

The Utternuts

By Darrell Petska

Oh the utternuts
of this hunger for
McDonald's french fries
at 2:00 a.m.—

this dubious sentience
taunted by a dangling
golden tater wedge
crossing a pocked rock
to drop a buck
eighty nine for the large

the utternuts
masquerading as me
feeding fry by
greasy fry its own
boundless tastebuds,
devouring its feet
to sate its stomach.

The ravenous utternuts
I must serve, hand and jaw.
I am its chicken
nugget puppet strung
on the golden arches of
cosmic self-consumption.
I am nil before
supersized allness:
fill me now!