Ode to Burnt Toast

Jennifer Anderson

Oh toast, you have failed me!
As you suffer the scorching burns of the metallic bars inside a claustrophobic black space known as the toaster.

But much to my dismay, instead of the golden brown richness of wheat and rye, I get black!
Black as a nasty oil spill
black as drawing charcoal on parchment
black as the frightened corpses after the explosion of Pompeii.
Oh the horror!

How unfortunate it is for you and me facing the limitation of a weekday morning that I must now eat your hazy burns.
You must face the pain and wrath of my morning hunger as I torture you once more.

You’ll feel the horrible agony as I slice you in half with a sharp chain-saw like instrument, known as the butter knife.
I can hear the ripping, shearing pain already.
You shall be suffocated by the syrupy decadence of sweet honey and Nutella as you struggle to breath.
What a bittersweet moment as I prepare for my first meal of the day.

But your misery isn’t over yet my burnt pretty.
I shall take the grotesque pleasure of eating you.
As I rip you apart with my bare teeth,
munching every vulnerable detail of you.
Finished off with the burning sensation
of hot bergamot Earl Gray. After I’ve finished you, toast,
I don’t know whether to feel satisfied or repulsed
by my own actions.
I will never understand the misfortune of being burnt toast.