

Dinner at La Maison Bouche

by Marc Vincenz

The knife that precedes the bigger knife that precedes the spoon
that precedes
the flat fork,

with stuff like that I'm all butterfingers,

& even though he's never been to Italy except once to shoot a gun
when the world was a great big jumble,

he remembers all sorts of punch lines,

I say every good man needs moments when reflections shine like
stars inside the mind,

he says gone are the good old days of Egyptian tailors,

but still knots his tie in late Windsor,

perhaps it's taught him how to unravel pink rosettes, and on Friday
nights when he brushes off his best,

a three-piece herringbone once zigzagged by a man named Fazul
with a twitch somewhere near Saint Martin's Square,

he orders Asti Spumanti and calls me clever young thing.

