

Ruth Bardon

MENU

It begs you to look,
the curvy font
on the deckled yellow page,
and the offerings
of five or six choices,
easily managed,
and the libations,
hidden on the back,
so that you can consider
one thing at a time—
all this thoughtfulness,
when what it wants
is to have you
open your mouth
in a roomful of strangers,
look directly
into someone's eyes,
while you place new things
between your lips,
chew them,
swallow them,
love them,
pay for them.