

Soft Serve

by Will Shade

Smooth slope-topped plateaus

Turn liquid as latex,
With ridgelines of pearls
That separate and run
At the rigidly textured
Patterned wafercone.
Edible scepter,
Its liquefying cap
Is strictly temporary
And mostly artificial,
A cloud-chasing-thunderstorm white
Like fresh ream freed from shrinkwrap
Or empty subway corridor.
Some advocate for the purer
Pleasures of summer,
But to me these additives
Make claims on old loyalties,
Its twirls are synthetic
And glorious.

