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!