The Prairie Light Review

Volume 27
Number 2 The Day Waits

Spring 5-1-2007

If Dinner Let Me Down, Will Death?

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol27/iss2/14

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
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 burstling* -
will it be more exciting
than my last Supper?
I must wait and see
and then I will know.
*OH MY GOD!*