

An Attitude of Waiters

Eyes down, they won't see you.
Though it's only moments since
they pounced, so that you're seated
now. And now it is the season.
Let's have them stiff starched,
creased to bow, tuned to any tongue.
Their world is pigeon swift, yet
priestly, they will stand like herons,
have had the special training.
Collectively they know each
other's signs. Once of the kingdom,
it is we seek their attention. This is
as arduous as prayer. Patience! Are
we virtuous? Sometimes we wave
the scripture at them. Kitchen will
have none of that. Even the specials
run out. Clock slogs. Appetite
makes monsters. It will pauperize
the soul. Cook knows how much
condiment. To pay's something like
Ragnarök. It matters little how
much silver you leave for them
on the plate. In heaven one imagines
them, crowded to whim, obsequious
of any peep. No greater delight in
their station but serve. Of course
you are already fed. Nor will the savour
ever lessen. Here on earth, we're all as
much for form. My model's Charlie
Chaplin, with his two great buffet trays
and absolutely no intention to pay.
Cigar for after, that's the style.
And let the world cough up.

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