Politics Of The Palate

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol7/iss2/33
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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.