



Good Neighbors

He wondered how she knew about the Cheetos;
he thought he'd washed the orange dust off clean.
Did she note down each case of beef burritos
the dry-ice truck delivered, sight unseen?

And what about the Snickers bags? Did she
use high-powered binoculars to scan?
Did she note down each luscious wheel of Brie,
each sugared soda in its cheerful can?

What was her interest here? What did she make
of diet gone awry? Or his dismay,
as he insanely wolfed each dwindling cake?
What were her thoughts, one whole backyard away?

He thought he'd call her up, ask her to dine.
He'd better buy another box of wine.

— *james cummins*

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