

By the Shore

I see them on the news
arriving by boat loads
famished, barely able to stand

I see them –

Those people,
those children
put to bed without food
though I don't know how it's possible
to sleep, that is, or

what to do...

I am comfortable, happy, sated
here in my kitchen by the shore
What do I know of hunger?

I see them –

Honey – orange juice and zest
set beside the bowl

Curtains billow, a wineglass of dark rum
Grease the pan, preheat the oven – clic... clic... clic

chopped dates, raisins, butter, cinnamon, nutmeg,
cloves, vanilla, a pinch of sea breeze

a wineglass of dark, the coming tide

clic... clic... clic, heat, boil, cool, mix, add,
add enough, add more –

crème fraîche

carrots in cake, why not?
let them eat, please

feed them as they clamor from the sea.
Help me,
I can't do loaves and fishes.

ROSE MALOUKIS