

ODE TO SPAM

***Grotesque pinkish mass
In a blue can on a shelf
Quivering alone***

***Little slab of meat
In a wash of clear jelly
Now I heat the pan***

***In the cool morning
I fry up a slab of Spam
A dog barks next door***

***Ears, snouts, and innards,
A homogeneous mass
Pass another slice***

***Cube of cold pinkness
Yellow specks of porcine fat
Give me a spork, please***

***The briquettes red glare
The smell of Spam in the air
The home of the bland***

***Dormant blue metal
Unlock winter with a key
Glossy pork petals***