

Good Hotdogs

by Sandra Cisneros

Fifty cents apiece
To eat our lunch
We'd run
Straight from school
5 Instead of home
Two blocks
Then the store
That smelled like steam
You ordered
10 Because you had the money
Two hotdogs and two pops for here
Everything on the hotdogs
Except pickle lily
Dash those hotdogs
15 Into buns and splash on
All that good stuff
Yellow mustard and onions
And french fries piled on top all
Rolled up in a piece of wax
20 Paper for us to hold hot
In our hands
Quarters on the counter
Sit down
Good hotdogs
25 We'd eat
Fast till there was nothing left
But salt and poppy seeds even
The little burnt tips
Of french fries
30 We'd eat
you humming
And me swinging my legs