

Sweetbreads

Ah, Sweetbreads, what night will I see you again?
 Will you deliver your warm earthy flavors to me
 In the rustic urban setting of Café Noir's low ceilinged
 Hideaway on Upper Market Street where we first met
 By chance after sundown on a Thursday in November?

I came late with no reservations
 I stole you
 I had no choice
 It was you or that *Poulet Basquaise*
 Many have had you
 I know
 But for me it was my very first time.

Will I climb the narrow steep stairs on Romolo Place
 Some Tuesday to find you being passed around by
 Rough young workers' hands down some long
 Boardinghouse table as the daily special braised
 With Madeira for any displaced West Coast Basque?

Our former meeting place has changed from
 Crowded cellar bistro to bistrottheque to a small Korean bar.
 I've moved east now and dine on Lake Superior whitefish
 While you my dear are Basquing in your new-found glory
 As contemporary taste trendsetters
 Abduct you for their very own.



766 Clementina Street

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