

*Spaghetti*

Spaghetti,  
Spaghetti,  
Wonderous feast  
of noodles and steaming goop.  
Made of what,  
I'll never tell.  
Surrounding my fork  
and hanging down to my plate,  
sticking to my chin as I  
suck in the string-like noodle.  
The pungent, racy juice of tomatoes  
so red it looks like blood,  
drips down,  
to my white shirt  
unguarded by a bib.  
I know the mess is not complete  
as I take my second bite.