

Dinner

Each evening
at dinner
my father chose
a bowl of Kellogg's *Corn Flakes*
over his wife's
carefully prepared
meals

Delectable dishes
of finely herbed soup
and tender breaded chicken
were dismissed
in favour
of a bowl
of the familiar breakfast cereal

But my mother
a determined optimist
clung to the hope
that one evening
her husband would choose
the food she had prepared
over a bowl of tasteless flakes

Why else insist
on the nightly offering
of a delicious meal
so persistently
and predictably
declined?

Ruth Panofsky