

# Sestina McRib

*by Daniel Crocker*

Sestina McRib

When god pulled that bow of bone  
from Adam he couldn't have seen this  
coming. Or maybe he could. They say he  
sees everything coming. I don't.  
At least not until it's too late.  
And now the McRib

is back. Two dollars. It's not really a rib,  
that's the fast one. This boneless  
gift used to be sloppy, out of control. Lately  
its act has come together. This  
fist full of little problems. I don't  
want to sound sentimental, but Ronald, he

must have wept, how he  
must have wailed when the McRib  
was torn from his side. Lonely doesn't  
touch the lack of it. The missing bone  
so long a part of his flesh. This,  
you said, sauce on your hands, isn't real meat and later

that half-eaten sandwich tempts me. It's late,  
you are asleep, I am drunk, he,  
God, not Ronald, would deny me this.  
I eat anyway, devour it, the McRib,  
and the bone  
bleached gaze of the moon doesn't

make me feel guilty at all. I do not  
feel guilty at all. It's too late

for that. And of Adam, and his lost bone,  
I wonder if he  
missed it? Reached for it at night like the rib  
was there only to find this:

this  
empty pillow, this car full of empty wrappers. Don't  
dwell on it much. Think of the McRib.

Even now when it is getting late,  
try not to think of the way he  
must have felt, a sack of meat and missing bones.

I saw this coming too late.

Don't let its lack of bones fool you.  
Everything is falling apart except the McRib.

