

Hey Good Lookin'! What's Cookin'?

Three Italian meatballs
and grilled veggies from a deli.
Two minutes max in the microwave.
I eat alone watching t.v.
Don't cook much. Scramble
an egg or two, now and then.

But if Ernest Hemingway were
my house guest, I'd be stirring up
osso bucco and paella con whatever.
I'd say, Papa, smoke that cigar
out on the porch.

At first I'd have wondered what
to call him. Ernest? Ernie?
Mr. Hemingway? I don't think so.
I'd be brave and sassy and say, Look,
since we're hanging out together,
I'll call you Papa
and you can call me Trish.

We'd have amigos over every night,
drink Cuba Libres, swap fishing stories.
I'd fall off the wagon, no doubt,
get sloppy, and come right out with it...
So you won the Nobel Prize.
But that don't make me one of your fans.

Papa's such a grizzly bear of a man.
I'd have to give him my bedroom
with the king size bed.
God knows I wouldn't want to sleep
with him. The beard. The snoring.
The little dick. (C'mon...all that
blustery macho bravura!)

But Lordy! I'd love his belly-laughs
and party spirit. We'd dig
a pit in the yard to roast a pig.
Papa'd want a fiesta to
celebrate my new poem. ¡Ole!
I gotta hand it to him...
He'd like my poetry, say it's
as hot as my chile con carne
that he'd put away by the potful.

If Papa were my house guest,
I'd shop a lot more than I used to:
rum, wine, chips, tequila, limes, dips.
I'd lay down the law
about picking up after himself
and not smoking in bed.
He'd start talking about going on safari,
so I'm learning to shoot.

But bullfights?
¡Ay caramba! ¿Corrida? Nunca.
Pendejo baboso.

I don't know how long he'd stay,
but the place would be a graveyard
without him. Hey!
Maybe F. Scott would drop in.
Fitzgerald, you know.
Sophisticated. Handsome.
Martini kind of guy.
We'd get along famously.
And that man can really write.
I wonder what he likes to eat.
I already know what he likes to drink.

I might discreetly advertise:
Trish's B & B for Famous Writers.
Past & Present. Spirits Welcome,
Liquid & Otherwise.
One can only hope John Steinbeck
would read it and come by, stay a while.
Between you and me, he's my favorite.
Ah, what I wouldn't do to
get tight with Steinbeck
And I bet he'd like deli food!

Trish Dugger
October 8, 2005