Animal Crackered

How fun to bite the head off
first
then each leg as if the body
parts
each taste unique

From curious angles
I observe the oval shape,
crunch the last leg,
wonder where to chomp next
as if to carve a new creature
or do I want to chisel a smaller and smaller oval—
nah, too nine-to-five
not fertile not
god-like

How I command this once-fine creature
to disappear
into what I want it to be—
like how we cancel friends who won't parrot us

I pop the last of it to the roof of my mouth
How the solid mushes to insubstantial
How it becomes less and less of itself
until it can be swallowed whole