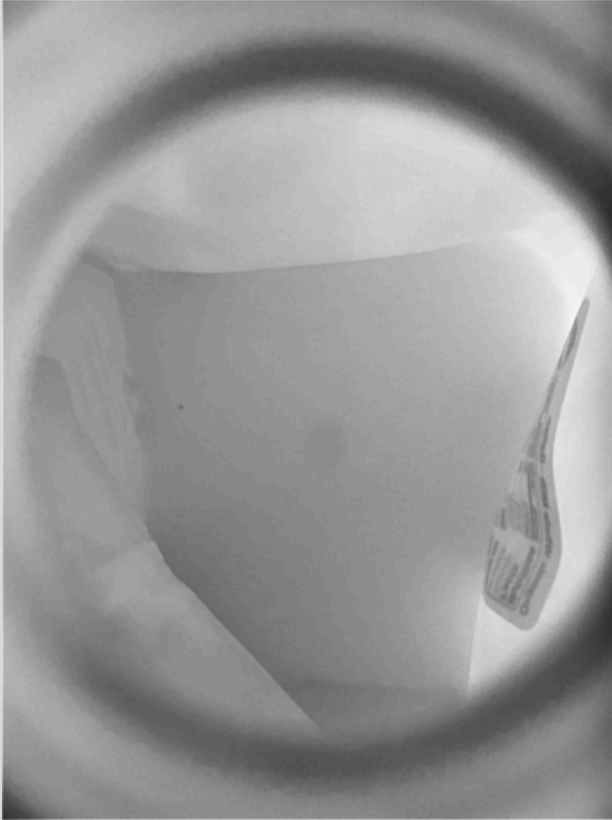


Abattoir Vol. I

Abandon sentiment all ye who enter here



Tanvi Bhandurge

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handler

I captured wood in my hands net
before I ate checked on
the beat—

metamorphize or
metabolize—
does not matter to me.

Slaughterhouse days
longer than godless,
biological progenitor?

Need the steel to the lock,
open up the brazen horn.

tremble.

tremble.

tremble.

dead prints in a hay haze.

I captured fleece in the gate before
I killed the beat.

one-hundred pounds.

two fleshies, one stone.

two-hund—

the wider, the wider, god behold it James,

the wider.

the better.

meat, oh ode to carnal strip.

I handled it alright,

Umma cook, my meat, cook,

my dumb milk calf

Two patties.

ante-mortem

breathless in the aftermath,
fed in the present—
but am I not both?
remember the slit?
electron--electron?
alive and dead?
known and soon to come?
as the stick prods
inward
hands grab.

I wonder—do you
know, like I do,
what it was like
when you ripped me open
with your eyes?

today is the beginning
of human-ordained
black
my cow body is an incubator,
for you.
eat up, eat up,
mangé mon chère!

inspect me as you always
do
tell me a couple things,
am I plump enough for
you?
do I get the honor
of a mercy gun?
do I have it all,
all that your hunger
is looking for?

dead and alive?
alive and dead?
ante-mortem—
but post-it?

I know it's the same,
cyclical things
spinning poles,
all over again.

flayed epidermis sticks out
in the tide,
splinters resurface from
bone grain.
parts boiling in the
whitening son,
you could not look at my face
when I was
speckled belly up.

grey gripped
powder pellets,
no metaphorical noose,
shot a magazine
into dull cracks
and exited, clean
came out
and filled,
I was lean.

shredded into salt
do you like
seasoning?

sea bed rising,
El Nino left.

waterboard
in non-stick
forty years punctured
when will you—
inhale to end?

my remains rotting on
the east egg
cover your nose
near the lagoon
the vultures fall
waterboard two

your jeans are clanking
your chrome is complicit
Igor



hotwater ripped of flakes

flak?

black flak
in an aneurysm swing
dead girl—
and dead things.

