



Gruesome Discovery at the 242nd St. Feeding Station

Having hopped from one warp to another
In the cubed queues at the algae troughs
And thus split into myself and other,
Although that damned green scum prodded coughs
Of incipient nausea, I still dared
Hope critical detachment on cellular
Levels would cause the thought to be unpaired
From its material doppelganger
And spare me gorge. Unfortunately the crush
Of feeders was such that mirages overlapped
And I found myself tongue deep in green mush
With appetite and aesthetic poles gapped
By hunger's spark and, from that moment, must confess
A swell of liking for the putrid mess.

—Walter H. Kerr