**Noodles and Juice**

Gary Lark

We had just moved there.

Out of the way, cheap.

Dusty side yard.

Broken streetlight.

The neighbor knocked.

An emergency.

She had to go somewhere

leaving her four kids

and could we watch them

for an hour or two.

The kids were eating dinner.

Noodles and juice—

macaroni and the water it cooked in.

Thin blonde/white hair.

The bare-bulb glare of indifference.

My wife went back over

with bread, peanut butter and apples.

I stared at the street,

the sun already down.