

A Conversation I Probably Imagined

By Nile A. Coy

"Chinese, Mexican, Italian, American..."

she listed off..

"What do you want to eat?"

"You are what you eat," said me,

"If we are going keep tasting like Americans,
maybe that's the way to go."

She giggled quietly under her breath.

"What's so funny?" I probe.

"It's nothing. It's horrible" she says shyly.

"What?" I demanded.

"Do you suppose black people taste like fried chicken?"

she asked me reluctantly.

"That is horrible." I said. "You are horrible."

She shot me a wounded look.

"Listen," I say,

"I ate a black person once and she tasted just like pussy."

More giggles... and pussy sounded good...

so that is what I ate.