

Bruce Bennett

THE HORSEMEAT RESTAURANT

We were eating our lunch at the horsemeat restaurant while they were killing a horse in the kitchen.

We could witness it through the open space in the wall separating the dining area from the chefs and the hissing stovetops.

The horse had been positioned with his neck over a basin, and the throat had been cut. Blood was sloshing into the container.

The waiters were immaculate in white, and the presentation was impeccable. There were hamburgers and sausages, but also tender strips of steak and exquisitely thin *carpaccio*.

The horse was standing splay-legged, and would certainly have fallen, were it not for the apparatus rigged from the ceiling.

Occasionally, diners would glance up, but would quickly return to their conversation. There was that, and the *clink clink* of silverware against china, and the constant clicking of glasses.

If the horse made any sound, no one could hear it.