You Can't Write a Poem about McDonald's

Noon. Hunger is the only thing singing in my belly.
I walk through the blossoming cherry trees on the library mall,
past the young couples coupling,
by the crazy fanatic screaming doom and salvation
at a sensation-hungry crowd,
to the Lake Street McDonald's.
It is crowded, the lines long and sluggish.
I wait in the greasy air.
All around me people are eating —
the sizzle of conversation,
the salty odor of sweat,
the warm flesh pressing out of hip huggers and halter tops.
When I finally reach the cash register,
the counter girl is crisp as a pickle,
hers fingers thin as french fries,
hers face brown as a bun.
Suddenly I understand cannibalism.
As I reach for her,
she breaks into pieces
wrapped neat and packaged for take-out.
I'm thinking, how amazing it is
to live in this country, how easy it is to be filled.
We leave together, her warm aroma close at my side.
I walk back through the cherry trees blossoming up into pies,
the young couple frying in the hot, oily sun,
the crowd eating up the fanatic, singing, my ear, my eye, my tongue
fat with the wonder of this hungry world.

-Ronald Wallace
**Problem Too**

All my problems
who knows, maybe everybody's problems
is due to a fact, due to an awful truth
that I am SPIDERMAN.

I know, I know. All the dumb jokes:
No flies on you, ha ha,
and the ones about what do I do with all
dozens extra legs in bed. Well, that's
funny yeah.
But you try being
SPIDERMAN for a month or two. Go ahead.

You get these crazy calls from the Governor asking you to stop some
boogler who's
only trying to wipe off color T.V. sets.
Now, what do I care about T.V. sets?
But I pull on the suit, the stinky suit,
with the sucker cups on the fingers,
and get my wopes and wide bundle of
equipment and then I go flying like
crazy
across the town from roof top to
roof top.
There he is. Some poor dumb color T.V. slob
and I fall on him and we wrestle a
widdle
until I get him all woped. So big deal.

You think when you SPIDERMAN
there's something big going to happen to
you.
Well, I tell you what. It doesn't happen
dat way.
Nothing happens. Governor calls, I go.
Bring him to police. Governor calls
again,
like that over and over.

I think I try something different. I think I try
something exciting like racing cars.
Something to make
my heart beat at a different rate.
But then you just can't quit being
something like
SPIDERMAN.
You SPIDERMAN for life. However. I
can't even

buin my suit. It won't buin. It's far worse persistent.
So maybe that's your problem too, who knows.
Maybe that's the whole problem with everything.
Nobody can buin their suits, day all far worse persistent.
Who knows?

-Jim Hall