

## DINING ALONE

We progress through the restaurant, the Maitre'd head high and proud  
My eyes downward and domiciled in awkwardness  
When we reach the table he pulls out my chair and I sit as he slides away the  
unnecessary setting opposite my placement  
A placeholder for someone with no face as of yet.  
I remember it has been awhile. I feel how it has been too long  
Simple pleasures, dining, cooking pancakes, reading late night while she  
sleeps naked nearby

Coupled things, the surprising sense of missing them comes rushing forth as  
I stare at the empty tablecloth in front of me  
(Does everyone stare at me the whole evening as I think they do?)  
Each little action, how I wipe my mouth, how I replace the beer to its worn  
spot on the table, the formality of my arched pose

I am the evening entertainment, I imagine  
An old picture show watched with amusement of a modern time  
A thing to thither about, to poke and nudge and smile quaintly  
I travel alone, I live alone  
They go hand and hand like couples do  
I am dining alone.  
Again.