

The Point of Leftovers

By Katelyn Thomas

Extra, unwanted, leftover
Secluded in the empty pan
Almost scrapped
Barely worth enough to keep

Packed, hidden, hated
Shoved in the back, and forgotten
Left to grow moldy fingers
Reaching out, to escape

Dead, rancid, disgusting
Ignored, in their hopes
This life is imaginary
Albeit my solitude reality

Horrified, nauseous, shocked
They let me grow too long
Enveloped in all the signs
Only now, being seen

Discovered, uncovered, trashed
Out, in all the warmth
Filthiness abounds here
Where I now belong

Gross, discarded, found

Their extras, untouched no more

I serve a new purpose now

For the rats like me, in the least