

Food has given me a buffet of pontifications
Emotions, Love, ecstasy, sadness, loneliness, fear, comfort these are my sensations
Above all is Love of course but Love it's just so complicated
Although I guess It doesn't have to be
The simplest and purest of love is the love my Mother gave to me
Somewhere along the line that love became a taste I'm not sure why that was
Mother's love tastes of popcorn, Pepsi, cut up candy bars as we watch the Wizard of Oz
loving food and food tasting like love that sounds rather sophisticated

Let me explore this more. Ecstasy surely that's a feeling that makes taste buds zing
Strawberries and chocolate champagne on ice perhaps but they're not really my thing
Oddly enough Watermelon is what comes to mind
It's because of football practice. Intense heat and Sweating until you beg for release
Just once Mrs. Johnson brought watermelon Just enough for us each to have one piece
I can still taste the salt of my sweat mixed with the sweet, juices ran down my face

Sadness tastes like Trail mix, that's a little harder to explain but it too is football adjacent
It's the Super Bowl of 1985 It's the Bears it was a party host who grew complacent
My father and I had cheered for our team all year
Honestly when it comes to him that's about all I can cheer
There was a storm brewing at home I could feel something intense
That party was a first and a last, the Bears weren't the only ones capable of offense
It was my first Super Bowl Victory it was my first bowl of trail mix
It is my last happy memory of Dad not something a poem can fix
Loneliness is a taste I've often known although only now truly appreciate
Dry, burnt, chicken; the last ten dollars you had; not even a single carbohydrate
Fear of wasting fear of never tasting fear of failure fear of meaninglessness
Fear is pancakes your toddler makes its dinner with the in-laws it's the taste of sickness
It sits at the top of your throat and it stares into your soul until you swallow
You struggle, and you choke you cough maybe even spit its leaves you hollow

I had become an addict completely out of control
I fed the sorrow. I desperately tried to cover the taste of fear and loneliness
My taste buds are my enemy it seems out to poison me and keep me from my dreams
Food in all its former glory has left me, addiction has quite the body count

Everything good and happy, I can taste it all; it's poison that polluted my bloodstream
I salivate still but my mouth quickly dries as the memories fade like a dream
The watermelon and the trail mix the pancakes and the sick
They call to me from the corners of my mind haunting me and my carrot stick