

A Scarcity

those days. waited in lines
with a female relative you pretended
not to know to get the extra
sack of scarce sugar. (war
lingering.) (the small town dying
& not yet knowing it.) the place
odored with fruit & coffee; the plain
wood floor. & the glee of meeting
afterwards, the four pounds put
together at a time. & did not know
that what was rationed was those days.

—John Ditsky