

---

---

THE KRAMDEN ANTHOLOGY OF DEEP  
LIFE-ALTERING LITERATURE

presents

GREEN EGGS AND HAM: A REAL POEM

by e. e. ginsburg

"Essen Sie nie mehr als was Sie tragen konnten."  
—Miss Piggy

1

Sam-I-Am.  
My antithesis. Antigod. Decreator. Nemesis—  
Ohh, Sam-I-Am  
The passionate beast drooling menacingly over all  
He treads, planting, watering, and sowing the seeds of  
Destruction, feasting on the fruits  
Like a beartrap in shellshock—  
I do not like that Sam-I-Am.

II

Caught! I am  
Backed into a defensive  
(wait, my dictionary is lost; defensible? defensible?)  
a defective corner by...  
That Sam-I-Am!  
Taunting, teasing, consistently displeasing,  
Overhead towers that one question  
My undoing, my Achilles' sole—uh, I mean heel—  
Threatening to undo that which is myself:  
"Do you like...green eggs and ham?"

three

NO!

I do not like

Green Eg

Gs an

D ham! (Whoa. Return key was stuck. I think I fixed it.)

Hie thee hence, foul Sam-I-Am!

Begone!

2<sup>2</sup>

Foul temptation!

The netherbeast persists with his persistence

Fangs bared, claws unsheathed, pocket knife sharpened

Again and again pelting me

Like an epileptic hailstorm (no, wrong image—)

Like a dyspeptic snowstorm (nah, that's not right—)

Like an unantiseptic brainstorm (yes!)

The demon blathers menacingly:

"Would you like them here or there?"

2+3

I am assaulted!

Qoth the demon, "Would you like them in a house? With

A mouse? In a box? In a fox? A car? A tree?

Dark?Train?Rain?Boat?Goat?

Cakerakedollwallglassgrassdogloghillbillplatestate

WHAM!

(Damn space bar. Break on me, will you?)

Do you like them? Huh? Huh? Huh?"

Relentlessly attacks this barbaric creature my every sense

Till am I choiceless, nowhere have to turn I

Succumb I.

$$(x-2)^2+2=18$$

Before me it sits  
The devil's ambrosia awaits my palate  
Cholesterol-coated angry candy from hell  
Anxious tripe demanding entrance  
To its gastric nirvana: I bite, chew, swallow, digest  
Suddenly I am falling...  
Falling...  
Falling...

Lucky #7

Falling...  
Falling...  
Falling...  
Falling...

42 stanzas later...

Falling...  
Falling...  
I aWAKE! The anti-meal is consumed  
Now part of my being  
And partly on my being, having forgotten my bib  
Upon my tongue, eerie sensations  
Of delightful tastiness, of gourmetness  
Sam-I-Am has shown me the way.

50

Sam-I-Am I am, and me he be  
The avatars of green eggs and ham  
Brothers of the breakfast spirit  
Let Kellogg's beware!

Randy Golden