

Taking Lunch in a Different Room

Sneaking my bag into the tan room,
the off-white room, a thin rim
sweating on the walls like coffee;
this room is for seeing in.
I am alone in New York City, a yellow deifenbakia
that is underwatered, overwatered; underexposed?
Unwrapping a beady egg,
I reach down and feel its leaves—

We mix only half the worlds we breed.
The toilet is here, the kitchen there,
a coffee-table centers every room.
Aluminum windows stare out on the park,
but the park plays dumb.

Today I show that plant my thin teeth,
I spit an olive pit at its friends, the trees outside;
Tomorrow I will empty more than my soul
in still a third room.
It is time to show the house
who is boss.

—Ron Charach