

“Ketchup Heart”
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Ketchup can be mistaken for blood
The blood of someone you love
Or someone you loved
The blood of a grudge you’ve been concealing with unnecessary items and foods
Walking through the drive-thru because the drive in you has driven away
“Can I just get a large fry and a milkshake?” you say
The following days you repeat
The same and the same and the same
Going through the motions, not noticing your motive for hiding your emotions by drying your
ocean eyes
Until one day, you go inside
You order the same thing
But inside

Now you’re inside of your soul
Your soul has no idea how to control the AC
You take a seat at Table 4
As in Table 4 One
You eat your fries as your fried heart absorbs it
You’d think the milkshake would colden it, eventually melting it
But your heart is liquid
And when the greasy drug entered, it sizzled
It ignited, but too much ignition can start a fire
And that’s what your heart did

Your little, fragile ketchup heart
That start of your obsession with French fries
The start of your obsession with French guys
He fulfilled you with French kisses filled with so much *amor*
They made you melt to the floor
But where is he now?
Now, he’s nowhere to be found
He didn’t even get the chance to see you falling on the ground
He didn’t even get the chance to surgically open you up and find the ugly parts of you that turned
beautiful thanks to those butterflies
Those butterflies are now flies
Flies attracted to your French fries

Your naive, fragile, little ketchup heart
You start to open your eyes
You grab the ketchup bottle and draw an exact replica of your heart
Red on the edges but nothing in the middle
And once you finish your masterpiece, your ocean eyes unlock its floodgates
It's okay to cry
Your heart is now lying on the table
You're able to notice that your heart has marked itself on your sleeve
Believe me, it's okay to cry
Your index and middle fingers smudge and swipes the edge of your heart masterpiece

Ketchup can be mistaken as blood
The blood of someone you once loved and finally let go
You leave Table 4 a mess
A wreck
But you venture outside not really knowing what to do next
With your brave, fragile, little ketchup heart