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The Last Supper

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The Last Supper

Emel Terzioglu

That last night,
Uncle Mikey ate pasta
like an evangelist eats the words of Christ,
whiteknuckling the fork,
only pausing to speak with fervor on the latest news headline,
always smelling like stale bread and liquor-
he was so good at hiding.

He'd throw the sauce stained dishes
into the suds and hot water with a clatter,
as if those dirty, sinning dishes,
were being bathed in holy water.
And his damp shirt would cling to his skeletal frame,
skinny like the strings of his guitar.

He drank his coffee rock star black
with two spoonfuls of sugar.
He'd gulp it down quickly
so the coffee would dribble down the sides,
staining his students' papers as he graded,
and ate store-bought vanilla cake with his fingers.

There was a music on that Sunday night
to the way he fell down those porch stairs.
He smiled,
a smile that imprinted every corner of his face.
I don't think he could feel it,
I don't think he could feel much of anything anymore,
Heroin did that.
Uncle Mikey lay on his back,
with his arms and legs outstretched,
like a child doing snow angels
in the dead of winter.