

# Hedonism

by Mikhail Tank

Searching in corners for everything sweet  
So that my taste buds could cover my feet  
Knowing that sugar creates holes in the mind  
I eat as long as it tastes like bittersweet rind  
When is too much of a good thing, too much?  
When do blankets of choice go out of touch?  
Why ask and receive and ask more and need more  
When the memory of the sugar is just like a store  
Searching and vying to win  
But isn't winning for the sake of nothing  
Simply an empty and callous sin  
What happens when all of the sugar is eaten  
More will grow, but will it fit in?  
There is a precise balance to Turkish delight  
Every word disappears with the wind, out of sight  
If you and I hold this conversation together  
Isn't that enough pain but also enough pleasure

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