

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

Dinner With Melanie

Mina Kumar

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Mina Kumar

DINNER WITH MELANIE

Your mind is a clean slate. You do not feel the pressure to be amusing that you feel with other people. No matter what you say, Melanie will respond blankly "that's good, honey." This frees you to experience your dinner more keenly. You note the way the white tassels hang from the ceiling, the discordant note struck by a busboy's mudcloth vest, the soft thud of your spoon falling to the ground. "Are you just going to sit there like a bump on a log?" Melanie says, finishing the wine. The waiter winks at her. She smiles back, calls for the check, pays, leads you to the bodega. You don't think about what she is about to buy, maybe dessert, or toothpaste, or cigarettes. She buys a 40-ounce beer. Once in her apartment, she strips down to her underwear. You sit on the couch, under a framed Ralph Lauren Safari ad. She sits on the other end with her beer. She lights a joint, turns the t.v. on. Arsenio Hall. The air-conditioner's blast makes your legs prickle. You cross your legs, lean your head back. Your mind is a clean slate.