The Stinky Lunch

It was me.
The one with the lunch bag
That bombed the classroom
Like a skunk.

As I twisted my thermos open
The faces around me wrinkled
Noses plugged
Eyes stared in horror
“What’s that smell?” shot into my ears.

I looked at my food
What was appetizing for dinner last night
Made me want to throw up at that moment.
This monster in front of me
Tore my friends apart
While it waited to be consumed.

I didn’t eat that day.
And now I eat alone
On a park bench away from the masses.
My stinky Bindongo,
Longanisa that looks like fresh poop,
Sour Sinigang
On a fluffy bed of white rice.

Who would want that
When you can have a corn dog
Or some room temperature pastrami on white bread?

Of course,
People are allowed to have their preferences,
Share their opinions,
But keep my food out of it.