

Where Have You Gone, Honey Bear?

by Shawn Misener

I love you almost as much as I love the frozen food aisle. My heart palpitates every time I close a glass freezer door and watch as it fogs over. I swell with joy when pizza goes on sale and I eat nothing else for an entire week.

Your love is like a rail of fluorescent lights, so sturdy, so illuminating, so reliable. You light my path to the deli counter.

When I wake up and look to my left, will you be there with me, snoring like an asthmatic bear? Or will it be the sixteen bags of sliced roast beef I purchased last night in a fit of ecstasy? That's the thrill of it, the not knowing.

Where have you gone, Honey Bear?

