

Intrusive Thought Slaughterhouse

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I find there to be a gorgeous intimacy about the death which occurs inside the walls of a slaughterhouse. I love that the obliteration of a living thing in a slaughterhouse is not pretty. It's bloody, it's gross, it stinks, and it does not pretend to be anything else. I find the bluntness of a slaughterhouse's purpose to be a refreshing respite from the sanitary image of the world around me. A slaughterhouse has only one purpose: to murder a living creature for money. I wish I were an animal in the slaughterhouse.

The animal that I would be does not truly matter. Regardless of breed, or the origin of my farm, all animals come to a slaughterhouse with a distinct purpose. The butcher's job is to turn the spirit-filled beauty of an animal into an indistinct cut of meat. There is no sharing or showing of emotions, neither abject hatred nor pure indifference. The hands of the butcher send no feelings to the cold, metal, press of a captive bolt pistol against our foreheads. The pulling of the trigger against the skull commences the cacophonous symphony of ringing, where the animals can watch and feel everything, but cannot bleat, wail, scream, or sob.

I want to be an animal in the slaughterhouse, to experience what it is like to have my final, dumb, breaths fueled by fear of impending mutilation. I can so vividly imagine my body, hung upside down by a hook punctured through my feet. A bladed instrument brandished by the tight, disembodied, hands of the faceless butcher will vertically bisect my torso, and I will bask in the relief of feeling terror for the last time. I know this feeling will be promptly subdued and subsequently sedated by an onslaught of adrenaline, allowing me to accept my death whilst I watch a determined cavalcade of fire ants evacuate my joyful corpse of weeping arteries, and make their pilgrimage into the hungry fluid-collection drain below me.

As a human, I cannot reasonably rid myself of the hateful flesh which entombs my perpetually in-motion tissue-neuron puppet. But, if I were an animal, awaiting execution inside the impersonal walls of an abattoir, I would be liberated from my entrapping epidermal layer, as it would be the next step in the metamorphosis of my body into a consumable product. Marrow would drain out from my bones, and my organs would spill, but all the edible parts would be saved for later.

There is a familial connection to be found in not only the butchery equipment used to

dismember, but in the hands which hold the hacksaw. There is care in my dissection. The surgically precise lines, steadily etched into me from the butcher's artful hand can turn the architecture of my pale, hideous, corpse into dozens of beautiful half-pound cuts of myself.

I am nothing more than meat on the shelf; with each fragmented part of me suffocating beneath a blanket of plastic wrap atop a mattress of Styrofoam. I was once an animal, whole, and spilling with light, a cohesive being with a pulse and a primitive consciousness. I am a shattered shell of this now, and as miscellaneous parts of me doze underneath a frigid aurora of fluorescent lights, I sit indefinitely and wait for hands to take me. I fantasize about meeting the stubborn indifference of flame, and experiencing the sensation of grinding, gnawing, teeth against my gristle. I think about pain as deliverance from the mundanity of death. I think about the choosing and purchasing of what is left of myself; for somebody to want me and to give me value. I wish I were an animal in the slaughterhouse.