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Breakfasts in the Suburbs

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BREAKFASTS IN THE SUBURBS

Meant pork of standardized hue & extrusion.

In every what we called *blanket*, pork
in its pure moniker *pig*.

Pork, then pork, then more pork,

& when the pork was gone,
more pork was ushered in
to fill its syrupy grave. More pork

than seems, in retrospect,
essential for a child.

In the suburbs every child
was *the* child. Even gravy
was pork in a thick disguise, was

pork incognito.
Gravy was pork at heart.

Breakfasts in the suburbs meant
vinyl placemats of the fifty states

where you rested your
sticky elbows at prayer, states
all colorized with personality,

with a hefty flower or luscious
nut or bird that said
Please visit us!

Meant sad Alaska.

Meant a father who prayed
in unison to the father
next door who prayed

like perfectly die-cut
replicants & block after block
of the lengthening tribute

to moms made out of silence —

oh Mom!