

The Lord's Table

Timothy Liu

The banquet table was spread,
But I could no longer smell
Satisfaction in the room.

I couldn't swallow the smiles
Nor could I decipher
The language I once knew.

But still I joined them,
Nibbling crusts of dry bread
And sipping tepid water.

The elders' faces grew old
Like the legends
That seasoned my youth.

I sat in silent pews
Staring past the chancel,
Wanting more.

I hungered to be
Consumed, and left
Emaciated.