

To His Coy Wastress

(from *The Gastranthology of English Verse: apologies to A. Marvell*)

WILLIAM CHRISTIE*

HAD we but Food enough, and Wine,
This coyness Lady were benign.
We, in the Thrall of Appetite,
Might glut us through eternal Night;
And sublimate our Lust away,
Deliberating which *Entrée*
Might linger longest on the Tongue;
Hear *Antipasto's* praises sung;
And deep in Salad's dense Terrain,
Could Mounts of Olives lose and gain,
Or try the Oil's Virginity
In Dressings, and Undressings, free
To meditate each Lettuce Leaf
Till Love outvegetables the Grief
Of that first Fruit, so we might see
The greening of Eternity.

The Rest'rant is a public Place
And none we know do there embrace,
Yet months thy Fore'ead's Paraphrase
Of Heaven would hold my vagrant Gaze;
A Year or Two I'd gourmandize
Upon thy *basilico* Eyes;
A *Pollo* to perfection, thou
Would tempt and test my fasting Vow;
For Decades I'd admire each Breast,
And Decades more might then invest
In dreaming on thy tender Thighs,

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Entranced by corporate Enter-prize.
Each Course might run its Course and then
Each Course might run its Course again:
Entangled in transensual Flavour,
Joy's unburst Grape our endless Savour.
For Eons, we'd deliberate;
For Scruples, thus procrastinate.

But at your Back I thought I saw
The Waiter, Time, would wait no more
Impatient to put out the Light,
To go to Bed, and seize the Night.
Good Taste, *buon gusto*, asks no less
From us: we must resolve this Mess.
So, Love, reheat thine arcane Sauce,
And take with me the fleshly Course.

But should your Answer yet be "NO!",
I'll stuff my Face instead. And go.