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## If Dinner Let Me Down, Will Death?

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# If Dinner Let Me Down, Will Death?

Tricia M. Cimera

The man in the seat  
next to me  
on the airplane  
needs to be fed.  
*Now, stewardess, now!*  
What does he think,  
this is his last supper?  
It could be!  
Does he know something?  
We are hanging in space,  
after all.  
We could fall!  
*Oh My God!*  
Which reminds me of a da Vinci  
who dreamt of men flying  
and painted *The Last Supper*.  
Somehow the two,  
food and flight,  
are connected - *somehow* -  
in a final sort of way.  
What did da Vinci know?  
Then I look  
at my airline dinner  
lying on the tray,  
blandly rebuking me  
that art and life  
aren't always synonymous  
I ask the stewardess  
if *this* is all there is.  
She says it is,  
*nothing more*.  
She knows something!  
I chew and I swallow,  
sadly aware that the food  
is not living up  
to the drama of being  
perhaps my final meal.  
If the plane *does* go down -  
*plunging and hurtling* -  
will it be more exciting  
than my last Supper?  
I must wait and see  
and then I will know.  
OH MY GOD!