

8.17 a.m. at Dunkin Donuts

Dripping with documentation and
humdrum decency in
an airport doughnut shop,
I await a chinwag with the government to establish
sufficient beigeness to be a Trusted Traveler.
My tattoos have been concealed, and a
look *sans maquillage* with stoic togs has been
selected so I won't
reek of subversiveness, though my
red eyes from the dry desert air may
indicate a tippler or a toker (I'm neither).
For breakfast I feast on fake meat
to fuel real virtue-signaling about
amity towards animals even if
my gesture is nestled under a chicken egg while
heaving with cow's cheese.
A puzzling Prime Mover may have crafted all creatures
great and small-
as an Anglican hymn suggests-
but the discrepancies in aftercare are
fraught with absurdity.



Wandering between Canada and the USA, Adrian Slonaker works as a copywriter and enjoys swimming, wrestling, rock 'n' roll music, coffeehouses and deep chats during late-night rainstorms. Adrian's work has been published in WINK: Writers in the Know, Ariel Chart, Dirty Girls Magazine, Defiant Scribe and others.

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