At the Supermarket

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All day we've been fighting, and it's left us starving, so now we've gone shopping. You're choosing produce, an arduous process, and I'm left lugging our dumb plastic basket, which I realize is filling with all the components of something delicious—but I can see only the mess in the kitchen, the guts of tomatoes, the sloughed garlic skins, the fat trimmed from the huge bloodless breast of this chicken. Your hands are still running, you're squeezing, you're bruising—refusing what too many others have touched—and now you've been swallowed by this abyss of avocados, this mountain of melons, insurmountable. Look, darling, how everything's freezing or dying. How dinner is something we do using knives and our teeth. How lemon juice comes in lemon-shaped bottles, how my body is yours but my heart's not in it. How hunger's a wound always begging for salt. How there's too much of everything we love.