

Of course it's butter, you fucking idiot.

What else would it be?

A dream?

A promise?

A dream of promises kept?

Unfortunately for you, it is indeed just butter. But you'll keep smiling at the label like a newborn,
"I can't believe it either!"

over your plain bagel
in your plain home
waiting for the one you loved
to return your phone calls.

For a fleeting moment, none of that matters and all that matters is your spreadable lack of
intrigue.

It has always just been butter, but for a moment
you can believe this is the first time again
and not think about the first time
you loved and lost or lost and still loved.

For a moment you can be
alone and not think of loneliness, eat
and not dream of a shared meal. Instead
you can not believe it, all consuming.