

2013

## Slayer Sushi

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### Recommended Citation

Oltvai, Kristof (2013) "Slayer Sushi," *Exile*: Vol. 59 : No. 1 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol59/iss1/7>

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# Slayter Sushi

By Kristof Oltvai

Burgers, French fries, doused in grease? – No  
My taste's inclined to her, exotic,  
Rolled by Eastern hands,  
But then shipped trans-Pacific  
"Warning: Raw"

How many times have her teeth crushed  
Salmon, avocado, a sprinkle of paprika  
Or rice, or rolls of seaweed –  
The teeth  
I have counted with my tongue a hundred times?

She is leaves of ginger  
Pink and bittersweet,  
Cleansing my palate between –  
Booze – and books – and Huffman food

She is slices of sashimi  
Uncooked tuna, albacore;  
"There's more fish in the sea,"  
Yet Santiago chased but one,  
Plucked a single treasure from the quivering waves.

She is wasabi  
Spice, overpowering  
Complementing the pang of shrimp and clam  
Until I place a great green blob on the end of my chopsticks  
And suddenly  
I don't know why I'm crying.

Every man has got to eat;  
But mercury adds up.