

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.