Jordie Albiston

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.

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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.)

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