

gloucester grove shall let in light but keep out life

the man from Maple Leaf replied

We're serious about animal welfare -

yet he smiled.

i'd caught him mid-whistle with his blazer half-off & his collar coming open. i'd asked him if the birds inside were scalded still alive, like the ones on W5.

that was Maple Lodge, i know, a different firm.

my scowl said your suit is fine, for coming from a steamhouse. my face was shadowed crisply by my hoody, and my backpack carried what?

- his smile said you caught me, fine
- his smile said a company line
- why strain, his smile said, at 5:09 to feign it?

his smile was for all of this, and more.

smiles are for more, are an excess radiation!

- his smile was to buy him time, to slip into his car & call Security.

we split the pair from Garda World & slipped on thru the keycard door, but only found a pair of day-old downers.

the feet of these ridiculous doves, ripped off by the cursing Hangers - every day we saw these petals strewn. i Liked the vid of panting hens dying on the truck but at the vigil she was cooing in her crate, seemed calm. or cowed by the loud Machine that pulled her in as all looked on.

the lamb was freed in springy health, unfazed.

we stormed the slaughter, ended in a Truman Show breakroom with the sheepish staff, hands dug in their khaki pockets.

one behind was miming bustle, shuffling sheets & stapling till the cops arrived to let us off with tickets.

we stormed the slaughter, felt they often sympathized.

they knew that we were coming, but the scene was under-scripted, weakly improvised.

pushed thru hanging plastic to the room they clobber fish & boil lobster in, ended doors north

in Yan Tofu: a family-size soyarie that smelt, weird, of cow pens - a dank umami waft from the long galley kitchen where they brew it in.

the soybutcher, too, has a grey rubber apron but with creamy smears of condensate. wipes his hands, twist-ties & weighs my fresh cubes up. tries to get me out, but is bonded to the optics of the check-out. is not unpleased to see me, i gather from our pidgin, from our marketstall gesturing - bows abrupt, a bending of the stiff upper-body - a bodily apology for language's inadequacy - sorry, he is saying for his complicity, this actor on the payroll and a friend.

when i die, my many running queries will unite. all the weighted smalltalk, the ominous graffiti, the lyric heard wrong - i'll rapid-solve a cache of clues - o all shall turn to news that **it was vegan all along!**

smiles are for **more**, are for when we're dead and see the final Credit Crawl! **crunch of bone & slap** were but a **cabbage & an eggplant**, and fit the peppy outro song!

Word is saving gloucester grove, Word is saving
gloucestergrove.doc.

i'm back inside, home from all the horror. i'm
learning all the Foley tips, my Wiki-dive cueing
with the sounds of Y above: her little coughs &
cupboard-shuts, the underwater vowels of a dunking
dish.

i'm learning all the Foley tips, am down to FEET
and hear her ped the basement step:

For stair descent, artists stomp a marble slab.¹

she points a pudgy finger, her mouth a frozen AAW
- it's her **Ten Thousand Babies** who deride me,
decide me!

i try to hide in quiet work, in happy Sunday
studies but they mock-indict me, hound my day &
call me out!

gloucester grove shall let in light but keep out life.
shall blend the outside Show into a same throbbing white.

¹ Wikipedia: Foley / Filmmaking [paraphrase]

