

Pork Rinds

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

Johnny Rocket is on the I-pad, sad,
He says, "Game on, King me, the Queen"
Always "it", he eats pork rinds like mad,
"King him again" high on amphetamine.
In his sleep, ants come up from the floor board
to eat french fries, cola, their aorta spent.
The video is over with no game score,
their thin and jelly loose legs - gummy bear scent.
But this time he has no helmet to stream,
And now his plastic bag put to bed,
Johnny Rocket's hair smells like ants and cream,
"The Queen's face strictly well fed",
King him, with the kingdom come, eat oxycodone,
Stuffed with pork rinds and the ants' brains blown.

