

## **Leftovers**

In a stab at the frugality you say  
I lack,  
I eat your leftover leftovers  
when you're at work.

Fridge door open, I swallow  
plastic forkfuls of blandness—  
couscous, cauliflower, potato,  
no shakes of curry, cardamom, cayenne.

Try serving this to a prisoner  
inside Dannemora,  
see his tin plate splat the wall  
in protest.

Habituated to longing  
tired of daydreaming delicacies,  
I'm incited to strike.