

Opposites

She always eats so carefully,
So perfectly.
She takes small sips of her lemon water,
Pinky poised.
I take big gulps,
Glass clanking as I set it down.
Hers rests on the table,
Silently.
She cuts her steak up into small,
Bitesize pieces,
Fork in left hand,
Knife in the right.
I just pick it up with my fork,
And take a big bite.
She has her napkin in her lap,
Mine fell to the floor long ago.
She only eats a fifth of her steak,
2 bites of her salad,
And a few sips of her soup.
I eat everything on my plate.
She's dainty,
Beautiful,
So skinny,
So soft-spoken.
I'm loud,
Clumsy,
Average,
But she's the one in the hospital for malnutrition.
And I'm the one with a job,
A husband,
Kids.

--Kasey Powell
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