
Picnic Day

by Maddie Allums

While holding take-out tikka masala
from a place down the street,
she passed by a man wearing
jeans and a brown coat.

She was walking
when the man stopped her
and asked if she had any extra food
for his friends.

She looked at him, embarrassed
“No,” she said, “sorry.”
She was sure to put on her most
sympathetic, kindest look.

“Oh it’s okay,” he said, almost sweetly,
matching her face,
before his tone turned indignant,

“It’s OK when you’re hungry,
but when we are it’s a crime.
But don’t worry—when you die,
God will forgive you for this.”