

THE LAST SUPPER

Guy Belleranti

“You call this slop a home-cooked meal?”
Snarled the man to his overworked wife.
She balled her fists, sucked in a breath,
As his words cut in deep like a knife.
“As for the coffee,” he went on,
“It is the worst I have ever had.
Make it over, stronger this time.”
So strong poison to it she did add.

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