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Darjeeling

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Noonan: Darjeeling

DARJEELING

T. A. Noonan

1: Service

Mimosa. Toasted waffle. Potatoes
half-soft in the skillet.

Focus on you: a woman

licking olive oil off her wrist & shouting,

“There ain’t a witch here

or anywhere in the world who wants this job!”

(turn

(to the pull-out couch: one witch pockets
a five dollar bill left in a program,
another slips
hands into her underwear)

on the oven)

First, unsteady silence. Two
clicks, a hiss of blue
heat. Now I’m beside you greasing
a Pyrex dish.

We work the dough in shifts,
our nightgowns bleached by flour & thin
winter sunlight. After your funeral, I bake
cinnamon rolls.

Rise. Dress. Take breakfast on the patio.
Entertain an audience. Cast long profiles over every teacup.