

Salted With A Special Salt

*Saltines are salted
With a special salt,
(Sugar lumps are wrapped in gold;
Little cakes and bonbons
Come in accordion-pleated cups,
Like the dance skirts in Saturday class)
Salted, wrapped, and maybe pleated
From father's banquets in mirrored rooms,
Long tables under waltz-light chandeliers,
Cloths of snow and golden chairs,
Waiters in red coats or green.*

*Saltines are salted
With a special salt
When they appear
On the dining-room table next morning,
From a father out into a night of banquets,
In a long room floating smoke in blue scarves,
Words shining with the silver.
He remembered,
Brought his banquet to morning me,
And what will be on the table today:
A party-wrapped sugar lump,
A pleated cup with a bonbon,
Or a cake with a candy flower?
Saltine is surest,
Saltine special salted.*

... Emilie Glen

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