

No More Fries

The pains in his chest,
arriving every other day
for the last two weeks,
went away with an aspirin or two,
but when they spread
to his left bicep,
he went to the doctor.

Within minutes
of explaining the pains,
he was in an ambulance,
sirens warbling,
on his way to the hospital.

After hours of tests,
needles drawing blood,
electrodes above his nipples,
the specialist informed him
it wasn't a heart attack,
just a wake-up call
to his high, high cholesterol
and poor health habits.

Crunching now
on raw baby carrots
instead of the basket of fries he craves,
he knows

he is lucky to be alive,
lucky to be able to heed
this early alarm,
(especially after all of the years
hitting the snooze bar),
lucky to be able to try again.

But he also knows
that carrots just don't taste right
dunked into ketchup,
and they never will.