Pickle Juice

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/7
Who would guess
That the answers lie
In a bowl of
Homemade potato salad?

I cried when I saw
A fly
Like king on a big hill
Spreading its filth
Atop the lovely mound.
Mayonnaise, potato, onion and celery
(Did I tell you about the hardboiled egg?)
All mixed up,
And garnished with parsley.

Summer
Winter
Spring
Fall

There is no potato salad
No one ate it,
(So tenderly crafted, so gently joined.)

Because of a fly,
Even the pickle juice,
Mixed magically amongst the rest,
Is gone.

It is sad because
There will be no more salads
There will be no more dreams.

There are only flies
Spreading filth
And sucking up
The pickle juice.