

## Toaster Poetry

It burns like an awkward goodbye at a cosy coffee shop  
Never quite right,  
With one corner still lukewarm and another  
Fizzling like the remnants of Pompeii  
In an ideal world, half melted gold would glaze the top  
But here in reality  
You fumble with the knife  
And tear right through  
The surface  
Crunching in tune  
With your frustration  
To spread a solid as a liquid  
It wasn't from the fridge and yet,  
Still cold  
And disobedient  
It's such a little, stupid thing  
Whispers rush to scream  
That it's yet another mistake

Why are you crying over burnt toast?

*Agata Spasik*