

**2023 YOUNG ARTISTS AND AUTHORS
CHANDLER STUDENTS SHOWCASE**

CHANDLER GRAND PRIZE POETRY

Spam and Spirit

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A glistening metal blade strikes down upon the golden block.
A square of butter is raked onto a slice of bread
The smell of fresh toast and rich dairy fills my lungs as I take a bite
The taste of sunflower seeds and flaked barley combine with the smooth butter and
sweet wheat that warm my stomach.

I close my eyes
I feel at home, I feel...secure

I open my eyes once again
And it's all gone.
The wondrous flavors that enveloped me just a moment ago are now a distant memory
A cruel nostalgia
All that sits before me now is a rusting can of unopened Spam.
Cows may have died, chickens may have gone extinct,
But this four-year-old can of Spam will keep humanity on its feet
Or at least, its knees.

They didn't pay attention
They dismissed it as if it was some toddler's whine for the last cookie.
But now look at them, look at us
Surviving off of grotesque meat, the supply soon to vanish as well.

Our planet was the first to crumble
Our food was next
Now humanity has nothing left
Except rancid Spam and dying spirit.

