

Sandwiched Satire

Nicky Didicher

The paring knife is polished and precise,	1
But now I wonder where to take the slice.	
I pause above the questionable cheese	
And contemplate foods moldier than these.	
Why does my fridge become a refuse bin?	5
And where is all the good veg I put in?	
Consumed by work, I let the bags just sit,	
And now I wonder “should I eat this shit?”	
Like human refuse Swift and Pope did see	
As fodder for their pens, so this to me.	10
The evil’s here. To make it through my day	
I must decide to eat or throw away.	
How much to trim from off the cheese’s side?	
Will there be consequences dire? Must I abide	
The vomit so as not to waste the food?	15
The satirist gets poisoned—that’s not good!	
And yet, if I avoid the evil I have done,	
Throw out the cheese and bad tomatoes all at once,	
I don’t acknowledge my complicity,	
My human weakness, my destructive streak.	20
If I debride the rot, I’ll still feel whole,	
But will I cut away part of my soul?	
Satiric cheese is sandwiched now in moral bread,	
And mayonnaise can cover what I’ve said:	
So let us eat, and think of life instead.	25



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