



This is not how you were meant to go
oh cupcake
Your creamy center spilled upon
the sidewalk
like so much spent seed
You are of noble roots
Your surname "Hostess" once meant
so much, meant all
now, not so much
Now you lay, disheveled upon the pavement
your icing pecked off
by birds of fortune
your soul gone, spent
You once noble cupcake, are now wasted
This is your ultimate destiny
all your grandeur for naught
all your sugary goodness
untasted