

The Massacre of Bowling Green

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We're so hungry we eat the congealed cheese on the McDonald's wrapper.

Then we eat the wrapper.

The shit monsters are encamped by the river.

They crawl out of the witch's mouth.

They march towards the library.

They march towards translation,

towards us in the poetry section.

I'm too afraid to put my phone down

and read the classics to my daughter.

Meter sounds like death.

They won't kill us? Ok.

They do.