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Ode to the Waffle House Hash Browns on Cherry Road

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ode to the waffle house hashbrowns of cherry road

krystal pasciak

My breath slows under my command. I focus
Blessed be your crinkling golden shell,
Your greased radiance.
Please,
Deliver me from my intoxicated state
On to the crisp arms of angels bathed
In the blood of tomatoes.
The fragments of your
Body rejoin mine as
My mouth rejoices in
The decadent steam you exude.
My oasis; a mirage
Hidden in cherry-pit stop lights.
Forgive me for my deep-fried dependence,
For my midnight obsession,
For my salivating desire
For your skinless form,
For my insatiable hunger
For your pan-fried entrails
Pressed to golden-brown perfection.
I want nothing more than to
Bow my head to your insistence
and let you
Take me to my defeat.
My arteries long
To have you,
To love you,
To bathe in your existence.
My hands cup your holy body,
And I weep with joy
As my tongue finally embraces
The sweet release of your savory truth.

