



I reach for something stringy.

There's a lurch.

I almost have it.

There's a *lurch*.

**There's a lurch.**

It's fine. I've done this a thousand times before.

*Why is there a slowdown?*

It's fine.

There's a clump of scalp.

Stuck in the grinder blades.

*Fix it. There are mouths to feed.*

**There's a lurch.**

*We must resume production.*

It's fine. I've almost got it.

I'm pulling. There's something tearing.

*We are diverting more power.*

No! I'm—

The blades are starting their slicing again. The line starts moving.

*There's a lurch.*

A death grip on my hand. The rollers pulverize my wrist.

It's still clutching to the clump of scalp as it descends into the grinder.

My blood leaks into the mushy paste.

My humerus is being sawed away.

You'd reach out to me  
if you wouldn't be pulled in too.

Right?

I get pulled into the fleshy vortex.

My throat fills with what fed me my entire life.

All-you-could-eat.

It's ripping my ribs open now,

my neck is being *D* *C* *E*

*I* *D*,

It jams on my pelvis.

My ragged boots are facing the ceiling of floor B27.

Bits of my jumpsuit litter the meaty slop.

It adds some texture to the blocks.

You stare into the vat.

*Resume production.*

You don't even hesitate.

I don't blame you.

Wouldn't want you to go calm.

There's a lurch.

You push hard on my boots.

There's a lurch, and the rest of me goes churning.

and I turn

I turn

I churn

I turn

I churn

and turn

I churn