Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 12

Issue 2 Spring-Summer: Extended Outlooks: The Iowa Review Collection of Contemporary Writing by Women Article 59

1981

Restaurant

Maxine Hong Kingston

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Kingston, Maxine Hong. "Restaurant." *The Iowa Review* 12.2 (1981): 206-206. Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2728

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

Restaurant · Maxine Hong Kingston

for Lilah Kan

The main cook lies sick on a banquette, and his assistant has cut his thumb. So the quiche cook takes their places at the eight-burner range, and you and I get to roll out twenty-three rounds of pie dough and break a hundred eggs, four at a crack, and sift out shell with a China cap, pack spinach in the steel sink, squish and squeeze the water out, and grate a full moon of cheese. Pam, the pastry chef, who is baking Chocolate Globs (once called Mulattos) complains about the disco, which Lewis, the salad man, turns up louder out of spite. "Black so-called musician." "Broads. Whites." The porters, who speak French, from the Ivory Coast, sweep up droppings and wash the pans without soap. We won't be out of here until three a.m. In this basement, I lose my size. I am a bent-over child, Gretel or Jill, and I can lift a pot as big as a tub with both hands. Using a pitchfork, you stoke the broccoli and bacon. Then I find you in the freezer, taking a nibble of a slab of chocolate big as a table. We put the quiches in the oven, then we are able to stick our heads up out of the sidewalk into the night and wonder at the clean diners behind glass in candlelight.