

THE SUCKER SONG

We're the dropped lollipops
licked and kicked around
sticking sickly how grit grips
thick to our corn syrup gooze.

We're the grave sweets fretting, fearing
graze of feet, of heels bearing a cracking
of saccharine spackled ick-dusted crust.

How far from the glamour of our cellophanes
we've come, how brave to shed our wrappers
ripped by a glutton in a sugar-lust strip tease.

We're suckers slicker than most confections, thriving
by virtue of rejection. *Who'd want to eat us now?*
Our safety, from consumption, urged by this dirt.
This soil may spoil but too it preserves us.

Juicy