

# Anasazi

By Tacey M. Atsitty

How can we die when we're already  
prone to leaving the table mid-meal  
like Ancient Ones gone to breathe  
elsewhere. Salt sits still, but pepper's gone  
rolled off in a rush. We've practiced dying  
for a long time: when we skip dance or town,  
when we chew. We've rounded out  
like dining room walls in a canyon, eaten  
through by wind—Sorry we rushed off;  
the food wasn't ours. Sorry the grease sits  
white on our plates, and the jam that didn't set—  
use it as syrup to cover every theory of us.

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