

Mathew's Sonnet 1

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Don't ask. Really.



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Only ever in the chicken houses
Strangled hens do not squawk and cry for help
Not that it matters, the keeper will not rouse
He was silenced, without even a yelp
The sun dawns on Anderson's chicken farm
No crows, no clucks, not even a rustle
They will not be found, for done is the harm.
Outside people work, lives full of bustle.
The most deep rooted question now is, why?
Why would they choose to do this to themselves?
There is one clue, but it's surely a lie.
Feet and legs dangle from the blood-stained shelves.
With a clap, a roar, only one reason.
Their lives were theirs, and to them were their lives.

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