

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.

