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## Politics Of The Palate

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## POLITICS OF THE PALATE

*Larry Turner*

On our way through  
Heather and I stopped to see Dan and Andrea.  
When we marched together at Selma  
Andy was pregnant.  
Now the unfolding sofa bed  
disgorged a two year old's toys.  
Coming back from the beach next day  
at Kroger's we picked up  
steak  
    peppers  
        mushrooms  
            basil  
graham cracker crust  
    whipping cream  
        creme de menthe  
            creme de cacao  
Heather made stroganoff and grasshopper pie.

After dinner Andy put Martin to bed  
then found a book in the hall and sat and read.  
While Heather filled the dishpan,  
Dan and I started a search for more dirty dishes  
but sank into lawn chairs on the balcony.  
Watching the sun set on the city, Dan spoke.

"We all ought to go away someplace.  
Get a house together in the country. Later  
bring all the real people to join us.  
Start our own community."

"Ever think?" I asked. "Maybe the real people  
are doing it already. Maybe that's why  
there are so few around."

"Can't be." he said. "We weren't invited."

I thought of Walt Simpson.  
He had a plan like that for us too.  
His wife's as bad a cook as Andy.