

Bruce Wyse

After-dinner Mint

In the mirror: is it you?
And how would you know?

–in front of a Merlot door–in perfume, on staggering tile–
under utterly mistaken florescent lights,
taking too much time, helping yourself to seconds
in heady colour and noisy odour

–mind coiling fume
in the wet now
–there are hands in the sink
like yours
being watered
–fingers ludicrously lingering–

the revolving earth catches up,
arcs the truant ghost into the mint-sucking machine

there are people waiting;
there are bills to be paid

money talks
–you listen–
but plastic is protean
after additional Armagnac