

The Evil Cheese That Rots My Insides and Spits Acid Into My Soul!

Revolting cheese!
I don't like it in my mouth
Or my poetry

—Zane Sexton

The Gumball Machine

(Author's Note: A heartbreaking, sorrowful tale of a quarrel between a quarter and gumball machine.)

My quarter acts like a token,
But promise of gum is broken.
I'm all out of luck
My quarter is stuck,
The Beast inside is woken.

—Zane Sexton