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Ode to the First Pancake

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As if spun from the inner imaginings
of a mad scientist
Built from bits of leftover DNA
Your possible genome limitless
Chile pepper chocolate chip
Peanut butter bacon banana
Lingonberry lemon curd

What potential! What promise!
If only born into the privileged one percent
Of pancakes, stirred and stacked with care by
Culinary cuisiniers
Showered with pearls of powdered sugar
Bathed in pools of golden, viscous butter

Instead, you were conceived at home
By a frazzled father on a Saturday morning
Clumsily dumped into the pan in a hasty fury
His negligent eye distracted by
Sizzling sausages
And frying eggs
Toddlers' tantrums

Your edges crisp and curl
Your insides melt to mush
Emerging from the pan
A deformed shell of what
Could have been
Unwanted and shunned
From your very first breath

Your grim fate predestined long
before your inception
Abandon all dreams of the noble
life of the first-born
The favored offspring
Surrender to the dismal destiny of
a castaway

In purgatory you wait
As one by one, your siblings are
Piled high on a
Separate plate
Destined for the heavenly choir
Of breakfast delicacies
While you turn cold
And die alone
A nameless nobody
Tossed into a mass grave of food
waste

Or worse
Discarded into
The savage hell
Of the dog's
Barren
Bowl