

The Coffee Table Book

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I flipped through the pages, when suddenly
a page seared – snapshots of bodies ablaze,
bayonets, babies and boots in the face.
From the kitchen came hard volleys of voices,
Snarled and garbled. They returned. I shut

the book and took the icy, glinting glass.
Lovely Hostess smiled, let me study her
provocative but tasteful dress and Host
shook my hand, open and hearty. I said
it was so charming being their guest, here

in their lovely home. And then my hand brushed
the coffee table book. Then the entire
table burst into flame, but no one looked down.
And we all said cheers and skoal and chin-chin,
And everyone kept smiling, smiling, smiling.