

## WHAT'S HIS FACE

An infinitely forgettable fellow,  
What's His Face came and went  
in a funk of obscurity. He often had half a mind  
to this or that, but dissipated such  
thoughts through half-hearted measures.  
Wives in the checkout line gossiped  
while thumbing through People  
and dropped his name with no intention  
to pick it up again.

“What's His Face,”  
they remarked, “at a dinner party  
is usually good for a cut-rate  
bottle of Sauvignon, something with cheese.  
Perhaps he'll venture an anecdote  
colourless as a cocktail onion  
that slips through your fingers  
and winds up forgotten, petrified  
beneath the chesterfield.”

His departure was rarely marked;  
at some point he'd be simply gone,  
his empties, likewise.

He was middle  
management at who-knows-where, where they do  
something to or with computers.  
It was there he met his one true love  
who one night, whilst they two  
were engaged in you-know-what,  
suddenly saw what all her girlfriends  
had failed to see in What's His Face  
and thenceforth dubbed him What's His Nuts,  
laughing him out of face at the water cooler.

And so between office and exit  
he may still stride the linoleum mile,  
his necktie a mocking  
interrogation mark. He may reflect on  
the frosted glass of door and room divider:  
What's His Face beneath fluorescent tubes,  
complexion grey as linoleum tile.