

by Sarah J. Sloat, from Juked #6, Spring 2009

I WILL NOW EAT A LOAF OF BREAD

Lunch will be followed by dinner.

Walking, then sitting down.
Sprawling around.

I was thinking of something, only what?

The ocean, or Monet?
The complaints department?

No complaints here, the dust pipes up.

Here neither, chirps the ant,
returning to his tribe.