

2017

Another's Plate

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Recommended Citation

Bejinez, Pastor (2017) "Another's Plate," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2010 , Article 1.

Available at: <http://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2010/iss1/1>

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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

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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.