

DARKENING CLEAN LINENS WITH DIRTY MOUTHS

Because the menu at the bottom states:  
*add caviar to any dish for \$10—*

we add it to everything  
in sight: oysters and steak,

the lip of my silver, aluminum  
beer can, caviar on the bridge of Joe's

nose and the left lobe of Katrina's  
pink ear. I save a last oily, dark dollop

for the bare belly of my lover.  
Last week I sucked sunburst globs

of roe from rows of seaweed-made bowls.  
There's a rowdy stack of napkins,

fresh condoms, and packs of spicy  
mustard in the glovebox

of my car. You never know  
what you might need, or when.