

Food by Eirie McNeill

The slippery sausage slides down
the slide right into my stomach,
Splash and glide,
The running tomatoes sprint
down the hall,
not wanting to be late,
not wanting to crawl,
that bitter Sweet taste will
never grow old,
The Swimming Sotomas Swim
through the chute,
right into my mouth,
oops,
The Singing carrot, like a panda,
as she twirls around the studio,
after a game of ludo,
So hungry she could eat a
maggot,
The delicious doughnut dances
right into this mouth,
it was a grasegull swan,
I promise it's not a corn,
All this food and more,
I eat all of it galore!

