HARVEST NEWSPEAK

(on the misapplication of the word "harvest" to the murder
of seals, whales, deer, caribou, etc., etc., etc.,)

The harvest of amber waves of grain
is dead. The reapers gather sheaves of pain.
The winnowing floor is slick with blood,
and bones are ground beneath the wheel.
The dust of lies gathered into bags
is sold (along with un-used shame
for leavening) to make the loaves (such loaves!!)
which are fed into the squalling mouths
of hungry corporations and labyrinthine gullets
of governments while the spirits of
reaper, winnower, miller, and baker
die a little with each harvest
and they become the walking chaff.

Paulette Callen