

# GOOD HOTDOGS

*For Kiki*

Fifty cents apiece  
To eat our lunch  
We'd run  
Straight from school  
Instead of home  
Two blocks  
Then the store  
That smelled like steam  
You ordered  
Because you had the money  
Two hotdogs and two pops for here  
Everything on the hotdogs  
Except pickle lily  
Dash those hotdogs  
Into buns and splash on  
All that good stuff

Yellow mustard and onions  
And french fries piled on top all  
Rolled up in a piece of wax  
Paper for us to hold hot  
In our hands  
Quarters on the counter  
Sit down  
Good hotdogs  
We'd eat  
Fast till there was nothing left  
But salt and poppy seeds even  
The little burnt tips  
Of french fries  
We'd eat  
you humming  
And me swinging my legs

*Sandra Cisneros*