

Offal Sick

Best Of Poetry

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I have not eaten an animal in forty-two days
and I am dreaming of blood—of cow's ribs,

smoky and charred, from a stranger's plate.
I pose as a waitress so I can steal the bones,

not thinking of Earthlings, or of the animals
at the State Fair. Not until I awake in horror.

In another dream, I pinch the breading
from a piece of Kentucky Fried Chicken,

telling myself I'm being virtuous. Then I gnash
at the breast, juicy with antibiotics and salt.

I order sweetbreads at a fancy restaurant
and savor them long after closing time,

wiping my fingers on the white tablecloth.
Never in my waking life has the thymus gland

of a sweet, tender lamb passed my lips, but in this,
my perverted slumber, I relish the transgression.

I carry a plastic bag of roast beef, pooling
in its own fluids, through the grocery aisles

of the mind. My muscles, sick of cherry-flavored
B12 and protein powder, shiver with lust.