

## Eating Words

a creamy white bowl plinks down on the kitchen counter  
plink  
clipping scissors shear the edges  
faint shugary story of news  
the bitter bran of worldly knowledge  
the ads that taste like marshmallows  
the thin pages melt in the milk  
of the TV show I'm watching  
until I drop my cold metal spoon  
and drink the dregs of newspaper

on my way to the bus, bursts, sharp and fruity  
coat my tongue in the flavor of phone games

crunch  
crunch  
the thin rustling pages hewn off the whole  
a slice of something filling, warm with intrigue, wholesome  
with complex words and varied sentence structure  
a little dry--but I'm still glad I brought my own  
the school lunch is a few oily pages of a magazine  
about finance  
which is never filling  
I'll stick with my slice of novel

in the next class, a treat  
the melodious pops and candy-coated flavor  
of a musical  
settles well in the stomach  
and fills me with energy for the rest of the day

a friend offers me  
brightly colored crinkling pages  
glazed with images and bright easy words  
"Probably the healthiest thing I eat"  
fried words get cold quick

at the end of the day, it's all I can do  
to wait until around 6  
and open up the wordy tome  
supplemented with last night's leftover poetry

the worldly knowledge fills and sustains  
encyclopedia, just a few pieces  
and some comics for dessert

a day's worth of food fills my brain  
for I spend all day exuding the excess  
and pulling the bright golden butter  
clarifying  
and making words of my own