

If Chickens Could Speak

by Andrew Kirschner

I am a chicken.

I have the same five senses as you: I can see, smell, touch, hear, and taste.

I experience pain, misery, loneliness, and happiness.

I like to socialize and enjoy time with my family and friends.

I am intelligent and follow a pecking order.

I can recognize other chickens by sight and smell.

I nest and nurture my young.

I chirp dozens of vocalizations and speak my own language.

I have a long-term memory.

I like to sit in trees.

I run towards food because I enjoy eating.

I am scared of loud noises.

I have a purpose in this world just like you and yet

I am the most disrespected and mistreated animal on the face of the earth.



I am a chicken

I am crowded in a warehouse where I am unable to move freely my entire life.

I do not ever see the light of day or breathe fresh air

unless I am being transported in a truck

where I will often die from cold weather or heat stroke.

I sleep in my own faeces or the faeces from cages above that fall on my head.

The majority of humans show no regard for my life.

They ascribe no reason for my existence beyond being tortured and killed for food.

They show me no mercy but ask for it for themselves and those they love,

including their own animals they keep as pets.

I wonder how they can say that they can't watch someone slaughter me

but can still bring themselves to pay someone to do it

and eat me.

I wonder if they will ever see the irony of calling themselves animal lovers

I bet if they met me and got to know me

and held me on their lap

they wouldn't eat me.