

ANDREW BENSON

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### All She Can Eat

The sunny side  
yolk ran and I rambled  
my fork through home fries.  
A waitress refilled my cup  
without asking.  
I asked for the Seattle paper,  
said I'd been north  
of news for months,  
turning salmon into cans  
at three ninety-three an hour,  
hours from everywhere.  
I assured the woman the money was good,  
because I couldn't say  
why I'd left New England to feel at home  
standing in blood-  
stained boots, sorting sockeye, humpbacks and  
kings.

Time to think just doesn't pay  
to say to a stranger.  
She left me alone with Sunday's  
to witness the front page  
photograph stopping  
the howitzer blood  
of an unidentified  
Muslim on the marketplace floor,  
who lost her sandals,  
too.

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Is it too much to think  
about the ricochet  
of shrapnel  
probing the beef hung  
above the sandals, or sliding  
into the five-year-old's stomach,  
while mother and father  
ask her to finish her  
stew?