Dog and His Best Friend

Misa Sicova
I thought, “How wonderful it must be to be America’s favorite cookie” while I stirred my Mac + Cheese. But then I remembered the Philippines, and how such sweet empires of flavors could be imperially absorbed and disintegrate from sweetest compounds to chemical stomachaches.

“It must, at least, be wonderful to be popcorn, America’s favorite snack.” I stopped stirring and watched the pot boil after thinking of Native American Indians, and how a culture with an eternity as half-life and covalently bonded with nature was erased by our salesman, comb over smiles, by our sweeping sulfur ions carried by Manifest West Winds, taken from Naked glory to bare ruin, then mass produced as light, enjoyable fluff.

I guess I felt a little bit like Lady Liberty stirring that pot of Faces before the powdered indulgence of cheesy obsessions took over. Back when it was “Give me your tired” and they will be one of us, before they were prepared regularly for corporate consumption. Before she treated them like cicadas and bathed in perfumes of pesticide, until we were all intoxicated and treating the green better than grass. But mostly,

Before she was drunk too.

When Mom made Mac and Cheese there wasn’t any unnatural freckles of powder, the only ingredient was “You can be