

X

it's just like a coffin's
 inside when you die,
 pretentious and
 shiny and
 not too wide
 dear god

there's a portrait
 over the door very notable of
 the sultan's nose pullable and rosy
 flanked by the scrumptious magdalene
 of whoisit and madame
 something by gainsborough
 just the playthings
 for dust n'est-ce pas

effendi drifts between
 tables like an old leaf
 between toadstools
 he is the cheerfulest of men
 his peaked head smoulders
 like a new turd in April
 his legs are brittle and small
 his feet large and fragile
 his queer hands twitter before him, like foolish
 butterflies
 he is the most courteous of men

should you remark the walls have been repapered

he will nod
 like buddha
 or answer modestly
 i am dying

so let us come in together and
 drink coffee covered with froth
 half-mud
 and not too
 sweet?