

Letter to butcher

By William Gomes

Dear butcher,

You were my friend of last, 27 years; I loved the meat you slaughtered.

I wait for the meat and enjoyed the meat that you have slaughtered.

I never taught the meat I had that comes to by table costing life.

I never taught on the meat where I was dancing with bear

And drinks that caused a tragic end of some lives.

My old friend, now I have to quite taking meat If I want to live,

So I have to bye to you and your slaughter house.

My old friend the taste of the meat is not the same , I cannot take , I tried to take , I can fell the life still crying , begging for the life , while you slaughtered the lives , enjoying the art of killing.

I am equally liable for the lives that you take because

I was the customer of your profession, so you are no more friends,

you are an ex friends and regular murder.

There is no problem although you are losing a customer, more than a friend,

I am customer to you.

There are many who will promote your service,

they will dance on your murder, bring professional logics, that meat is very essentials,

why you should keep murdering lives ,innocent lives ,

although the lives have done nothing to you and to your friends ,

it is their need or lust for meat and meats .

You are not alone my friends , there are some professionals , who wear nice dresses ,

they do not have the sharp blades in their hands but they do have very sharp pen ,

from the pen always the blood is shedding , they are worst then you ,

they even do the trade of human dead bodies. They sell the stories of sufferings ,

*they look how badly someone injured ,
how badly someone can die and how excellently they can present the death ,
they keep selling dead bodies and you keep selling the meat of dead.
So my friend, you are better and they are worst.*

*You compete with others but not with the animals that you
slaughter but they do slaughter the fellow human beings.*

*Some even inherent both killings human and animals ,
they are worst and they are the upper class my friend,
your customers are the rich people , poor people cannot think to buy your products ,
but my friends their products are poor and the customers are rich peoples .
You are better than them my friend, you never make the poor your products.*

*My friend, the upper class killers find out new
And throughout the olds in their business
but my friend you are better you look for the old and matures ,
but you are a killer as they are.*

*The upper and lower or middle all are same.
The killers are same, the products and by products brings them benefits.*

*You are better my friend you tie and kill ,
they are worst they don't tie but silently kills that people can see but does nothing ,
so they have a good gang to support them ,
they brings people from Bengal and send to Himalayans and to slaughter their by products ,
they sought for 3000 , even some people get ready to sell their kidney ,
they keep calling other slaughter
and seat in the board of directors in the east or west all slaughters are same .*

*My friend you please join them ,
they will fund you and some meat lovers will buy meat ,
more meat and dance ,*

a mad dance more selling of your and their .

*Keep killing and I will not be your friend or your friends friend.
Your friends will now take their pen to kill me,
you are better you will not take your sharp blade to kill me.*

*My friend keeps fighting with life near
the morgue they send a beast of Bengal to Himalayan.*

*You are better my friend. You don't slaughter the dead,
but they do, it's the art of killing they have, but you don't have.*

*You are butcher but what I can call them,
who are upper, class you or they.
Now tell me, butcher, what I should do?
who will judge or I will be judged?
Both of will keep practicing your art of killing but the time is coming,
the products and by products and your customers will do the same,
what you do then or what you will do now?*

Listen the screams, you killers!

Listen the screams for life!

This is my first poem; I dedicate this poem to prominent butchers and slaughter houses.

<http://nicholasgomes.wordpress.com/2011/10/23/letter-to-butcher/>