

Restaurant

George Klawitter

You eat fish the way you eat my heart:
Slowly, under frilly conversation,
Every slice a deliberate caress
Unconscious to yourself.

I don't care. As long as almondine
Lengthens sole, I tolerate your poise.
Nothing good comes at precipice--
The slow slide into you increases joy.

And other customers, unaware
Of your delight in meat, go about
Their scallops, seeing us a dullish pair
Propped in a window seat on Wickenden

Where pedestrians pass oblivious too
Of my diminished chord shrinking as
Each bite you meditate becomes a spore
Exploding into multitudes of heart.