

## FAMILY DINNERS

With their stalk-away arguments,  
muteness, and moods,  
they were the part  
of being young and indentured  
I longed to escape,

and did, for a while,  
to eat over stoves  
or spilling on sports pages  
until spoon scraped saucepan,  
only to find myself here

like a Great War veteran  
asked by his beloved  
to dine together for togetherness's sake  
in a trench on the River Somme.  
He'd want to do it for her

as much as he'd want  
his bayonet beside him  
and disbelieve the sensation of dry clothes.  
I am that soldier,  
the trench is our dining room,

and you, dear, are you,  
analogies I'm smart enough  
to swallow  
along with  
this meal.