

Peter Sparks

Déjeuner

I thought Nick old,
but devilish.
He's in a raffish
urban mould

not suited to
a woodland glade
and dappled shade—
and suited too.

That friend he'd picked
—his tasseled hat
and pink cravat—
just gazed at Nick,

and Nick at him,
while he pontif-
icated through the whiff
of sweat and gin.

I thought if I,
demurely stripped,
I'd catch Nick's eye
and he'd be gripped.

I thought he'd itch
if I'd no stitch.

Oh! why
did I
pick
Nick?