

I cast unripe berries on bitter souls,
karma which begins in the belly
sours amongst the kitchen wartimes
Your sorry excuses for meals
no longer burden by dinner table.

Take a bite, former friend,
do you find yourself choking on fine foods these days?
See the bounty of sweetness you left for me,
Juices running down my chin in a river of
lustful self-righteousness
your regret sometimes leaves a pesky trail
of ants and painted on sadness
You search for the sugar and gag.

Did your spite lose you everything?
I make you taste it on each plate.
Silent spells reminding spoiled children
you ate from the sugar jar by the fistful,
and while we enjoy our candied treats,
These sweet memories will forever twist your stomach.

I do not have to wish you ill will,
each time I sit down for dinner without you,
it is enough.