Another's Plate

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ANOTHER'S PLATE

Pastor Bejinez

She’s the mother of four
    Chirping and screaming
    Children.
None are his own
    Though he wishes
    They were.
He wishes and dreams
    Of being awoken
    By their screams
    And cries with
Her hand resting on his thigh
    Beneath spring scented sheets
        A savory —warm and delightful—
        Annoyance.
One that only one lucky man
    Can taste the privilege of
    Savoring.

Like every other man
    But her man,
He’s just a fool who stares
    Through the windows
Of his imagination
    And D
     R
     O
     O
     L
     S
At the sight of her whispers
    Caressing
    The back of his ear.

What a fool he is
    Stares and dreams
    Of the plate that is not his.
Why not spice and herb
    Then roast and melt with another
    Or even order his own?
What a fool he is
    Continues to stare and wish
Of what could never be his.
He goes alone
As he is shooed
    From the door
        Without a plate
            Of his own.