

I have eaten the plums in the Ms. Pac-Man reboot. Arcade lights flicker over the pie chart of my desires. The score is high but it's never the same without cathode rays. Adolescence fades out, returning only in the corners of eyes. Electron guns we clapped & left smoking. You turned to run. But the leaderboard styles you in three bold characters of *J – O – Y*. You have eaten electric cabinets of circuitry & board. You lit your puny body as a neon beacon. A joystick unsteady became a mere stick with which to churn the current. We've known consumption to come back in pursuit. We have watched for the blink of ghosts & eaten them the same. Few profane things can satisfy on second digestion.