

Golden

by Cooper Renner

My pinkness is not at one hundred percent. I've seen the other men: all lined up together, no emblems, no bonus. Just stand there. No flinch, no stretch, no letting the cook get all golden about the chopping block.

Don't you see?

It was the program. We're all gizzards in Aunt Frawley's broth; every snout in the muzzle; the sweet scent of clover helpless against the ammonia. So I go all fraud on you, invite you to spread your finchly wings in my pasture. My gone embrasure, my slid gizzards.

