

I Scream

by Rene Foran

he sat in his truck
and watched her
watched her right there
at the picnic table
kept an eye on her
as she peeled back
the white paper liner
surrounding
her ice cream sandwich
breathing out slowly
as he half looked away
as she methodically tugged
wrapper from pleasure
like sunburnt skin
pinkies up
daintily
dear god, he begged
let there be, for her sake
a ream of paper
around that confection
an endless ream of paper
to save us all
from what comes next

