

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Farah Ghafoor: "The Goat"

Farah Ghafoor · Wednesday, October 16th, 2019

*Jack Grapes Poetry Prize 2019 finalist selected by judge Alexis Rhone Fancher*

The extraordinary imagery of this poem, its technicolor brutality, spectacle and regret, and its remarkable ending impressed me from the first reading and kept me coming back. I loved its constraint and musicality. Astonishing.

— Alexis Rhone Fancher

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### The Goat

What should I have said to the man  
in my grandmother's backyard after  
he emptied its head bright into scorched  
grass? Maybe: *why isn't there any blue*

*before the blood browns* or *I'd rather*  
*not have watched*. That afternoon, I ate  
well and my heart was satisfied  
beating alone. Tell me how it is to crave

this touch and take it. Your hands on flesh  
rising to meet you, opening  
up so willingly and closing

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around the cleaver. I wouldn't

know. Someone could love me

and I would seize, expose mooned eyes,

take to closed doors and welcome

home the short breath. This year has

not made me a butcher. I can laugh

in front of my grandmother at picnics

with blood in my throat, remain good

in the sun, around kids.

I clean up after myself, barbeque

what is left after the guests leave.

Throw the scraps to the dogs and watch

as they're torn apart.

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