

# Tuna Sandwiches

*by* Mark Waldrop

The tuna fish sandwiches were laid out the way they had always been;

they were cut into triangles, with wet paper towels between them.  
They stayed that way over an hour,  
untouched, aside from a dimple the size of my cousins finger  
to test the softness.  
Someone had given up on meat entirely,  
Someone else wasn't doing mayonnaise any more.

But as the afternoon progressed slowly triangles began disappearing.

The gentle, deliberate maneuvers of my aunt filling a plastic plate  
were cut by the sound of her ring on its bottom and  
we all watched, wanting her to be OK.

