

They grind up racehorses and put them in pig meal. I know because my friend Lucille had a racehorse, and she told me that when he couldn't race anymore they led him to a shed and there was a great whirring sound and she never saw him again. I wonder if there's racehorse in my mom's bacon. I wonder if there's racehorse in me. The mane that Lucille braided, silky smooth; his broad pumping heart. Racehorse, they'll call me, and when I'm done the pigs can eat me up too.