

Karl Plank

BUT STILL WE ATE

Yes, I know the feeling, you replied
when I said I was tired
and wondering what we shared
any longer.

You dimpled at the irony,
aware that the common-hold
extended to spaces empty of touch
and doors shut to entry.

Not what we hoped for
but what we had come to:
taut cords binding us to a table
with place settings as usual:

pronged forks on the left and,
on the right, sharp knives.

Not quite sacrifice.

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