

In the Kitchen

Alfredo Lopez

In the kitchen, bored,
I watch from a window
the evening falling
over a thousand desperate faces,
fast-pacing towards home,
after a long day at work.

I write the words my mind wants to drown,
what my silence wants to scream:
“Unless it speaks,
The silence of the little girl sitting across me,
Will remain an immutable gesture,
Her resentment will only express itself,
 In the sad glances she casts upon her parents
 Who ignore her.”

Yesterday the same people discussed the same topics:
The screaming boss at work, the rising price of milk.
Their words, their grievances, speak of hopelessness.
My silence makes them think of me as an unbearable person;
I don't want to discuss their problems,
Or offer solutions to which they won't listen.
They've always preferred to drown in a sea of misery,
To feel hopeless.

I know that sometimes I behave as a child does;
Indifferent to their talk, I play with a paper airplane.

I look at the girl,
I look at her parents,

And understand,
That being an adult is not at all enjoyable,
And that I wish to keep inside me
The joy of being a child,
The unforgettable memory
Of flying a kite,
Alone under an endless blue sky,
Immersed in complete freedom.

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