Last Supper

She is getting good and ready to renounce

his sweet flesh.

Not just for lent. (For

Ever)

But meanwhile she is assembling the ingredients

for their last treat, the proper

feast (after all

didn’t they always

eat together

rather more than rather well?)

So here she is tearing foliage, scrambling

the salad, maybe lighting candles even, anyway

stepping back to admire the effect of

the table she’s made (and oh yes now

will have to lie on) the silverware,

the nicely al-

dente vegetables, the cooked goose.

He could be depended on to bring the bottle

plus betrayal with a kiss.

Already she was imagining it done with, this feast, and

exactly

what kind of leftover hash she’d make of it

among friends, when it was just

The Girls, when those three met again.

What very good soup

she could render from the bones,

then something substantial, something extra

tasty if not elegant.

Yes, there they’d be cackling around the cauldron,

spitting out the gristlier bits

of his giblets;

gnawing on the knucklebone of some

intricate irony;

getting grave and dainty at the

petit-gout mouthfuls of reported speech.

‘That’s rich!’ they’d splutter,

munching the lies, fat and sizzling as sausages.

Then they’d sink back

gorged on truth

and their own savage integrity,

sleek on it all, preening

like corbies, their bright eyes blinking

satisfied

till somebody would get hungry

and go hunting again.

Liz Lochhead