I AM SWALLOWING MY SORROW IN QUIET

I am swallowing my sorrow in quiet
polite invisible gulps. I am eating the
soup with a runcible spoon. My mouth
is filled with bitters and grief that have
sat for the season, first growing ripe
and maturing, then fermenting, and
finally turning rancid overnight. I
have taken my fill. I am spilling my
sorrow all down my front, though
the courses continue to come: a new
knife, a fresh fork, another fully-laid
table, and for these as for all thy gifts
Oh, Lord, let us be forever thankful.

WE CAN REBUILD HER, WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY

We can rebuild her, we have the technology
to create the product you want. One simply
keys it in and out she comes, dressed in white
with tattooed arms and the remains of light
in her eyes. You don’t want her thin? Well you
won’t want her fat. And you won’t want her
weeping or anything like that. So punch in
Peaceful, hit Content, make sure your order is
marked as Urgent, and we’ll send her over
first thing. (Just a word, be aware when opening
the crate she’s not fallen against the door.
Women sometimes lose balance during shipping
and handling, we’ve had complaints before.)