

# A Bar at the Folies- Bergere. Manet

*by* Jerry Ratch

The mystery is in the barmaid's impersonal stare  
It's all there. Recognizable the bottles of Bass Ale  
and Crème de Menthe. Glazed oranges piled in a bowl  
Two roses in a small clear glass of water  
A wide gold bracelet on her arm, halfway  
up from the wrist. A corsage centered on her breast  
and a locket hanging from a black velvet ribbon  
around her neck. Her cheeks are flushed  
as she stands listening to the frank man in the  
top hat, with his deep red face in reflection  
serious, intent. The long brown moustache, his  
cane clutched firmly in one hand. While off  
above, swings a pair of legs with green feet  
from a trapeze over the big crowded room  
The barmaid is quite young still, and tired  
or dazed. We see her reflected back  
We are perhaps that man

A Bar at the Folies-Bergere - Edouard Manet

