

Bittersweet

The chauffeur I accidentally book through Uber,
costing me four times the usual rate,
has free Haribo in her BMW's passenger console.
(Though technically not free,
just calculated into limousine inflation).

She tells me her Brazilian wife left her
one year and three months ago.
They'd been saving for a motorhome,
to trickle like rain down the west coast,
but the chauffeur was too good to her.

The Brazilian needed a challenge,
so now lives with a man.
She still calls to ask about the old Jack Russell,
he's blind and demented,
and doesn't understand betrayal.

Dorata is over it at last,
likes to eat alone in restaurants,
ordering three courses,
though she doesn't like the bland Irish food,
misses her grandfather's large Polish onions,
and tomatoes that taste honeyed, not of urine.
I can't imagine her finishing three courses,
she is as lean as a green bean,
but she sometimes orders two desserts.
I flinch.

I know what dessert is to a woman.
It's the sex you never have,
or rather the orgasm you wish you'd had.
She knows she is over the Brazilian
because she sits in a restaurant, eating alone,

and every bite teases out a moan.
I leave and wish her well,
in her planned retirement to Donegal,
slipping sweets into my handbag,
with no intention of eating them.

Terri Metcalfe