

Be Seated

She sat beside me
rather than across.

The whole configuration
of our couple meal felt off.

It was like talking to her
from the bedroom

as she lay in the bath.
It was like being blind.

“You look like spectators,”
our waiter quipped.

But what turned me
into a fan of the idea,

this avant-garde staging
of a classic of the dating

repertory, was a sense
of having been placed

in someone else’s art,
staring out at people

staring back, and how
even knocking elbows

as her knife and my fork
rose in time felt intimate,

as if the same meal was
going into the same mouth

that we knew was there
by taste rather than sight.