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At the Supermarket

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AT THE SUPERMARKET

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.