

Slip the CRACKERS

by KATE ZUMACH

Slippery fingers slide plastic in between
 Make sure not to crinkle
The cashier will see
Meander shuffle, shuffle aisles filled
With empty hunger
 A pack of crackers
Salt lick, keep me going
Till lunch tomorrow, I can scrounge
Kids filled, lunches overflowing
Like pillowcases of candy after trick-or-treating
Bright eyes digging, claw hands picking what they want
 I'd eat it all
Jealousy fuels fingers; poverty burns holes in empty pockets
 In empty stomachs
Soon things will change
Dad will come home, Mom will wake up
Dig through rotten food to find a pack of stale elbows
Dinner for three
 Only one will get to eat

KATE ZUMACH is a junior majoring in Bpmi and minoring in entomology. She enjoys all outside activities and anything that's new and challenging. Her favorite childhood book series were Sherlock Holmes and Nancy Drew. She hopes to continue writing and creating music with friends.