Snack On This Poetry

by
Jan Keough

Poems feed the soul -
but be sure to
give the palette
a snack

POPSICLE TIME

The world needs more popsicles
and time to lick them.
Sweetness amplified.

Couch time with my popsicle
is when I taste colors
frozen on the stick.

The big box of 3 flavors:
cherry, orange, grape -
gives me room to reminisce.

Red is the national favorite
but orange owns me -
bright and reliably sublime.

Grape lives long in freezer dark,
passed over by eyes
that translate flavor favorites.

When the rummaging stops
those grapey orphans have huddled
too long in freezer discomfort.

I encourage
these paper-sleeved pillows
to thaw out in the trash.

THE TRUTH OF FLAVORS

Flavors live in the mind
and tongues give their opinions.

The mouth waits for deliveries
lined with brine or quinine,
shined-up honey fine
or stuffed in lemony sour.

Each mouth guest begs for
a chance to perform
from a slow-soaking twirl
across the lips
to that spring-fed ballroom
where the sweet/salty dancing begins

sour pushes around the room
while bitterness wanders
and won't leave until
you're left crying on the floor.

CRUNCH ADVICE

If it doesn't crunch and should
there's no need
to crunch further.

If those fizzes flop,
the Rootiest Beer sip
won't tease the tongue.

If the cookie crumbles
don't expect the floor
to apologize.

And when the lollipop drops
on the sidewalk,
you'll get ants.

ON SIMPLY BEING

What's right with today
is the nearness of it

morning has been waiting
without expectation

that tincture of yesterday
has dissolved overnight

You awake to find
an acreage
within your palm

SNACKS

There aren't enough poems
about snacks
and the snacking of them.

We meet to eat
and feed friendships
with spoons and spills.

Truth can come frozen on a stick
and melts willy-nilly on the tongue
of every heartfelt conversation.

Ice cream easily soothes
the most downcast consumer
and then you become the container.