

# Dr. Lector on the Lam

Corey Cole



I flick my fine Insignia into rain-soaked crabgrass.  
One final ribbon of smoke climbs  
from the extinguished remains.  
I take a deep breath before walking inside.  
I've avoided such places my entire life,  
but alternatives are scarce, and I'm feeling light-headed.  
I pull open the inscribed glass door,  
and I'm greeted with alarms, buzzers and...  
the stench of frying oil.

I turn to leave, but I am arrested  
by the syrupy drawl  
of "Hello, sir. Welcome to McDonald's. May I take your order?"  
I about-face with a suddenness that startles her.  
Then, I remember my newly amputated hand  
bleeding through the gauze.  
I catch her doe-eyes staring...  
"Good evening, Coralee," glimpsing her nametag.  
"Good evening," she replies with a coquette smile.  
"I find myself in the mood for poultry.  
Might you have something to satisfy this craving?  
Fois gras, perhaps?"  
She giggles and regales me with her litany  
of chicken nuggets, chicken selects, and the McChicken sandwich.

I lose myself in her voice,  
her quaint charm so familiar,  
but we are rudely interrupted  
by a boorish, red-face man, bulging at the waist.  
His nametag reads: Brent.  
I settle on the "Artisan Chicken Sandwich"

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which is palatable once my fine Coralee aids me  
in mixing the balsamic with honey.  
I sit facing the front counter,  
watching her grace in dealing with an unruly bunch of teenage cre-  
tins.

Brent returns to the counter and scolds her for taking so long.  
She is sent home in tears.  
How dare he? The brute...  
I cannot overcome my disgust.  
I throw my sandwich in the trash and stroll back to my sedan.  
I hunger for something different now,  
and await Brent to join me for dinner.