

Ode to Strawberry Jam

Ah, the sweetest nectar
of the pinkest flesh.

To consume such beauty would
seem to be a crime against nature,
but granted,
in truth,

your creation was never intended.

To macerate your emaciated form
for the express motivation
of mass mastication –
who could do such a thing?

...Smucker's.

And yet here I am,
not directly participating
in the drowning of your honey,
but regardless,
still by no means innocent of chewing you
to death.