**Sandra Cisneros (born 1954)**

**Good Hot Dogs** *for Kiki*



Fifty cents apiece

To eat our lunch

We’d run

Straight from school

Instead of home

Two blocks

Then the store

That smelled like steam

You ordered

Because you had the money

Two hotdogs and two pops for here

Everything on the hotdogs

Except pickle lily

Dash those hotdogs

Into buns and splash on

All that good stuff

Yellow mustard and onions

And french fries piled on top all

Rolled up in a piece of wax

Paper for us to hold hot

In our hands

Quarters on the counter

Sit down

Good hotdogs

We’d eat

Fast till there was nothing left

But salt and poppy seeds even

The little burnt tips

Of french fries We’d eat

You humming

And me swinging my legs (10)

Food for Thought

1. What comes to mind when you read this poem?
2. What do you think the “ceremony” of eating the hotdogs symbolizes for the speaker/poet?
3. What is the purpose of this poem? Why did Cisneros write it?
4. This poem does not rhyme. What other characteristics does it have that allow you to identify it as a poem? Give specific examples.