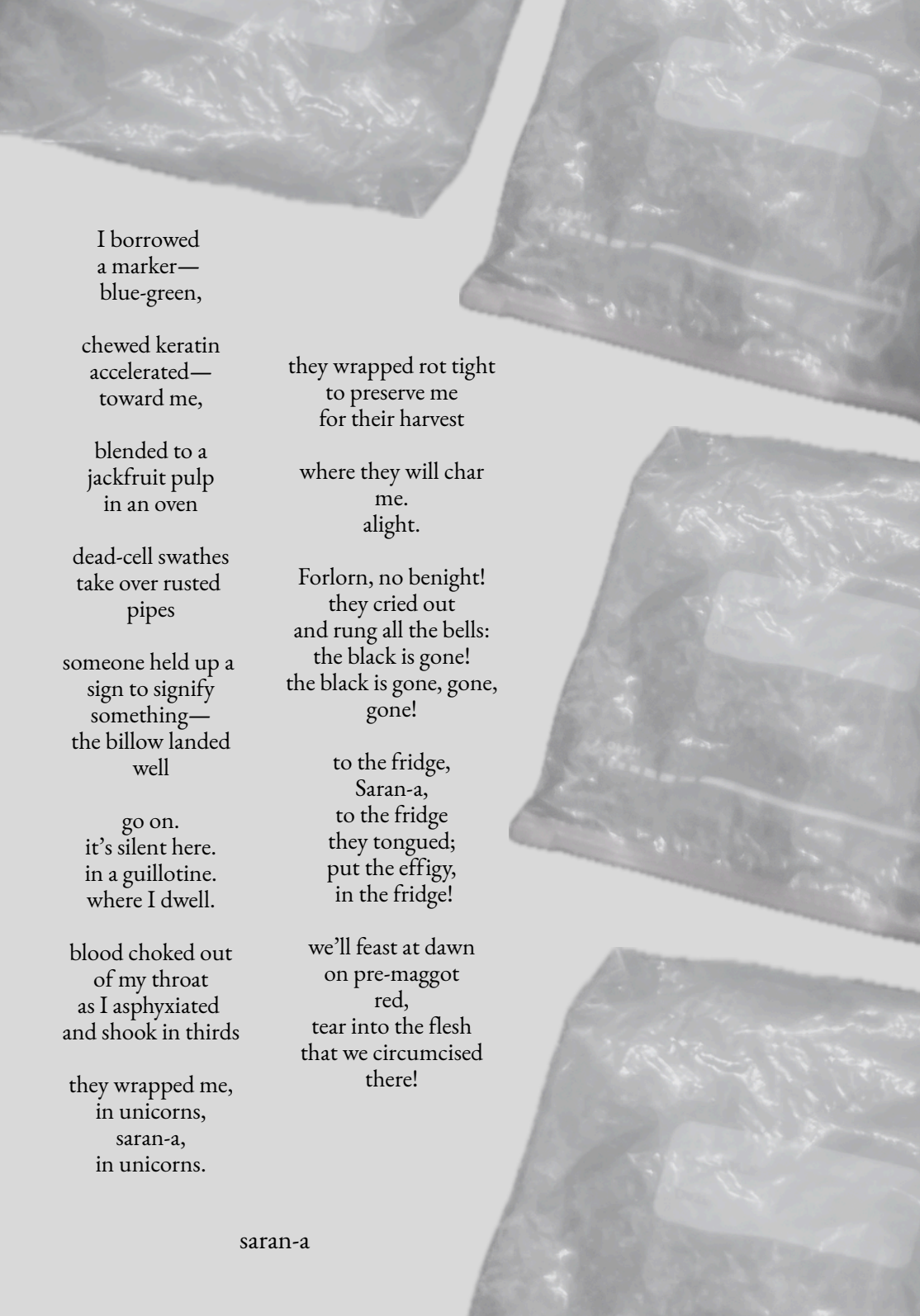
cleaned out
apartment rooms
rushed over
at half passed
Two.

shroud covered
in cloudy skies
people walking
with Dengue flies.

eat a daugther,
tell a lie
sell me plastic
with oh, mother
I?

precipitate matter,
and release the cryptid,
saw what you ate
and what you distanced.

someone's flying over
Harbor
picked it.



I borrowed
a marker—
blue-green,

chewed keratin
accelerated—
toward me,

blended to a
jackfruit pulp
in an oven

dead-cell swathes
take over rusted
pipes

someone held up a
sign to signify
something—
the billow landed
well

go on.
it's silent here.
in a guillotine.
where I dwell.

blood choked out
of my throat
as I asphyxiated
and shook in thirds

they wrapped me,
in unicorns,
saran-a,
in unicorns.

they wrapped rot tight
to preserve me
for their harvest

where they will char
me.
alight.

Forlorn, no benight!
they cried out
and rung all the bells:
the black is gone!
the black is gone, gone,
gone!

to the fridge,
Saran-a,
to the fridge
they tongued;
put the effigy,
in the fridge!

we'll feast at dawn
on pre-maggot
red,
tear into the flesh
that we circumcised
there!

saran-a

calcium splinters

late.

I am late.

the calcium splinters

in my face.

flower gauze

is the last I see

before the bloodletter

turns on me

no scalpel,

or floss,

just raw knuckles,

blacklisted from

my womb-maker's lips

how could you brood me,

a parasite laying eggs?

and slap my teeth?

how could you copulate;

with intention of me,

breed me like things of

biology—

into your dirty, dirty realm

shoot me captain!

i ate flesh at the ditch!

you violated me,

creator in violence

as all are

when you murdered me

in birth

you ask for sacs

from me;

I desire none

you'll try

to take me.

calf

eat.

baby.

beat?

calcium splinters

were my teeth.

what could possibly go wrong

what could possibly go wrong

you want a thigh?

rip-off
flesh sacks
derivation from
composted
governments and
contracts

turn around
then come back
bear my oval
and you—
you beat a thing
then I die quick
like a bee sting?

my thighs are yours,
and so are the utters
clean to the bone
when oaths mutter


voyeur,
consumer,
customer,
human galore!

you want a thigh!
come have some more!

you ate
while you breaded and
injected
in the ass
to impregnate me?

part of your econ-omy
now you'll sedate!
closers wear tricks
and hold heavy rakes
write taxonomy
in ledger
the Fike
wrote in lyrical
precision:

I fuck bodies
and I require your prison



eight p.m. EST

diner hits plates
early—
eight strikes clock, EST
~~man~~ child,
time line of purple
yells: fuck you.

in Hindi.
finish it.
finish everything.
And so you consume.
You dispense.
You whisper
not cultivationist mythology
or a womb's marriage lies
not divine brown matter
but,
raped shells
tails forced in
boiled eggs at ten
like you
at the doctor's,
waiting

The Author

Tanvi Bhandurge is an emerging poet and writer in the state of Georgia. Tanvi focuses on a variety of themes from repulsed aromantic asexual identity to the brutal reality of the universe, weaving together rage, hatred, into something that calls for obliteration of hegemonic, oppressive systems in order to achieve liberation.

Abattoir Vol.1

This poetry volume dissects the meat industry, both literally and allegorically, exposing where meat truly comes from: sadistic hedonism. Red flesh bleeds into themes of compulsory sexuality particularly on those who reject its premise entirely, heavy anti-natalist sentiment, reflections on generational child abuse in immigrant households, assault, atheist thought, and the medical pathologizing of repulsed aromantic asexual bodies, to confront you with the foundations of human nature: oppression, subjugation, and the cognitive dissonance we carry in our hunger, our cruelty, and our ability to rationalize both.