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Figments of a Pepperoni Pizza

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DANDELIONS

Tiny bursts of flame on the spring lawn
spread slowly into a thick carpet of fire.
Then, in a white puff of smoke,
the inferno is quenched in the summer breeze.
Hot, white ashes rise into the wind,
and one by one are gently dropped
to spark their perpetual flame
over the combustible green pasture.

FIGMENTS OF A PEPPERONI PIZZA

A lawnmower chews up my bedpillow
and spits it out.
I call for help.
My words make no sound.

A mattress of dryer lint from the basement
engulfs the women drinking tea in the living room.
I'm all alone.
Someone turns the lights out,
but the brightness remains.

I'm lost amidst giant bowling balls.
I can't find myself.
My brain shrinks.

Falling in bottomless space,
stars streak by my face.
My stomach itches.

Slam!
My body hits the bed,
and the stars fade.
The smell of last night's pizza
lurks about the room like a malignancy.

Jon Steinhauer