

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 24

Number 1 *Warning! May Contain Explicit Content*

Article 76

Fall 12-1-2003

Hungry

Tim Emmerling
College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Emmerling, Tim (2003) "Hungry," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 24 : No. 1 , Article 76.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol24/iss1/76>

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HUNGRY?

Tim Emmerling

Bob's body temperature lowered as the sublimated vapor inhabiting the room filtered through the tough fibers of his heavy coat and scraped against his chest. Through the cloudy breath he exhaled, he peered own tat the floor. It was decorated with random pieces of cold flesh that the other butches had left for the cleaning crew.

Bob continued walking forward while ceaselessly sliding on the strips of death strewn about the dampened surface. Approaching the grinder, he grabbed the piece of meat hanging for the metal noose. Its obese figure quadrupled that of his head, and cradling it with both arms raised felt awkward. His bare fingernails seemed to sink right into the upper portion of the defrosted tissue.

The carcass unleashed a nauseating scent, but Bob's awareness was blocked by the colorless paste profusely sliding out of his nose. Its rancidity had gone ignored for quite sometime now.

Hoisting the meat up, Bob proceeded to force feed it to the methodical movements of the metal jaws. Making a fist, he slammed won onto the piece of meat one last time to knock it into place, but somewhere down the line, his hand caught a sharp piece of metal. The cut snaked across the top of his hand, deeply, leaving a zigzagged pattern in its midst.

His genetics were pumped out onto the floor with each beat of his heart.

Bob didn't rush for the blood stained first-aid box hanging in the corner. For Bob was trained to recognize a good piece of meat by its deep red tinge. As an excellent asset to his company, Bob held his hand over the grinder and nourished the extruded beef.

END