

## Bistro

The rain stains my feet  
    through the holes in my shoes  
        at least my socks are wool

I have perfect manners while I eat alone  
    Who do I perform for?

    Maybe the waitress notices that I know how to use my knife properly

And that I have good posture

And that I pat my lips with my napkin

And that I rip my bread just enough for one bite

And that I do not look at my phone

    It is for the duck

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## Dining Car

One hot dog  
Two Dewars  
One cup of ice  
One ginger ale  
Five mustard packets  
Ten napkins

I brought chips from home otherwise I'd buy some

I'm going to get the mustard all over my face

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## Seated dinner

So nauseous.

    How many times will I have to eat cacio e Pepe

And smile politely

I used to live in that hotel  
Under a treadmill

At Least four by now

My hair is in control, it looks amazing

What is there to do?

File my nails again

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Tuesday Night

Miller light,  
glazed donettes,  
Sapporo ichiban chow mein

My feet are soaked, my shoulders strained

I know I could play a lap steel if I had one  
I know it'd make me cry

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Bob Hill

Chicken in the gumtree  
It's mighty good  
Stuff

Mama cooks it up  
And I can never get  
Enough