

## Tortilla Chip

What is even the point  
of finishing this history assignment?  
What is the point  
of studying for hours and hours  
For a chance to pass the Spanish test?

All lives are like chips.  
Simple corn tortilla chips  
which the big being in the sky  
holds in its hand.  
Crunch! There is a life  
Gone. It's fractured tortilla chip  
pieces tumbling from the big being's hand

onto the lives of its tortilla chip girlfriend  
and tortilla chip mom and dad  
Grandparents, uncles, and cousins.

What is even the point  
of finishing this meat burger,  
fries, and root beer?  
If my tortilla chips self  
is just going to waste away  
in pieces in the Earth.

I feel grateful to be alive.  
But not so grateful  
that at my young age  
I still fear being crushed.

I didn't ask to be made.  
I didn't send my creator a vision  
of a fresh tortilla chip.  
Crisp and lightly salted  
wanting to be born.

I didn't exist before  
[REDACTED]  
But now that I do,  
what is even the point?

