

Meatiocrity Speaks, with a Running Commentary

An Anti-Epic

Respectfully dedicated to those heroic animals witnessed running from the slaughterhouse.

by David Clare

1. Accounting for the Unaccountable: Problems of Meatiocrity

Factory farms pack them in
long before “the packing house.”
Free-range creatures never range
too far from the slaughterhouse:
Daughters and sons
killed in the House of Death.

“Don’t bug me with no
veal crate,
Bugs ‘n’ maggots there?...”
(Riding waves of filth.)
“I feel great!
I got m’meat!”

“I’s an urban *cowboy* –
or
even more *progressive!*
cowgirl!
Cow culture:
such *romance* to that...”
His inner being intimates:
May the herd be my shepherd.

Meat’s not healthy
It cancers stealthily
Hearts clog wealthily
rich in fats
fated deaths
fetid breaths
fêted banquets of death
for them
...and also for *you?*

Hearts stopped against the free-flows
of compassion.
“Those *other* ills? They make me *sick*!
Stop talkin’ ‘bout ‘em.
Damn you!
I’ll still eat my meat! I will, I *will*!”

There are no excellent meat-eaters,
only the meatiocre,
who trivially might excel themselves
or each other.
No excellence re meat
– with no remeatiation –
with *Homo sapiens* meaning
“man the wise” –
women
can be meatiocre too.
These *Homo whatever* are
not *thoughtless*, just lesser thoughts
not *heartless*, just fresser hearts...
Thinking congested with flabby thoughts,
Hearts congested with fatty cholesterol
Oh, hearts in *jest* about mighty compassion!

We sometimes learn of a not-infrequent self-destructing
of Ego the Destroyer.
But look, is Narcissus going to look up from his reflecting pool,
seeing others, now a lesser fool?

When the animals *suffer* and *die*
The meatiocre mind does not
fully register these facts.
If it did, it
might cease to be meatiocre.

“Violence? Talk some sense!
The meat section is *daintily* nonviolent...”
Not Dantely atrocitous?
“Do not violate my dignity...”
(as one of the meatiocre)
“...By referring to my diet
as *violent!!!*”
Dignity digging yourself into an
early grave with health problems?
never dignifying those animals with graves,
let alone *lives*...

But even more gravely, there could be no
earth to serve to *bury* the Earth.

You can't be green if
you don't eat your greens
unless green means *naive*!
Factory farms manufacture
ecocide.

All the cow farts
outclassed, outgassed
by the brain farts
of the meatiocre!

“**You’re** cruel to describe
me as cruel.”
(It’s meatiocre to consider
animals last, you see.)
“Hey, I’m so cool, man,
a *stone-cold* consumer in fact.
Mercy me!”
Meatiocrity.

2. *Epic Excuses*

“Humans have priority!”
A special fraternity/sorority.
“*This* human’s got priority...
m’meat, m’meat, m’meat!
Meat above all, below all, beyond all:
m’meat, m’meat, m’meat!
I could respect animals too, but why *would* I?
I’ve got a big gut instinct that says I’m right.”

“You make the plants
suffer and die don’ you?
Ain’t broke no laws
‘cept break your moral law
over my knee in my
little fantasy.”
Kneel before me,
the meat industry
silently implores us.

Why so unpleasant to eat a pheasant?

We're all animals here.

“I’m no criminal, eating as I do.
On future law books you say?
Not in *my* future!
Me, I’m gonna eat m’meat.”

“Who are you to
dictate t’me
anyway?
My way doesn’t
dictate to anyone.
I am dictated by my reasons
(not to say my appetite)
through all my proud seasons
and gentle seasonings.
Dictating to animals?
That don’ matter!
Grabbing the meat pack
is pure *freedom*; ain’t no *dicktator* – ha!
Hey, *I’m purely a consumer*.
I don’t deal with animals behind
those scenes
in meat section heaven.”
See no hell! Hear no hell!!! Speak no hell!!!
Meanwhile: *Heil Hell!*
“So why should *I* feel guilty?
when I’m so fucking innocent?!?”

“Don’t say it’s addiction –
better watch your diction.”
Meatiocrity: a *new* word for a dictionary about Hell,
The Hell that is the Big House.

Mass meatia
doesn’t get out the straight
facts about meat –
the messy logic and tedia are
econologic not ecologic.

The Ad Council
would add the counsel
to the advice carousel:
“Don’t offend animals sponsors
too much
with offensive truth or goodness.”

The Golden Rule?
Avarice rules,
McIndulge-a-Vice
for cheap!
So dear the costs
for worse-than-accosted
beastily treated beasts.
The Big House –
the buck stops here.

“No matter what you say
I’m still gonna eat *my* meat.
My is properly *property* –
a social arrangement.”
Anti-social derangement?
Society *can* include animals,
with no *canned* animals –
you know...
Don’t you...?

