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 shane 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.

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