

The Concrete Mixer

“Don’t you feel it?

Something’s going to happen to us.

They have some plan.

Something subtle and horrible.

They’re going to do something to us—I know

The women of this evil planet are drowning us in a tide of banal sentimentality, misplaced romance, and one last fling before the makers of glycerin boil us down for usage.

War is a bad thing, but peace can be a living horror.”

Yes, yes, how strange, how sad.

It sounds so much like

. . . a concrete mixer.