

AUNT CHLOE

A Journal of Artful Candor

ISSUE 2021

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(un)american sonnet #1



i live at the intersection of the sahara and the nubian
about two blocks from the 7-eleven
and twenty-five miles from the Traitor Joe's.
a cherry soda tattoos my tongue. Joe is a *neighborhood grocery store*.
isn't high treason a serious offense?
any act more unsavory
than pimping [plumping] out one's own countrymen?
(they don't hang, draw and quarter these mutherfuckas
like they used to.)
in the kitchen, my tv dinner defrosts.
across town, oasis:
a new Whole Foods, looming and
unpatriotic, winks at our thirst.
let them eat kale!