing.
She made me clean the chicken coop.

Do you understand how
chicken crap smells in the middle of July,
the little beasts pecking around your feet like
maggots in rotten meat?

I do.
I did a lot of work at Auntie Bertie's.
I learned to hate the farm,
but not the lawnmower.

Finally something I could enjoy.
I did this back home, but I had to
push. Now I got to drive. I couldn't
drive at home, not at fourteen.

Let me tell you, driving around their
twenty-two acres, the bush-hog rattling
behind my 1968 ford tractor –
That was fun.

How a chicken got in the back pasture
I'll never know. But when you've got a
bush-hog you don't have time to stop.
Thump, Thump, Grind.

At first I was mortified. I had never
killed anything before, then a slow
smile spread across my face.
That felt good.

He got what he deserved it.
Always stinking up the place for
no good reason at all.
That's what you get.

Nobody missed the little white Holland.
Or the speckled Sussex I found a week later.
It became kind of a game.
Uncle Herb suspected "Ki-yotes"

Sometimes I would go back out there
to inspect my work. Notice how the feathers
and blood mixed into new designs.
I was an artist.

I haven't been to Auntie Bertie's place in months
But, let me tell you, when we
dissected chickens in biology
I got an A."