

“Breakfast at Tiffany’s”

I pour the dead lady’s  
syrup over my gluten free waffles;  
(well its not syrup made FROM  
the dead lady obviously, but it sat  
in her cabinet long enough after  
she croaked that we all know she wasn’t going to  
be eating it anytime this millenia, so,  
Why let good sap go to waste am I right)

I pour the dead lady’s  
Sugar-free syrup over breakfast  
in a halfhearted attempt to heal my  
Inner child; I shove the blueberry flavored  
batter down my throat at 3pm on a Tuesday  
because why not, and maybe I’ll wash it down  
with some good ole fashioned  
Choccy milk

I saw the best minds of my generation  
Destroyed by ancestral trauma and economic  
Collapse; starving, hysterical, lethargic on their  
Parent’s couches, chained by outdated expectations;  
Beaten down not by some new hip uprising threatening  
to usher in a new era, but beaten down by  
Life. We joke about death like hospitable neighbors,  
Knock knock  
Who’s there,  
Lights out.

The dead lady’s syrup pours over my palette  
In flashbacks; soggy, cold, where do you go  
when no place is home

There’s ghosts in my cereal;  
ground up bones in the oatmeal on  
cadaver-encased ceramic plates.

The mind, gone full cannibal,  
Eats itself, over and over.