

A Hamburger Dream

by Rabbi David Zaslow

Last night I had a hamburger dream.
There was a hamburger moon
suspended in a sesame seed sky.
The ketchup of darkness
smothered the onion rings of craters.
The man in the moon
was called the man in the burger.
Barbequed hamburgers
were called barbequed moons.
It woke me up in the relish of sweat.
I closed my eyes again,
but all I could see were burgers.
Hamburger boats on the buns of the sea.
Hamburger kids on the plate of a playground.
Hamburger footballs on a fast food field.
Hamburger teachers pouring the ketchup of knowledge
Hamburger poems on the grill of a book.
It woke me again the mustard of my tears.
Hamburger dreams for the hamburger poet
who's eaten too much fast food.
Hamburger words for hamburger kids
who've read too many fast poems.

