

Waitress

Bodenheim, Maxwell, 1892-1954

Musicians and carpenters
Meet upon your trays of food:
Aesthetics and the flesh
Play their little joke upon dogma,
Urged by the rhythm of your hands.
Your rouged cheeks slip unnoticed
Through the sexless turmoil.
The rituals are hastened
Lest they become self-conscious. . .
I stop you and remark:
"The sylvan story of your hair
Is damaged by your rhinestone comb.
May I remove it?" Then you stare.
The fact that you have been
Greeted by something other than a wink
Almost causes you to think.
You walk away, holding an emotion
That skims the lips of many adjectives.
Confused, uncertain, scornful—
With none of them fused together.