

The Dilemma

Inside a place with everything,
There's one thing on my mind:
A box that streams a prism
Of assortments, so divine...

Each morsel wrapped so carefully
In silvers, reds, and golds,
The colors chosen thoughtfully
To present what each beholds.

They've dressed their best for me today,
The time of week has come
To do what seems impossible:
Choose, just only, one.

Resulting in a child's game
Of "...meeny, miney, mo,"
I leave it up to fate to name
The one I might want most.

A letter and a number pressed,
I wait so patiently,
As I hear the cranking of the turn
Stop unexpectedly.

I press my face upon the glass,
Both hands, they frame each side,
I shout and shake vigorously –
All dignity aside.

I thrashed about, began to pout,
As if this would suffice,
Perhaps, someone could spare some change,
Or a Milkyway Midnight...