

Politics

by Jill Chan

You like to talk politics.

I find almost nothing to talk about.

Since you are here,

I mostly want to make sure of language,
how far it is from being uttered casually,

like a word is casual

when not meant

or meant too much.

These days, you seem

to disappear like bread

tasted and devoured,

a hunger then something shallower

like greed, like the material of our lives,

neither slow nor fast for us,

something unbroken

but meant.

