

Chicharrones

The sound alone catches a crackle
along the ridges of your teeth

prime spicy porkskins
drive you mad with thirst

yet you dive recklessly
wreckt into the plastic vortex

in search of little golden fleeces
munched mercilessly

tiny piggy squeals of porker joy
hog wild & hog tied

thinking of three little pigs
& Porky too

Circe's curse & Ulysses' crew
bacon sandwich, ham on rye

javelinas razorbacks
an *Animal Farm coup d' etat*

swine sweat lust licking
at the final crunchy crumbs
around your salted snout