

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Food Yuk

A timed exercise

by Fiona Dennis

The smell hits me like a wall of filthy oil that fills my pores, a suffocating blanket that stuffs my nostrils. I think of slime and gutters, red spattered white wellies.

I sit, arrange my feet and place my hands upon my lap. My back is straight, so straight, it's taught enough to spring me from the seat and backwards towards the door.

It is marched into the room, held high like John the Baptist's head, with cheers and sighs and cheery crashing of steel on steel. Teeth shine in anticipation of gnashing on flesh, the tearing of muscle, the ripping of limb from limb.

He stands to slice down upon the back of the bird, veering down the shoulder blade and hitting the china with a dull thud.

Hmm, well done, its moist, its juicy – its DEAD. Its pores seep transparent liquid – what is that fluid – lymphatic? tainted water? Urea-laden, does it taste of fear or abattoir?

“The parsons nose! The crispy skin, a bit of wing?” torn with a sickening crack, from the tiny, shiny socket – the wish bone- “let me fish it out” - from the shredded flesh. Gripping the slippery slender white bone twixt our weakest fingers, to mock its fragile tension, its ripped asunder, then wish - for peace - and kindness in the year ahead.