

A Clam

A clam sits in the sand
Hoping
Hoping the tide will take her away
To Japan
To Peru
Away
Away from monsters
Who will boil her
And eat her
With butter
She knows her fate
On a plate
With a slice of lemon
And butter
She's a bivalve
With a brain
With intestines
With hearts
With lungs
With gonads
They'll eat her tiny brain
They'll eat her tiny heart
They'll eat her tiny lungs
They'll eat her tiny gonads
With butter
They'll eat her tiny intestines
They were small but they were full
(She needed more fiber)
She is part of us now
Her brain controls our thoughts
Her heart controls our emotions
Her gonads confuse us
Her intestines give us gas
We are one now

howard e coulee

