

Jake Hyland
Revised Sonnet

A Pang Near Midnight

Yet again, like a creature of the night,
I am found without any nourishment.
None are present to catch my dreadful plight;
Alone—lacking any encouragement.
Searching; stalking after a single crumb,
Denied—I renew my passionate quest.
Hunger mounting; to it I'll soon succumb,
Feeling all the murmurs below my chest.
Finally, I steal a glance at Heaven;
Break open the frigid doors to capture
A single slice of life—one of seven.
This cheesy triangle fuels new rapture;
 Felt for temporary preservation.
 The choice I now have: refrigeration!