The meatiocre theorists
are stubbornly middle-brow:
neither high-brow vegans
nor low-brow plebians.
Yet they’re bowling gutter balls
with all their ballsy statements,
failing to strike the chords of reason.

Their philosophers suffer from folly
suffer the children
suffer the adults
suffer the adult children meatiocrities
Suffer the adult, children
beasts –
not *best*, of course
– or maybe *courses* –
but *meatiocre*.

Meta-ethics replaced by meat-ethics:
“I’ll eat my meat and that’s it.”
Definitions of moral terms replaced
by deafinitions
Deafining:
animal well-being,
unnecessary suffering,
and *justifiable*.

Blindsiding the animals of course(s)
so easily with blindsight.
Justification replaced by musty mustification
of meat-eating.
Theory models being shoved aside for
leery muddles – all beside
“my meat” –
Accursed normative ethics condemned to
the abnormative.
The abnorms
of gratuitous suffering and death.
“Gee, *suspect* or *worse* I may be,
but I ain’t no crook.
Skepticism? Oh yeah, if I *skip* what’s
beyond m’meat.”
Corrupt reason?
And at the outer extreme,
prion-porous brains?

They don’t kill – nor have killed – their meat
in (self-)defence, one of
the paltry few justifications left
for violence to **humans**.
Speciesism?
“Hey, I defend *my self* against
those fucking vegans –
Hey, put up your dukes!
Dance to the jukes
of my meat, ma meat
moo meat...Ha haa!!!”

“My meat is part of
my religious observance
whether I figure on God or not.
Blind beyond m’meat
almost,
‘ceptin’ for certain...*rationalizations* –
but hey, that’s *rational*, right?”

“Dogma, dogma, dogma
Ma! Don’t they eat *dogs* in Korea?”
At core, *mens rea*,
mea culpa with the cows too?
“Tell me, Ma, I wanna know...
...but I might not fully *believe* it.”

“M’meat, muh meat
Ma I eat
just like you tol’ me –
just like that.
Justice doesn’t enter into it...”
(It exits out of it.)
“Life ain’t fair
Death is fair
It comes to us all...”
After a fair form of life?
“Again, why should *I* feel guilty?
when I’m so ***fucking innocent?!?***”

“They have no souls
in m’meat, m’meat, m’meat.”
The beat the beat the beat
till the heart no longer beats.
Abatoir is from the French
abattre, to beat.
Suffering without souls?
Better souls consider it.

“Some say they have no minds,
but *I* am not mindless,
I proudly own what you call *meatiocre*,
extending my mind to reason...
I got m’reasons.”
The dull only have reasons
explaining their acts
like *anything* has a reason.
“I excel them
I excel the vegans
bring them on!
I am far from the madding crowd,
as Hardy put it...”
(*near* to the mad crowd
in the Big House
though s/he sees it not)
“No Big House prison
for *me!*
‘t’ain’t murder,”
(hopefully neither tainted slaughter)
“Ain’t nuthin’ but m’meat...”
Do you *eat* before it rots?
before it stinks?
Too late: it *always* stinks.

“Love the animals?
I *adore* m’meat –
A door to Heaven, bliss, peace.”

Pieces...

The term *bless* is from animal sacrifice,...
Hell hath no heroes?
Well, the meatiocre are no heroes
yet neither do they introduce themselves as *villains*.

“I’ll keep eating meat I swear.
I *do* –
I swear at the vegans
Them bitches ‘n’ assholes!
(I don’t eat meat assholes, do I?
Don’t eat bitches like in China
– *do I?*)”

3. Meatiocrity

The meatiocre don’t excel
to speak of.
But at *least* they use *justifications*.
The naked “my meat” crowd
Have minds crowded out with
the emptiness of ignorance.
“Even more...more and more
meat! Gimme my meat...
Don’t care what you say
Don’t care ‘bout sows
or any of ‘em really.
Sucker if you do
care about veal calves
or any of ‘em.”

The meatiocre don’t excel.
Their lust for meat as dirty dull
as *Sex sells*.

Still, the *meatiocre* get a star
for their meaty meatiocrity:
Outstanding!!!
They really stand out
a *star* that burns their victims
orangey-yellow.

Searing is the cattle-brand
for the Red Star Line in the packing house
(commercial names with stars in them help grease the gears,
but there is also red:
lots and lots of *red*.)
Red Star, so like the Blue Star of a wholly burned people –
including their survivors.

Meat used to mean just *food*,
but that was a *long* long time ago...
Now we have seen meatiocrity's
meteroic rise –
but its *limits* too.
Its Fall has started
And it may not be much
of a winner
past its Winter
of to-be-*history*.