

# Metaphysics over lunch

*Linda Sillitoe*

*English professor and rebel:*

Off campus, our sentences race  
the tabletop, garbed in wit and color.  
By the time food comes, our ideas dance  
in lines, weaving outrageous figure,  
slapping hand on hand. Nothing can get you  
if you don't believe in it, you say  
from safety. And I believe you.

*Tribal leader and painter:*

An apple in the truck, and we stand  
at noon before your glassed-in relative,  
dead and reconstructed, her history  
on a card. Dug-up death pours off her  
and I move away; you stand and read.  
Filter, you tell me back in the truck;  
stare down what you see without eyes.

*Lawyer and fairytale expert:*

Now you, astride in your own light,  
enjoy lunching in the mountains  
where it all sings—snow, mist, or sun.  
Your talk treks the high trails;  
I inspect shadows where, you say,  
nothing we acknowledge can overtake us.  
Look out, I say as protection.

*Afterword*

Except when the tab is paid, we don't  
consider your long legs bent under  
table or steering wheel. We never recall  
those priestly hands passing on powers  
you may ignore. Is it only my hidden stance  
in Bible and constitution that senses  
all the hollows, where everything waits and yearns.