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Eating culture

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Authors	Capers, Kenneth D.
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EATING CULTURE

Kenneth D. Capers

Fajita fantasy
 Curry lover
 to whom I am
 untrue
 because it is only
 your flavor and never the texture
 of you I want to taste.

You are a resort location
 where tourists strip down
 wearing sun block
 while roasting golden
 brown in your
 heated kitchen.

How admired are your dishes
 served up prettily
 to stimulate taste buds,
 moving patrons to salivate and
 lick their thin lips hungrily.

Paying for the privilege,
 clientele sample gingerly
 because they are fickle and
 proud to be
 hard to please.

Your exotic fare meets
 approval when curious
 patrons discover
 in the face of different spices
 and carefully concocted coconut
 delicacies that
 you taste just like chicken.

Going native with
 floral prints on the
 worn sheets where
 your tapered fingers
 and thin ankles hold on

to sturdy capitalists
thrusts that
pillage your Thai
treasures off the menu,
as timbales and drumbeats
soundtrack the plunder
and minutes of this
international affair.

You, my sweet, are the Chinese buffet
to be sampled selectively
and scraped off
the plates once a short
attention span has
been satisfied.

Today we will do
Caribbean you
until satiated,
heavy,
full of the knowing
that first world
privilege can
sleepily
lick its fingers clean,
leaving
disenfranchised, penetrated you
a large
tip for silent
survival,
offered in
compliant
passive
reception.

Kenneth D. Capers
Clark Atlanta University
United States of America