

# Hysterectomy

by Katie Southerland

I bind her front hooves together  
with rope as strong as the calluses on my hands.  
I hang her carcass from a steel beam.  
With a knife, I slit her stomach  
to expose her meat and her heart.

I sit on a metal stool and collect her insides in buckets,  
placing long pieces of organs on old newspaper.  
But ready to be thrown in a black trash bag  
are her ovaries and eggs  
that lay between my fingers.

I'm in torture as I discard the eggs.  
They rupture as they land.  
Then when all is gone, the bag tied at the ends,  
I view her hollow body.  
Her belly is no longer bloated with what could have been.