

**Sonnet for Cheap Donuts** (written in CHP's HIST 295)  
Sam Walder

Whisky, gin, and driving far too fast  
Were drugs I sought to patch my broken soul  
In kinship found in morning's sweet repast  
'Twas only deep-fried dough could fill the hole  
For just three bucks save one small copper piece  
A score of sticky joy-balls can be yours  
It's breakfast, say you? Nay, it's heaven's feast!  
O Entenmann's, you're God's confectioner!  
I weep for March 13th when they expire  
Their epitaph's eternal in my gut  
My poem's spirits never have been higher  
I'll yell it, moan it...I'm a donut slut!  
A woman's charm has stolen me in part  
But cinnamon and sugar stole my heart.