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Turn blood into snow, humans into storks, straw into gold, oil into Crisco vegetable shortening. Someone somewhere said this will kill you—the elimination of carbon-carbon double bonds, a job done halfway, the remainder left for isomerization. Nothing feels quite the same as cutting through butter, or butter-like things. You're not sure what's going to kill you and what isn't anymore—how much it would've helped to have buckets of hydrogen and carbon and nickel catalyst, consider yourself an alchemist spinning flasks and pressure vessels, and when called down to dinner, consider how the scallions on the windowsill seem to grow forever, soaking in a cup of water, from nothing, from carbon. Edges snipped for color, sauteed in soy sauce, edges grown back the next day, transmuted, and you're still wondering how adding hydrogen seems lethal, when everything—water, air, energy—seem sourced from it, grown just to be cut back down.

Hydrogenation

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