

## Steak

---

*LEO HABER*

Dry-aged for three weeks or eight, hanging  
in a refrigerated room, the moisture seeping out,  
the body toughness crushed, this is about  
dying, the kind of dying, the kind of mangling  
that serves the greater good. O strong nutty  
taste of porterhouse cooked on the juicy bone,  
strips of sirloin with touch, tang, tone  
of bloated beer halls, murderous men, slutty  
women, a congeries of violences that no wisp  
of lettuce or sprig of myrtle or faint smell  
of garden fragrances could adequately address.  
I sit congealed in my own juice; I lisp  
in retching admiration of powers of hell  
that order our lives and manage our daily mess.