

Honourable Mention: An Observers Lunch by Peter Issekutz

An Observer's Lunch

I cruise down the street looking for my lunch.
When, I glimpse a hot girl pedaling in the sun.
I am drawn by her form, my mind is stunned.
And while I am frozen in this deep trance
She doesn't even donate one small glance.
Soon as I snap it into proportion.
I find myself in a strange contortion.
I realize I have fallen o'er her bike.
Feeling compelled by a strong type of like.
I look forth to tell her what I just did.
Yet she was now missing, where was she hid?
I drop the tracking to get back, snacking.
Cause she was steaming and I was dreaming.