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Karen R. Porter
The Fat Boy Dreams of Russian Springs

The fat boy dreams of St. Petersburg
while lazily dipping his fries in ketchup.
He tries to imagine a Russian April.
His straw is sucking air,

and he's lazily dipping his fries in ketchup.
He tries to belch demurely.
His straw is sucking air.
It must be pretty when the ice melts.

He tries to belch demurely
holding a hand in front of his lips.
It must be pretty when the ice melts
and flowers push through the mud.

Holding a hand in front of his lips
he says a small prayer.
Flowers push through the mud
like Christ rising from the dead.

He says a small prayer
for all the people in Russia.
Like Christ rising from the dead,
the warmth always returns

for all the people in Russia
in their sturdy, snowy homes.
The warmth always returns.
He takes a final bite of burger.

In their sturdy, snowy homes,
they await spring's arrival.
He takes a final bite of burger
then hoists his girth from the plastic seat.