

Breakfast of Laureates

by Nancy Jentsch

Serve me a poem for breakfast,
cozy in a bowl or flapjack flat on a plate.
Sprinkle it with fat-fighting-Omega-3 word clusters
that cut straight to the heart.
Top it with the wit of meringue
and an unexpected twist of line.

Sizzle me a sentence fragment
rendered from its fat.
And let my toast be enjambed to its crust's delight.

Then hush the sink
and clip to the fridge
the grocery list waking in my head.
Let free verse froth and unmetre my mug
as images roil in my jabberwocky java.