

Sol 365
by Macha Lopez

I sometimes wonder if they ever order the fish simply because they can.
Out here, ten years of tips bussing tables wouldn't let me afford it.

These two certainly didn't bother with that thought when they left, most of their plates still
untouched. Who proposes during main course *anyway*?
I snatch the forsaken sashimi and wolf it down.

The Ocean...

Her skin, heavy with sun marks.
Salt lines at the corner of her eyes.

Thinking of those ills I could not reverse.

There are sols I don't know who I miss the most:
my mother,
or the Earth?

Written for the 2022 100-word NYC Midnight Challenge

Assigned genre: Sci-Fi

Assigned word: "reverse"

Assigned action: eating fish