

Mather Schneider

SHOOTING THE CHICKENS

My dad can't answer their eyes
when he axes their heads off

so he stands at the thin edge
of the yard where they run free,

one eye closed, left shoulder
hefting the rifle, forefinger

beckoning till it's blue. No
clouds, but the thunder & lightning

drop the birds like civilians,
faces pressed into the mirrors

of their own pooling blood, so
quiet amongst the poor clucks

of the still living. We say fuck
plucking them, instead hang

them by their feet and pull
their skin down whole to find

out who they really are,
before devouring them.