

OPtIONS

It's all in the flavor; like pairing wine with fruit and cheese. Choosing the right plate can enhance your meal unbelievably. Today's specials offer three new dishes and not every woman would choose the same, but this is how she comes to her decision:

The salty dish
approaches like a cool daddy mack
but from her perspective
he's a dog sniffing a butt crack.
As he serves up his smack
she catches the whiff of a plate load of shit
but he continues to defecate
not out of disrespect or hate
it's because this crap usually attracts
silly young thing-things.
Popular media has learned him how to pick up a piece
and he communicates in rhythm like a lyrical release
he raps while she eats.
Is her booty shaking?
No. Why is she hating
he asks. She doesn't like the meal.
That's a problem with salty
many times he overdoes it; he's sort of haughty.
She spits out a mouthful into her napkin
and reaches around him for some pepper.
Murders his whole game like a hot stepper

which causes him an ego change.
He thinks the change should be her attitude maybe
congratulations on his use of fine vocabulary
'*bitch*' is a bigger word than '*baby*'
and he brushes off leaving her to stand alone.

The sweet dish
sees this babe and slides her along the buffet line
adds another portion and presumes, "All mine."
He plans for her to favor his flavor
save her for later or intermittently savor.
In between servings he will
put her aside, let her get cold
then return much later, mad that she's not warm.
He doesn't consider that long before his approach
she already sensed his lack of commitment,
"eww sticky," she thinks and will not relent.
He samples through every sweet-nothing
she's already tasted
damn this meal is wasted
the sugar high gives a headache
the flattery, an upset stomach
and if he keeps this up she may catch diabetes.
Ungiving of a phone number, she's unavailable
tonight, tomorrow, and all next year
so it's clear
but he doesn't understand
why she is sour.
"When life gives lemons," he starts but doesn't finish;
he'll quench his thirst somewhere else
and trails off leaving her with the dirty dishes.

The spicy dish
sneaks up on her, surprisingly
she couldn't have known
how seasoned he would be
and that keeps things interestingly
enough. He is a traveler
and speaks three languages
not terribly good looking or muscular
but charming and also an avid eater
her favorite part.
From afar he seems quite ordinary
but closer she discovers it's not necessary
to be engaged with petty talk. Extraordinary
conversation and deep thought are what he prefers.
They say not to judge a book by the cover
maybe he would just love her
to stay with him for dinner
and discuss some other
recipes for love
that he's cooking up
planned and set up
by workings from above.

Not much to look at
but you can't judge a cook by the apron.
He spoon feeds her something with saffron,
gourmet – she smiles
healthy food is in style
made with imported items unavailable in the 'hood
she relishes, "It's really good."
He smiles too; culinary skills seal the deal
relieved that he can avoid the cheap back up meal
of salty, sugary, high fat, oil saturated content
which he requested to have delivered earlier.
"I've been working on eating healthier."
"Me too," she says and conversation takes off.
To a commoner the meal isn't much to look at,
neither he, but a pro knows the ugliest
fruit is quite often the tastiest
con mucho mucho sabor, she muses.

