**Kum N’ Go**

I’ve got a boner for cheap gas,

gasping when prices dip

one cent a gallon.

I slide my credit card

in and out of the machine

pushing a big light-up

button boasting

*super* unleaded

like a slot machine in a casino.

What do I win?

I get off on gripping

the steel handle down

hearing the car guzzle *lug, lug, lug*

insatiately.

High on carbon monoxide

itching for that fix that light headed

aroma, like floating on clouds—

too much will kill, but

the fun is in the risk.