

The Bad Apple

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If someone asked me for a story,
Before they throw a shiny dime,
Of how come this, and why is that,
What did I do and when I "died"?

I would've put my bestest grin,
Then reverence the working sire,
Kiss his missis' gloves of hide
And pinch their boy's enormous cheek.

I've had my share of ups and downs,
Both handsome days and awful trials,
I love them all and will keep track
So long my mind is still intact.

I'd name my budget insufficient,
Yet that would not be in despair;
I've seen the wealthy, men and women:
Rich in bonds but in mind poor.

There are two words I cannot stand:
La haute cuisine that's all the rage,
You know the place, it's "*La Fontaine*",
The one that used to be a stage:

The liege right there, with *crème brûlée*,
Gesturing his fork all night long,
Or the lady yonder, savouring soufflé,
Her moor trotting, without ever stopping...

The goods they mix, the booze they drink,
Their behaviour already resembling a *cirque*,
I do try to reason yet to no avail:
The vagabond wisdom is out of their game.

As I was young and still had friends,
(Now some have passed, the others - left)

We all knew best of proper meals
Of grabbing one or many bites.

"*Panta rhei*", a Greek once said,
We never stop this silly game;
Some chaps are winners, others - lackeys,
Former's got cream and latter - the whip.

But down with the sadness; camera, action!
My life's not sad and neither am I:
A bittersweet licorice is what I taste like,
The salt of tears just spicing it up.

A chiffonade of moments passed,
Minced up years and butchered thoughts,
The truth I keep, the things I've known,
The special course we serve them all.

I was in love and I was loved,
A feeling aged like precious wine,
The only thing that's left is scent
Of peaches ripe and *Gros Michel*.

We were a couple back in time,
We've had it all and even more,
I was a fool and acted foolish,
A *faux pas* set our thing *flambé*.

To crisp it burned, she carried on,
And now she's got a cozy home;
Some kids perhaps, a loving man,
It's really hard to smile since then.

This city **is** a handsome gal,
You feel her might and jest around,
I know the alleys, parks, the streets:
I was a child when they were built.

As I stroll down the hollow alley,
The evening being dark as night,

I see some lights in tiny windows,
Our humble stars providing hope.

The smell of soup is all I feel,
That one and only honest broth,
Composed of dreams and purest care,
Made by people sharing love.

I stand amazed to contemplate,
Behold the total lack of sin,
To dream about the splendid taste,
To feel, at last, repent myself.

Alas, the morning shortly comes
To yet another day reveal,
No change is seen nor felt,
The soul still craving, waiting...

And just like that my tale is told,
The trio quickly march away,
I say goodbye, they don't look back,
I rub my beard and tip the hat.

That's how I live and what I am,
Some could just see a crooked man,
But now and then I say it straight:
The dish I am is egg *pochette*.