

ADA LIMÓN

*The Lessing Table*

The dinner table was too small  
and that was obvious.  
We had to buy smaller forks,  
smaller chairs, stop talking.

You took the saltshakers  
off. I decided I'd only make  
soft foods so we wouldn't have  
to use knives anymore.

It kept on shrinking for days,  
the butter taking over the dinner  
plates, the green beans looking  
longer and mean,

until it was just a thin slip  
passed between us, a note  
on blue-lined binder paper  
in number two pencil:

*Make the train wheels lock.  
Make the mobile stop.  
Do something, do something.*