

The Perfect Recipe

by Jules Archer

They say oil and water don't mix.

Well, newsflash they still don't.

They taste good in a salad. Balsamic the perfect accompaniment.

But here.

Here, you toss them together, mix them up; concocting something that has no place. Feathers and oil-streaked fur their only flavor. A recipe woefully called “disaster”.

You treat them like I'm hungry.

Fix it.

You fucked up this appetite for too long.

