

Frequent Banqueter  
by Laurie Sambenedetto

I saunter into my kitchen,  
the place I go to recharge  
my battered soul.  
The fridge emits a slurping sound  
as I pry it open.

A bite of cold pasta finds my mouth  
as I rummage  
for what I *need*:  
last week's birthday cake.  
"Perfect," my stomach bellows.  
I eye the chocolate icing,  
dumping a portion on my plate,  
large enough for four.

I beat the door shut  
and move to my next target:  
the pantry.  
"Salt..." I murmur  
while rooting past the potatoes.  
Ripping into a pack of pretzels  
I return to my room,  
a white and blinding hole  
where I can eat away my woes.