Tortilla Factory sentences:

The black earth sleeps in the winter. But in the spring the black earth is worked by brown hands.

That plant yellow seeds. Which become green plants rustling in soft wind.

And make golden corn to dry in hot sun and be ground into flour for the tortilla factory. Where laughing people and clank clunking machinery mix the flour into dough.

And push the dough and squeeze the dough and flatten the dough.

And bake the dough into perfect disks that come off the machine and into a package and onto a truck and into a kitchen.

To be wrapped around juicy beans. And eaten by white teeth to fill a round stomach. And give strength to the brown hands that work the black earth. To plant yellow seeds. Which make golden corn to be dried in hot sun and be ground into flour.