

# 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.

