



Jerome's Lunch

Most kids in class bring a lunch from home.
All except one boy who's named Jerome.

Most kids charge to lunch as if in a race.
"Why rush?" says Jerome. "I've reserved my place."

A maître d' greets Jerome in the gym.
He bows and hands a long menu to him.

"Good day, sir," the man says, clicking his heels.
"Your chef's prepared you a choice of fine meals."

Jerome sits at the end of our table.
We try to ignore him, but who is able?

China plates are set, one just for his roll,
Two spoons, four forks, three knives, and finger bowl.

A tuxedoed man steps forward to say,
"My name is Pierre, sir; I'm your waiter today."

We take out sandwiches, and start to munch,
While listening to Jerome order his lunch.

"For my first course a dozen oysters, please.
Some caviar, and a wedge of brie cheese.

“I’ll try the salmon fillet, cedar grilled,
And the jumbo shrimp salad, slightly chilled.

“Pour me a glass of your best French grape juice,
And for dessert bring me chocolate mousse.”

Jerome’s first course comes on a silver tray,
He kisses fingertips like a gourmet.

With a cloth napkin tucked under his chin,
He rubs palm on palm and gives us a grin.

“I’m so famished,” he says. “Bon appetite.”
And raising his pinkie begins to eat.

But we eat our lunches without remorse,
As Pierre brings Jerome course after course.

“Poor kid,” we think, with a growling belly.
“Nothing beats peanut butter and jelly.”