

You Can't Write a Poem about McDonald's

Noon. Hunger is the only thing
singing in my belly.
I walk through the blossoming cherry trees
on the library mall,
past the young couples coupling,
by the crazy fanatic
screaming doom and salvation
at a sensation-hungry crowd,
to the Lake Street McDonald's.
It is crowded, the lines long and sluggish.
I wait in the greasy air.
All around me people are eating —
the sizzle of conversation,
the salty odor of sweat,
the warm flesh pressing out of
hip huggers and halter tops.
When I finally reach the cash register,
the counter girl is crisp as a pickle,
her fingers thin as french fries,
her face brown as a bun.
Suddenly I understand cannibalism.
As I reach for her,
she breaks into pieces
wrapped neat and packaged for take-out.
I'm thinking, how amazing it is
to live in this country, how easy
it is to be filled.
We leave together, her warm aroma
close at my side.
I walk back.. through the cherry trees
blossoming up into pies,
the young couple frying in
the hot, oily sun,
the crowd eating up the fanatic,
singing, my ear, my eye, my tongue
fat with the wonder
of this hungry world.

-Ronald Wallace

Pwoblem Too

All my pwoblems
who knows, maybe evwybody's
pwoblems
is due to da fact, due to da awful twuth
dat I am SPIDERMAN.

I know, I know. All da dumb jokes:
No flies on you, ha ha,
and da ones about what do I do wit all
doze extwa legs in bed. Well, dat's
funny yeah.

But you twy being
SPIDERMAN for a month or two. Go
ahead.

You get doze cwazy calls fwom da
Gubbener askin you to twap some
booglar who's
only twying to wip off color T.V. sets.
Now, what do I cawre about T.V. sets?
But I pull on da suit, da stinkin suit,
wit da sucker cups on da fingers,
and get my wopes and witde bundle of
equipment and den I go flying like
cwazy
acwoss da town fwom woof top to
woof top.

Till der he is. Some poor dumb color
T.V. slob
and I fall on him and we wesde a
widdle
until I get him all woped. So big deal.

You tink when you SPIDERMAN
der's sometin big going to happen to
you.

Well, I tell you what. It don't happen
dat way.

Nuttin happens. Gubbener calls, I go.
Bwing him to powice. Gubbener calls
again,
like dat over and over.

I tink I twy sometin diffunt. I tink I twy
sometin excitin' like wacing cawrs.

Sometin to make

my heart beat at a difwent wate.

But den you just can't quit being
sometin like

SPIDERMAN.

You SPIDERMAN for life. Fowever. I
can't even

buin my suit. It won't buin. It's fwarne wesistent.
So maybe dat's youwr pwoblem too, who knows.
Maybe dat's da whole pwoblem wif evwytin.
Nobody can buin der suits, day all fwame wesistent.
Who knows?

-Jim Hall