

Arcimboldo

What carnage in the bowels when beef goes bad!
You're sitting in the kitchen of your dreams
Tonight, sleep-eating, when the meat, run mad,
Slaps back together along its bloody seams:
The *tête de veau* squeaks on the shoulder cuts,
Slabs of rump roast smack into buttocks, it's
Working you through the snake pit of its guts,
A banquet hall now, where the Fire God spits
Out sparks and shrapnel... The gestalt-faced Cook
Serves you in gobbets on a grappling hook,
Spilling some blood... *Look what a mess you made!*
Bellows the god. His eye-wicks redden—death
Booms from the guns of his arms—you gasp for breath—
The pin drops from your heart's fat hand grenade.

