

## Sunday Dinner

The bird lotuses  
Trussed in string suspenders  
A water goblet  
Of mandarin liquor  
Over cascades  
For baste and broth;  
Burnishing, gilding  
Its roasting coat.  
And I salivate as  
The caramel golden  
Aromas levitate me  
To peek through the  
Oven screen  
At the delectable rite  
Of autumn.  
Mama calls "patience child"  
As she toe-slides  
Over the greased-sheened tile  
Just as I put to voice  
The question.  
"Mama we're hungry.  
When will the swan be done?"  
Mama corrects quickly,  
"A turkey, honey.  
Swans are not for eating.  
Swans and peacocks  
Doves and eagles  
Soar, serenade  
Plie and promenade, but  
Are not eaten."  
My four-year old head  
Turns back to the oven to ask  
"So turkeys don't do nothing  
But get ate, huh Mama."  
"Not unless they's wild  
In the woods, and  
Don't have our Good God  
Giving them flying wings  
To rise above  
The hot stoves of this world"  
And my although unformed,  
Newly informed mind vows

Then and there  
To never be tamed.

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