



What's for Dinner?

**We have the crusts from the two slices of wheat toast
the kids ate for breakfast, random driftwood
beached on the shores of a plastic cartoon plate.**

**We have a picture from Thanksgiving
the year you baked that beautiful golden bird.
Headless, it was unable to admire its tan.**

**We have a bottle of mid-shelf Chianti.
Since we lost the cork, it breathes like a fat man
on the kitchen counter beside our stack of bills.**

**We have your lipstick, which lingered on my mouth
from the last kiss we shared before parenthood,
when kissing wasn't only for foreplay or photographs.**

-Nate Graziano