

Lactomancy

Christine Martin
Second Place Winner

All hail the
dairy lord,
the utter savior—
supporter of
pliable molars
and dry cheerio
crunchers. He
will smite that
cheating vegan,
boil the dairy
right out of your
bouncing bellies.

The disdain
that will leave
you a mere
pile of footwear
because you
should have
realized that
gelato, despite its
Italian origin and
occasional fruit
garnish, is largely
milk and eggs.

You will drown
in a sea of your
favorite 90 calorie
yogurts, never able
to fit into that
itsy bitsy tiny weeny
thigh-tingling bikini
you downed
so much key lime
goop for, when
you knew you
should have
went with
harvest peach.