

Notice

The french fries were divine
The soft shadow of your jaw
The raw stuff, the smell of you
I'll chew on this a while
Your smile your puss your pits
And yet it's clear I deserve
More than a dumbwaiter
More than a shaft that raises
And lowers the kitchen's gifts
Lifts the silver and drops dishes
Picks up and puts down over
And over. I can take the stairs
Myself I can put food on the
Table. I am able. Thankfully.
Able to cut loose take the floor
And even play host. Who needs
Another man around even if
You're good enough to eat I
Wouldn't put you out for tea
Who needs that kind of service
Not me. You have been served.