

Menu

Menu



By Sidney Hoddes

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Sid Hoddes

Menu

MENU

Cornflakes

Curry (is going through a dangerous stage)

Mashed Potato

Chocolate Souffle

Meringue

Coffee
(cold)

Tea
(time)

CORNFLAKES

Breakfast time, ran out of cornflakes,
I tore your poems into little pieces,
and ate them with milk
and a sprinkling
of sugar,
serious poems
yet they tasted
funny.
Should have known
that cleaning my teeth can offer
only a temporary solution.

Again I have fallen for this strange communion
finding them indigestible as ever,
they hovering somewhere here beneath my dia-
phragm,
Pegasus in hobnails belts out second-hand-shop me-
tres aimed at my heart, and all I get is heartburn.

And I keep on belching platitudes all day;
publication long overdue.

MY CURRY IS GOING THROUGH A DANGEROUS STAGE

No need to cry. Didn't mean to be rude
You can live live on tins and frozen food
You're nice to talk to and you're nice to pet
but you can't tell jam-pancake from a crepe suzette;
you're gay and you're "with-it" from your head to
your toes
but you've got no palate, and you've got no nose
so be a pal: Don't get me in a rage,
can't you see my curry's going through a dangerous stage?

Of course I love you. I think you're grand
but cooking's a thing that you don't understand.
There are some things in life that you just can't hurry
and I can't make love when I'm making curry.

Now no-one's accusing you of bitchin'
but when you keep hanging around my kitchen
goo-goo eyes munching at a Spam and H.P. sarny
when I am CREATING a Lamb Biriani.

Long slow simmer, then the tempo quickens
as mushfully the gravy thickens
in the heat of the saucepans battlefield
carrots blush, and onions yield
with quick hot spices lie embraced
with redolence of garlic graced
and smell the smell, and taste the taste ...

The drama's lost on you, you stand there ...
Blast! I've put in too much coriander
the rice is burning, the lid's got stuck
the cat's run off with the Bombay Duck
Yes, of course I love you but you get me in a rage.

Get out of my kitchen. Be your age.
Can't you see my curry's going through a dangerous stage?

MASHED POTATO/LOVE POEM

If I ever had to choose between you
and a third helping of mashed potato,
(whipped lightly with a fork
not whisked,
and a little pool of butter
melting in the middle ...)

I think
I'd choose
the mashed potato.

But I'd choose you next.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE GIRL

If you would have it souffle light
be guided by the book.

Beat well the flour cooked in milk,
the chocolate sugar butter yolk of egg,
and beat it smooth and beat; then separately
take stiffly beaten white of egg, and then
fold in

and do not beat
and do not stir
and do not whisk

fold in.

I read,
and fold you in my arms
like this.

MERINGUE

raised dome on dome
crisp feather-light
perfect meringue
my pink my white

once trusting lay
between these fingers
the sugar's gone
the sweetness lingers

was woman's nature
woman's art?
I gained your body
lost your heart

the dreams we dreamed
the songs we sang
now echoes of
a crushed meringue

love might have been
(my lust pathetic)
pure dairy cream . . .
(my own, synthetic)

COLD COFFEE

She
lying there,
waiting for coffee, intent on music.
And he
weaving his way uncertainly across the party room
had tripped, spilling cold coffee over her posterior.
A whole cup.

And wondered what to say, how to apologise,
something witty, maybe something very clever
about cold coffee, and how it's hard
to get the temperature just right
under these difficult conditions,
and how he'd make it nice and hot next time ...

while she was thinking "Bloody little idiot."
And all that he eventually said was "Sorry.
Please wait. I'll go and get another cup."

And then returning, coffee cup in hand,
he wondered why he'd ever thought that she would stay;
imagining her outline on the carpet there,
her shape, her scent, the warmth where she had lain,
he would say this and she would think
"How very clever "

And then with dragging back to harsh reality,
he slowly poured the brimming cup of coffee
upon the carpet where she might have stayed,
but hadn't. "Might have been,"

sad words. But never sadder than at parties
when guests have gone or lie around in twos,
filled ashtrays hold the dog-ends of a dream,
and the coffee has gone cold.

TEA·TIME

Now the lists of love are ended,
Now the passion's spent and gone,
Now it's all as we intended,
Darling, put the kettle on.

In our dream world close caressing,
When it seems that love is new,
Lie, or perhaps consider dressing.
Stay your hand, Love, let it brew.

Caught between asleep and waking,
Calm caressing soft as silk,
Grows a thirst that knows no slaking.
Careful, gently with the milk .

What rose proud now sleeps in wrinkles.
Cheek to cheek sweet vows renew.
Fire is spent but warmth still tingles.
Shall you take one lump or two?

Now the hormones stopped their moaning,
Now the organs played their tune,
Now the bed-springs ceased their groaning,
After you, Love, with the spoon.

Over fairest hair to wander,
Over tender lip to sup,
Trembling treasures squeeze and squander.
Dare we risk another cup?

Though with spring you will forget me,
Though with summer I'll be gone,
Love, remember, how you let me,
Begged me, "Put the kettle on."

Menu: Sid Hoddes

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MERSEYSIDE POETRY MINIBOOKS SERIES

SIDNEY HODDES has been cooking and serving poems on Merseyside and beyond since the mid-sixties, when he was involved with the living poetry explosion, the Liverpool scene poetry band and other groups.

He has appeared in small magazines at home and abroad and at numerous live readings. His previous collections of poems are *Collage 1* and *Poems About*.

WINDOWS

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