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Kwak

I am supping from a Bunsen burner,
your eyes that go on forever,
the frisson of always being about to eat.
Ushered into a Winstub, where the munster
will not be served until the cheese walks
on the tarte flambée, the minster
melts in your background, the kwak
beer yeasts, you supper me.

I stand at the painting you were two days ago:
these chocolate hearts laced in tiroirs are
the thoughts of small lovers. An orphan
made your face then snaffled your confiture
with the mint finger of the statue
parked in the Barrage Vauban,
about to rouge her lips, too engorged
and separated from the clutch.

I could have strangled that giraffe
as you gave me the gist of your eyes,
Frisk mints, and my stomach bloomed,
knotted at your recognition of a scene.
Please do not stand next to anybody
in a gallery. I cannot stand it.
‘Monsieur, vous cherchez une idée?’
‘Voulez-vous une giraffe?’

We breakfast on the thumb, Au Coin du Feu,
as I regard you en coin, from a corner,
the corner of your eyes, you have cornered
my heart, ‘Have I seen you in a corner?’,
l’épicerie du coin, the local grocer,
certainly, yes, dans the coin, but you will never
be round about, I’m not pas du coin,
from here, nor are ... if only I could jam you.

Fifteen minutes with you, the bones
of your cheeks conker my thoughts
as the snail shells bicker around us.
I am crocked, monsieur. You lean in:
‘Are you permanent?’; ‘Would you enjoy
a bloc of goose?’ You rule. The raindrops
are coming down like stair-rods. Mint.
The gargoyles are streaming. Look at you.