

Hungry

by Daniel Passamaneck

Ravenous, he mows the lawn of her salad; despoils her delicate capers. Olive oil coats his lips.

Her thumbnail traces the edge of the bowl.

D'ya have to be so rough?

He stares at her across a field of greens, fork dripping with readiness:

If you don't like my rough hunger
go feed somebody else.

