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## Lobsters in the Attic

April Lindner

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## Lindner: Lobsters in the Attic

### LOBSTERS IN THE ATTIC

April Lindner

He won't eat corn till I remove the *risk*,  
his word for silk, won't eat the kernels touched  
by *risk*, though corn is mostly safe, familiar.  
For him, most food *is* risky: squishy, weird,  
spicy, touched by bugs, and when he asks,  
*Why are so many lobsters in the attic?*  
he means earwigs. Through his wary eyes,  
a lobster's just a monster arthropod,  
its creamy flesh offset by those antennae,  
and the green *tamale* I pretend to like,  
(the liver, slick and rich, a luxury).  
What passes his inspection? Purple jelly,  
yellow cheese, candy in any hue.  
Surely not this basket of mulberries  
freshly picked. I wash, searching for inchworms  
(find one rearing up, green question mark)  
look closely at the berry's clustered bumps  
like rampant cells. I have to force myself  
to eat a single one, its burst peculiar  
on my tongue. We learn to chew,  
mouths closed, the laundered napkins on our laps,  
learn to overlook the strings and bruises,  
the nerves and messy juice, and say *delicious*.