

That One Thanksgiving

By

B. A. Varghese

Originally appeared in *Agave Magazine* Vol.3 #2 (Spring 2016)

The turkey sits on a table like a lone
brown mountain sloping and slouching into a singular
circular platter of snow. The first slice
into the breast cuts deep and out of the new
ravine steam rises, intertwines
with the aroma of a buttery bird. Juice
trickles down the opening, a single river
of flavor, spilling and pooling. I lay a succulent
slice on my plate in a corner. That one slice,
a chunk of that mountain, once an integral part, now sits
separated and alone. Something else is needed. I scoop a
clump of mashed potatoes, a hunk of stuffing,
a gang of green beans, and I pour dark gravy all over,
bringing the dish together.
The cold house is filled with a clatter
of one spoon against one plate and nothing else. I sit down.
The empty chairs are pushed tight against the table. I smile
for I am like all great and precious things
and give thanks for knowing what it feels like
yet never wanting to return.