

ONE MAN'S MEAT

C.B. Anderson

You like yours overcooked, but I prefer
mine rare. A salad—or perhaps a nice
melange of Asian veggies lightly stir-
fried, served beside a bowl of steaming rice—
would make a meal for you, but would for me
no more than whet an appetite for mounds
of throbbing flesh still desperate to break free.
I love a football game that's filled with sounds
of bodies being bruised, but you're at home
at galleries, museums...or a chess
match. Is one of us short a chromosome,
or is it just how we were raised? Confess,
although I will, my tastes lean toward the crude,
at least I don't do yoga in the nude.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 1 2007