

Mr. Smashface eats fast food at Supermarket # 9

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

“Now God,” Mr. Smashface calls me out by name.
I am sitting in a doorway real sick.
He pounds my head against some plastic game.
“One, two, three, four, nevermind, shut up quick.”
Before this my mom hit me with a brush.
I liked to eat at Burger King all day,
And watch cartoons and drink cold slush.
Put me in a corner, tell me to stay.
Now, Mr. Smashface turns on the microwave,
And asks me if I want a hamburger,
“No, can you turn on the TV and save
the food for later? Forget the burger.”
Soon it will be dark and God is real pleased.
So then he tells me the beef is diseased.

