

Lunch

I eat between extremes,
between organic salad greens
and deportations unseen.

The server serves me pleasantly
—with kindness and respect—
as I consider hatred and

chicken drizzled
in vinaigrette and eat
my lunch until there's nothing

left, and on my shirt there're specks
of oil like blood I'll never get
out

and when the check arrives
it's itemized
and I'm asked about
the tip I want to give

for guilt, the amount
toward my regret, and as I give
my signature upon

the dark
screen, I double-check
the total, the sum of deaths.