

How will it be?

by J N MacNeill

And when I dine on death,
how will it be?

A salty street-food snack, gone in a flash?
A six-course taster served with much panache,
each dish surprising with its novelty?

The larder dregs,
a half-forgotten hash?

A bunch of grapes?

A ready meal for one;
Ryvita, gin and fags;
a stale iced bun;
Pot Noodle;
gravy, sausage, peas and mash;
three Jaffa Cakes,
a cream horn half begun;
a margherita pizza from the freezer?

Plated meals at sixteen fifty-three?

Or apples freshly juiced,
best local honey,
sourdough bread?

More possibilities
than when I breakfasted on puberty.