

Which Orphan Will Be Mannerly at the Table? Andrea Watson

(Don't) want to know about Sylvia

injured ignited.

Find: the early poems

before she: becomes.

Poems flutter in the drawer at Chalcot Square

pushing at the handles,

step-children of this dark cabinet:

3 want to shine shoes for a living

2 are not weaned

1 is forced out in the rain

In the High Street, they board a local.

Blaze after blaze

of stations. Everyone is

getting off: What/is/the/final

stop?

Maybe I will invite them to dinner—

serve fish pie on robin's egg

china, stilton ripening

under bell glass cover. I will hide

the outsized bread knife behind red tulips.



They tell me they are lonely. Not hungry.

I eat them alone

at the burning counter,

swallowing every last consonant

and vow.

