

PATRICK WHITFILL

Curry

—for Sheldon

We shared an after-dinner mint, and if
we only shared it—so that I took half
and you placed underneath your tongue's moist lift
the other—and we sat there, muted, stiff
and sated in the kind of pleasure that's a pleasure
because it's sticky and simple, then to
say I shared a dinner mint with you
would wrap up the whole experience together
quite nicely. What that would miss, though,
is how the plastic crinkled, how the crumbs
stuck to the callus on your thumb became
the crumbs my tongue's tip sizzled with. And, no,
we didn't kiss, or even move our palms
so they touched, but left, and quietly walked home.