



Fast Food

Unspecific face breaks into crinkle-cut

smiles of Heinz tomato ketchup packets;

cardboard box is sopped in beefy perspiration;

Sea salt-coated fries burn the cuts on my fingers,

but I don't stop and you don't know how to.

Wet mouth opens and closes, teeth

grinding mediocre burger.

Double patties, double buns,

mustard and mayo, o-rings of

onions loosely pair with

limp lettuce.

My stomach expands as you fill me full

of indigestion and other small things.

I undo my belt-bloat relief.

Your neon lights glare from my rearview mirror.

And the unspoken agreement is made.