



“Snack” by Addison Cabell
2nd Place, Poetry 13-15

In the darkness of the shadows, in the middle of the night,
I creep in silence down the staircase, and turn on the kitchen light
I open up those glossy doors and then dawns the warming glow
Only to see the contents are empty from the top to down below
I quietly sneak back to bed my stomach makes a rumble
And the next morning when I wake, right down the stairs I tumble.
I check you ten times daily but there is always nothing new
Then I go over to collect the angry shoe I threw
I scour the pantry till I'm weak, and at again the fridge I'm back
Begging pleading crying for a tasty crunchy snack
Our food is served at dinner, and our food is served at lunch
But in between you see I cannot find something to munch
A little bit of cream cheese with some crispy pretzel sticks?
Or perhaps some fruity strawberries with ice cream I will mix?
I cry out for McDonalds fries; mom says we've food at home
But in the deep recesses of my body my stomach sits alone
Oh please my father whom I love, rain down some factory crap!
Or this spilled goofy juice from Walmart, I'll get on my knees and lap!
Oh the horror of a life where I cannot eat all times a day

“SOME QUESO SISTER! SPARE SOME CASH!” I whine and beg and pray

I don't shame my mother's cooking when I ask her, at full throttle

of her soda can I have a little sip? Perhaps the entire bottle?

I want to give my body salty sugary creamy snacks!

I don't care if when I'm old I'm fat, I will not yet look back!