Dinner

Out of the soup of carrots, snow peas, 
Broccoli, and bits of potato, 
Comes the meat of a morning’s drive.

Trapped in plastic, I rescued it, 
Engendered its escape; 
Onto the cutting board it 
Fell, like a thawing fellow trapped in a walk-in freezer, 
For whom firefighters in their truck, 
Like soldiers in a crimson candy castle, 
In a blaze of ironic sirens, 
Came with many an axe 
To sever the spiteful lock.

It fell, I say, onto the cutting board, and yes, I cut it. 
Many times over I cut once-flesh, 
And the soup bubbled in its pot like a cannibal’s crock.

Now as I draw it, cooked, 
Tender, like a bundle of tiny fibers to be effortlessly 
Pulled apart by my teeth, 
I wonder on my own left buttock, if it will 
Be stewed and eaten, 
By worms in my grave.