The French-Fry Eaters

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The French-Fry Eaters

"Courage!" she said and pointed toward the arch, 
"This wheezing wreck will roll us foodward soon."
It was lunchtime, at last, in a land
In which it seems always eleven-twenty.
All around the arch the redolent air did sweat,
Heaving with the smell of ripened oil,
Fast-fooed in the August broil.

Bins they bore with enchanted food,
Laden with fishwich and fry, how many sold?
Pale faces pale against the gleaming chrome,
The mild-eyed French-fry eaters came,
Their voice was thin, as voices through a nose.
"Apple or cherry pie today?" their bleating cries did sound.

There is confusion worse than death.
They sat them down upon the yellow bench
Between the clown and Mayor McCheese.
Eating McNuggets one by one,
Mouthing the crisping ripples of the pickle
And the tender curving fries and creamy shakes.
"There is no joy but junk!" —
And two handfuls of white napkin shut in urns of steel.

In the hollow McDonaldland to eat and eat our fill,
Let us swear and oath and seal it with a fry.
No specialty sandwich or salad bar
Will entice us from the golden arches,
Girdled with their gleaming world.
What pleasure can we have with Wendy's?
Surely, surely Big Mac is more sweet than frame-broil.
O rest ye, brother junkies; we will not wander more.

Casey Sparks