

The Blood Drained Cows

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Who Will Love The Blood Drained Cows?

Too many cows, too many unexplained mutilations. Too many lousy songs on the alternative radio playlist. Rock'n'roll sucked in a big way back in the summer of 1996, much as it does today in the waning throes of spring 1997. Even more so in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where lamebrain head-in-the-sand hippie retreads own the streets, bars and clothing stores. Bad chords, worn-out cliches, rasta dreads and pothead culture - the stale, stinking, anachronistic void of mediocrity now reeks on an entirely new level. Still, somewhere amongst fields of cholla and sagebrush, could there be signs of life? A rattlesnake takes for the shade of a Juniper and a stag beetle hides under a thin film of Triassic topsoil. Then there's the hairy, bearded, slow-thinker w/the Jerry Garcia tee shirt who was wrangled from his commune's shack ten miles north of Quemado, New Mexico. Abducted by alien visitors in the middle of the night, the ones known as Reptilians (lizard-like, ghoulish brutes), this poor schmuck had every orifice of his trunk savaged, probed and implanted. He was introduced to his bearded hybrid-alien children, then expelled thru an exhaust tube from the spacecraft's bowels. He hit the ground with a resounding THUD. A palpable stench welcomed him home - a nefarious, necrotic putrescence - and it swiftly seeped up nostrils that were now widely dilated. His furry head filled rapidly and excavated the contents of his stomach like flushed toilet water bound for the cesspool. The smell of death was everywhere. No mistaking it, this was a bummer of major proportions. WELL, it didn't just start with one cow - or even two. The rancher in Truchas, New Mexico (Mellagro Beanfield Wars) awoke to find a small herd butchered and drained. All the damn plasma was gone, not a drop left to fry an egg in the hot, unrelenting summer sun of the Blood of Christ mountains halfway between Taos and Santa Fe. There were rectums removed. Testicles and tongues cut out, surgically correct, beyond the technical savvy of the best veterinary minds and hands. And what was left? Just bloated beef viscera and bones to rot under the driving solar radiation at 8000 feet. An explanation? No-one seemed to care. So one was not offered. What did it mean? No-one had a clue. So there were no clues collected. In the long range scheme of things, none of this, though, makes any difference and the prospects of continued, isolated outbreaks of blood-spattered cattle (siphoning too), shall be regarded as high.