

William Brown

McDonald's Aubade

When you call me, you are drunk and alone
in McDonald's, not ready to go home.

You've drunk yourself *into Bolivia*,
mumble something about Chlamydia,

but are more concerned I've never eaten
a McGriddle—claim it's the unbeaten
king of breakfast. Each morning you worship
the sausage, cheese, its pockets of syrup,

and chase each single bite you take with Sprite.
Together in the booth, we waste the night
away watching Vines. As I stack my fries
like greasy Lincoln Logs across your thigh,

you sky-hook the last of your McNuggets
in my mouth and say you're over budget
on my time. Through the window, sunrise gilds
the golden arches, and with Sprite refilled,

I drive us back to your place where you stay
without me, again. It's always this way.