

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Pranaya S. Ayyala: Two Poems

Pranaya S. Ayyala · Wednesday, May 24th, 2023

### a communist sonnet for potatoes

you haven't seen me here for four years now and  
 i wonder what books you've read since last week?  
 when you yapped on about community and communism,  
 when the black sofa fueled your hope of opening a  
 long awaited door. i haven't gotten delirious  
 on your mother's fried potatoes since the last time we  
 argued about crunchy, crispy, coffee, or capacity?  
 with you pounding into the ground and me  
 lying half dead next to you — i am skull smashed and  
 bashed — abashed — i am potato pulp just the way you hate it —  
 hoping you don't read me in two hours and proceed to  
 proclaim me paid for or made for dinner or written for or  
 worse: someone just like you who watches community burn  
 for communism, a good book, and a plate of potatoes.

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### i do not get an appetite

so stretch me thin  
 tablecloth on a mahogany  
 dinner table. let my feet hang  
 down arms fallen above  
 let plates pile on top of me

*let's eat! let's eat!* the men spin. now  
 it is my turn to open my mouth  
 speak before they stuff me shut.  
 i smell of roast. meals served from my  
 belly before my starved mothers can eat.

i smell of the oil that has decorated  
 their arms. scars of satiation. i reek  
 of political commentary

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our guests do not want to hear i am  
a smell that no man wants to bear.

dear men, i accept your rejection  
frenzied circles: upturned nose anti-show  
still irresistible they eat eat eat until they burst  
themselves along my kitchen walls, raining shower.

the plates will not empty and  
i am no wistful wallflower. the showers may come  
until there is not a morsel left over

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