

Mushy Peas

Good Hotdogs

For Kiki

One pound fifty pence

Fifty cents apiece

Our shopping done;

~~To eat our lunch~~ for mushy peas.

~~We'd run - climb~~

Straight from school - a flight of stairs

~~Instead of home~~ to the fish market.

~~Two blocks~~

Then the store - stall

That smelled like steam - of vinegar.

~~You ordered~~

~~Because you had the money~~ — Two

~~Two hotdogs and two pops for here~~ orders of mushy peas

~~Everything on the hotdogs~~ slathered in mint sauce,

~~Except pickle lily~~ bright green heaven

~~Dash those hotdogs~~

~~Into buns and splash on~~

~~All that good stuff~~

~~Yellow mustard and onions~~

~~And French fries piled on top all~~

~~Rolled up in a piece of wax~~ in styrofoam cups.

~~Paper for us to hold hot~~

~~In our hands~~

~~Quarters on the counter~~

~~Sit down~~

~~Good hotdogs~~

~~We'd eat~~ walk.

~~Fast till there was nothing left~~ through the old market square

~~But salt and poppy seeds even~~

~~The little burnt tips~~ Nan and me

~~Of French fries~~ window shopping.

~~We'd eat~~

~~You humming~~ never thinking

~~And me swinging my legs~~ this is the last time.

Sandra Cisneros

Laura Shovan