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Mercy Café

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Mercy Café

In the Mercy Café, it’s all hair nets and white shoes. The staff look like the nurses except for their tools: spatulas, ladles and spoons.

There are few windows in the Mercy Café. The light is dominantly fluorescent, blue. The staff and food take on a sickly hue beneath the artificial afternoon.

In the Mercy Café, all the food is “healthy:” low sugar, low fat, high fiber, low salt. It is too bland to distract you from your greatest fears.

Everyone is quiet in the Mercy Café: people looking past each other, past poorly hidden griefs. Except for the staff: they are boisterous.

They compliment you or comment on the weather as they slap something vaguely vegetal on your plate.

“Sister,” they say to each other. “Bless you,” they say to us. In the Mercy Café, you eat what you came for,

what you’ve paid for, what you’ve been given. It is not delicious, and it is not beautiful. But it will fill you up.

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