

you Sir are a HACK - said a Georgetown U lab-hand

when the Commentary turns on me -

a lab-fellow baffled s/he Replies so harshly -

who grants s/he doth persevere yet cannot help
but say again,

Sir you are a **HACK** -

i listen, for this poster is my Angel w/ a Message -

i listen, for this poster is **possessed!**¹

■ to scramble our ID, to obfuscate our Plan, my
Angel sends me message by Antagonist!

¹ <https://astralcodexten.substack.com/p/a-look-down-track-b/comments>

my fast association: a HACK is **a writer**.

my second hit: **a writing**. a symbol-string that alters from within the Code it mimics.

i didn't **WANNA** comment but i did my awkward best defending mice among the lab hands. thus i got my Mssg: **you're a Hack, this is hacking**.

i do my solo duty and am answered with a clue to my Identity & Membership. i balk & hit back, earning **info on my Mission** - my Mission just completed [hitting back].

a HACK is what i am: grafted in a comment-roll of **mild-mannered Bayesians**. i mingle with the tech help, the benchworker chemists. decent [mostly] men: Calculating Altruists; vegan more & more, yet insane about the lab rat.

you could have won us over with an Argument s/he ends with - instead why you've resorted to **this POETRY, to THREATS!**

Scholar gone indignant-red, teary over frothy mug o' bitter oh how **COULD** u Paul, a **wolve among the knowledge-werk!** specs come off for wipe with hanky, head-shakey, sad.

my Messenger advises me: be a **GOOD** hack. follow SYS-protocol, keep to local script - **THEN** can we manipulate the Output!

CATTLE TRUCK HALTED mid-turn into the LOADING BAY. way!

a swarm of PISSED ACTIVISTS surround.

each hoisted fist is an EFF YOU & EFF YES: one for the murder, and one for the day's small success.

their chorus decoheres into INVECTIVES that compete with the truckhorn - has no one been arrested yet?!

am hanging back, observing from the curb with the COW-MAN, Chief among the cowhands, big-boned & strong with a full-brush moustache.

ABATTOIR CHIEF

protesting's fine, but when you interfere with business - when someone gets run over - s'that our fault?

CUTTERS hang watching from the sidewalk, enjoying this disruption in the day-shift. skinny young Jamaicans, stocky Europeans all agrin at the spectacle, trying to get their head around these pacifists.

CUTTER 1

people need to EAT, man they're DREAMin.

we're facing same way, so they might see it my

ME

if **your** friends were on that truck? you'd be out there screaming too. you gotta understand - these creatures are their friends.

the CUTTERS crack up, slap lap - this is grand!

CUTTER 2

damn bro, you with **them**? thought you worked across the street.

i smile, keep it friendly; a slightly sad **gotchya** / **gotme**.

CUTTER 2

you take care now, we gon slide over here.

we take it all in, we're reflective side-by-side
as the winter sun dips below the commie blocks
afar, aneath the hard grey line.

ME

"men killing cattle" - will it always
be like this? or could all be re-made,
i mean this whole site different?

ABATTOIR CHIEF

that could well be; it's not for me to
say. meantime we've a plant to run &
City to feed.

GINO now approaching, his bib smeared in gore.
the knees slow him down, so his paw holds long for
the incoming handgrab - the muscles hard to
tell from what's calloused, stiff, or swollen -

he's taking time to say hello, from killfloor.

we'd get our lamb, Gino SED - i say for all
- and so we DID! but Brenda's Jeep is humming,
saying C'mon let's get this puppy home -

she's worried they'll renege.

he holds a shrug, his palms weighing upward with
a notion now, the English slow-forming:

someday? this will all be GONE -

and arms sweep the lot of it - from pine along
the city line to cinderblock sheep pen.

So Gino Said it! - so i Second it, submit to
it - and all would Fade to White, we would all
dissolve in laughter but they're digging in
fearful of it eighty miles west of this, bolting
door, peeking thru the slats -

were we from PEETA?

all day, he's running scared, bullied by the
hulking brah who runs this place, who over-awes &
mocks his pussy Manager - this towtruck of a
brah draws power from the Macerator, power from
the virgin fear - must be his, the predatory
Harley double-parked out here.

can see him growling off before his shift is up
for jamborees with bruthers at related sites of
terror.

ARE YOU GUYS ALL FROM PEETA said the little guy,
squinting up, the hard-to-love CANTSTANDYA boss
- a chick and doesn't know it, working deep
inside the Hatchery. he did run out to meet us as
we stepped from Weezy's SUV with wild-weird
urgency - maybe thought we'd save him or we'd

take him back to Base -

but his fear ranneth over, triggered Flight into
the bunker where he's peeking thru the blinds til
police are on-scene.

