

BLIND MILTONS

To Jacques Baron

I was a plongeur in a great cafe
I was thy damndest servitor O Lord
I stood upon a soapbox squarely in the middle of the
always agitated purgatory dropping dishes in the
effervescent copper crater and
the vapor stuck to my beard.

My feet fell swiftly into desuetude
my mother said to me my what flat feet you have Alfred
my brother said to me my what flat feet you have Alfred
the Polish chef said to me my what flat feet you have
Alfred.