

Classy verse from Global Village

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Friday. Wet dusk.

Three blind men outside an Indian restaurant.
They shout at each other.
They have been drinking.

White sticks wave in the doorway.
The place is almost empty.
They feel about the tables.
Two patrons draw their curries back.
They find a table near the door.
They telescope their sticks and wait.

Their order is: two eggs and chips, one curry.
Their chins are up.
Their mouths are open.
One drums the laminated calico.
Their plates arrive.

The taller of the egg men reads his chips.
He learns their number and their average size.
The other one eats furiously.
He who chose curry stirs it, looking upwards.

The rapid eater finishes and listens to the first.
He hears a fork enter a chip,
he hears the chip approach and disappear
forever into his companion's mouth,
and as its mastication starts
his fork moves confidently out
and spears the cluster of remaining chips
securing two.

He eats them both.
Yolk coagulates on his lapel.
The one with curry yawns.
None of them have removed their overcoats.

The masticator's fork returns,
touches the plate, lifts half an inch, dips in,
lifts, hesitates, swings to and fro,
then stabs the gobbler in his face.

All three get to their feet.
The curry man supplies the waiter with his purse.
Their sticks expand.
Outside
they start to shout obscene remarks.