Anthony Chaisson

Golden Shovel Poem

Why Mom???

I’m hungry like a horse and

This “Crunch" made by this salad,

Its leafy hands are starting to choke me, it’s like eating poisonous weeds, and

I think I think I might throw-up from the taste of this rye

And very dry, 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