**“THE CORNER” by Jose Vadi**

We’re standing on the corner not sure which way to cross.

On one side, the organic grocery that should be there

the other, deep fried death.

We’ve been pulled away from the produce aisle

into Value Meal Heaven

never asking question of just what part of a chicken

is a nugget anyways?

Every bite a last meal telling us

“This is just temporary,”

With greener more nutritional options

Should be just across the street

But even then our bodies demand mechanically processed meat

and water costs more than milk

and broccoli costs more than beef

and we add pounds of flesh with all of the sugar we eat

Our whole block is at this trough, getting full

Until the next meal

Back at the corner

Between nutrition and fat

Our bodies have been turned into battlefields

our cookbooks into combo meals

we’ve been told to drive thru.

super size it is easy on the wallet.

we can tell you five different paths

to the deep fryers sizzling past midnight

Nobody dares to turn off their neon lights

But their cheap digestible cyanide

turns my kiss into snakebites

take an x ray of my guts and you’ll see

the proof’s in the pudding when our diets

make parachute pants out of our jeans

our ankles become cankles,

our blood: a stained sewer circulating in our bodies.

only gangrene amputees will be our legacy

corporate sponsored deadly delicacies

how much longer must we lose the battle

before we start the war against diabetes here,

on the corner of Healthy and Dying; Life or Stroke.

Because we don’t want to end up on the corner

Pricking our thumbs with a lancet

To measure our sugar levels everyday

Before we finally decide

which way to cross…

How far do we have to slip

before we end this edible misery

and rewrite our recipe.