

breakfast

after preliminary talk
we ordered two specials.
we dream of grape juice lakes.
our tongues dart hungrily.

the waitress brings breakfast.
the eggs are smeared with a
thin film of shell.

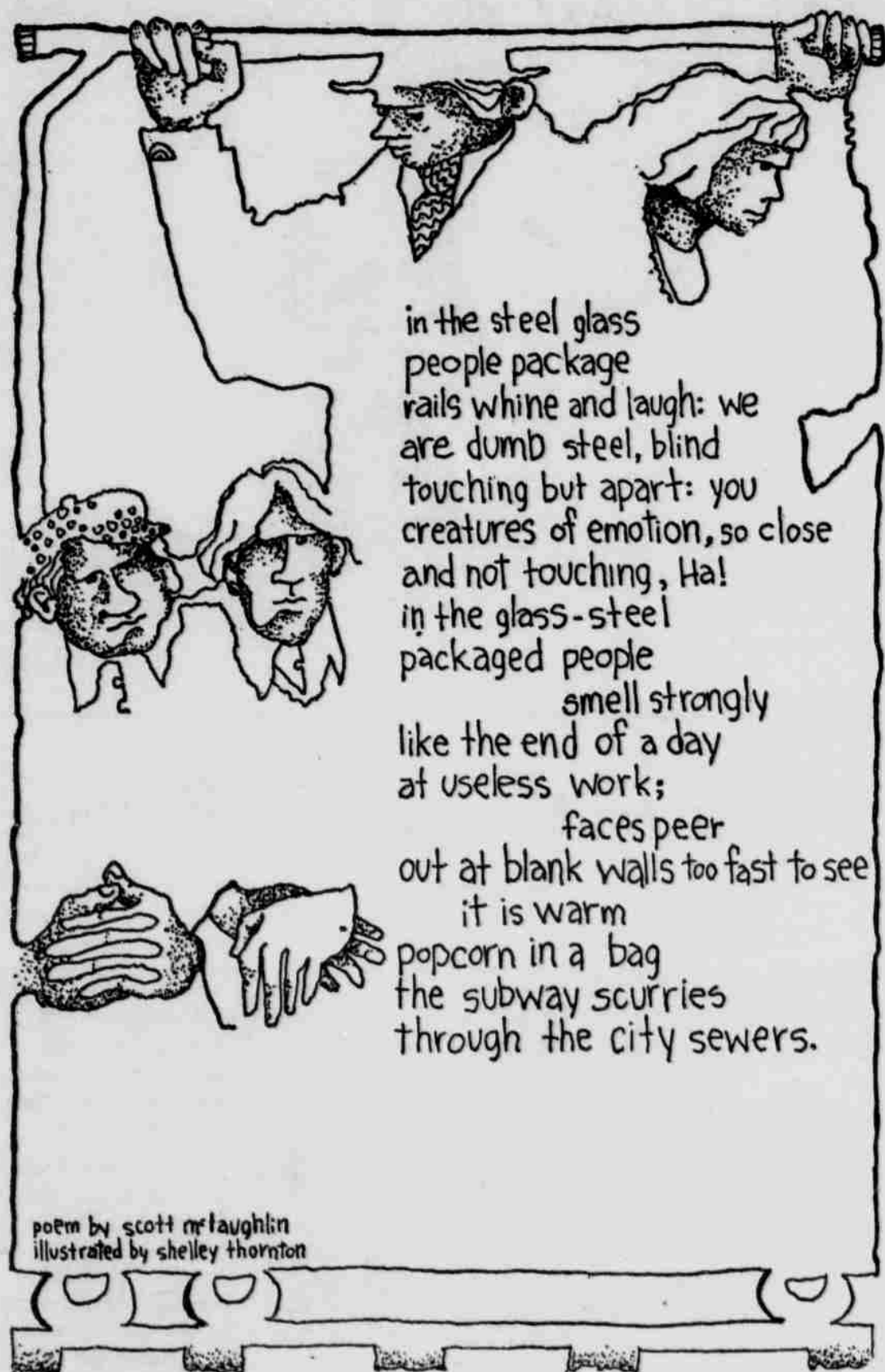
the kitchen air is dense
with sausage atoms. the
food is invisible as thieves.

we dive into the butter.
outside it begins to rain.
the sky turns cartwheels. we
hesitate and exhale fire.

the room is rinsed with wind.
we gulp our coffee and wait
for shy words.

digestion is a journey.
we climb the restroom walls
killing spiders.

by Barry McDo



in the steel glass
people package
rails whine and laugh: we
are dumb steel, blind
touching but apart: you
creatures of emotion, so close
and not touching, Ha!
in the glass-steel
packaged people
smell strongly
like the end of a day
at useless work;
faces peer
out at blank walls too fast to see
it is warm
popcorn in a bag
the subway scurries
through the city sewers.

poem by scott mcLaughlin
illustrated by shelley thornnton

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