

Food for Thought

by Emily Sparkles

I could never be a chef.
Preparing creations
that will merely be
consumed.

If I were a chef,
I'd have to create dishes
that required chewing
and chewing
and chewing.

I'd find it better for my dishes
to be destroyed
in the mouth.
Remembered for their difficulty,
even their unpleasantness,
than easily swallowed.

Digested without effort.
Forgotten as shit.

