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Henkin: Eating His Girlfriend's Foot

EATING HIS GIRLFRIEND'S FOOT

William A. Henkin

So much for being vegan. He'd grown tired
of seaweed, tofu, and brown rice,
and eating people seemed the next recourse.

Who else could he ask? He loved her,
and they had related issues.
She agreed; they set a date.

He arrived in top hat and tails,
set champagne to chill. All in white
she bared a foot and bathed it,

hopping brought it forth on a soft white cloth.
He held it in his hands and gaze,
caressed it, lifted it to his lips.

She shrieked when his teeth bit down,
yanked her foot away,
knocked his hat across the room.

"I changed my mind," she cried out,
lurching for her shoe. "I didn't,"
he snarled, lurching for her foot.

This is where deus ex machina comes in,
some mask of a god on a creaky pulley
wreathed in smoke, accompanied by

the thunderous rumble of a huge tin sheet
backstage. The deity announces there'll be
a feast of merriment, foot for all,

and a moral. Oh, yes, the moral.
Do not ask for what you cannot have,
do not offer what you cannot give,

do not fall in love with anyone
whose issues may consume you
from the ground up.