

the pleasure of your meal may pass: out unto your viewer

been Following these furtive weeks Mark Wiens,  
Spice Fiend.

am loving his élan when he ogles at the spoonful,  
and his skin seems clean: so my appetite survives  
thru his oddly huge face going mmm over curry.

■ skin clean, so keeps abay my thought of all the  
MEAT-GREASE seeping from his glands

i wonder if, enjoying him, i've outsourced eating  
meat; as he outsources slaughter & the kitchen prep.

After Life we're far above the feeding, as i  
figure - that Death's a trixy needle-hole and  
food's a hunky camel, thank-u camel - go be  
free now!

yet **watching** is no sin, i pray: that Heaven has its  
hedonistic travelogues, its Foodie vids, an easy-  
scroll array.

Wha-wuh Jesu dü? also: **How to hold thy Fork &  
Spoon** if angels be thy Viewer?

**Manners** help the Show you'll see when Life is cut  
& printed! the pleasure of your meal may pass, out  
unto thy Witness.

- iz bad to crowd yr plate, to hide the shot, mess a  
close-up.
- chopping up yr neighbors lacketh grace.

the shank of lamb you hack & gnaw - your  
pleasure sticks & garbles in your craw -

it shall not pass!

my father in his later years is rather like THE  
SANTA CLAUS [der ਸੰਤ ਕਲੇਸ] -

and loves The Iron Chef!

in strolls along Gerrard Bazaar, he pauses at the  
eatery that we didn't just come out of - he's  
squinting thru his specs at the menu on the glass.

a son of old Kashmir, from the Land of Nine Meats,  
he'd commandeer the kitchen on a Saturday of  
guesting - hacking up chicken legs grimly at  
the butcher's block, brewing yakni curry into eve  
while we cleaned.

now he shakes his craning head - aghast he is,  
perplexed.

gaawd, so much MEAT! he sez.

it draws him still, these offerings. i wouldn't  
say he craves it but a fascination lingers. his  
gut remembers, clenches in a reflex of digestion  
- o he'd stroll in PEACE this hindu street, have  
noble thoughts - but all this MEAT!

WHO SAID THIS, TO BRING ME CALVES? THE BLOOD OF  
BULLS I'VE HAD ENOUGH, THIS TRAMPING OF THE

TEMPLE COURT<sup>1</sup> -

but Father it was U, they plead. U who said to send  
it up - the best of herd, the choicest piece!

the smoke sent up from Censer, this was no inert  
abstraction! the fire broke up mammal bod to  
molecules of flesh so His olfaction might ingest  
it -

YR TEMPLE WAS A BARBEQUE FOR GOD, U SIMPLE SAVAGES!

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah 1:11-12: a wrath he soon embodies in his Son, with a whip.

today he'd say: send me up your cooking shows,  
please.

yet they, too, commission death: their dishes draw  
the slaughter and they frame the meat temptingly.  
they get us all to mmm & aah the ad.

even were it CGI, a show would not refer without  
a rich historic context - a cooking show  
evokes our prior feeding.

and what could V in VR mean? the V we'd drop,  
we'd soon forget. hedonically, it's real enough:  
our action there would matter.

our world *is* that other world: a VR we enjoy  
from High!

oh but it's a later thought, a thought for time  
of luxury!

our world *is* that other world: we're always  
there, we never left!

entitled thought, a risky thought -

till every cage is empty!



