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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.