Anthony Chaisson

Golden Shovel Poem

Why Mom???

I’m hungry like a horse and

This “Crunch" made by this salad,

is forcing me to throw up its like eating poisonous weeds, and

I think my throat is swelling from this rye

from this dry and nasty bread.

I think I got to go poo, this food is getting worse and..

OH MY GOD IS THIS TEA!?

And salad and rye bread and tea