

## TAKE AWAY LOVER

He paid for the meal and said "It's my treat",  
Then we pushed through the crowd trying to find a seat.  
He undid the box and took a strawberry shake out,  
And I knew from that moment that we could make out,  
And this wasn't just another fast food take-out.

He was eyeing my nuggets, discreetly of course;  
He was dipping a chip in my barbecue sauce.  
And as he gazed at me over the carton of fries,  
I'd have had to be blind not to realise –  
There was relish on his tie but love in his eyes.

I can still feel the pain of that first goodbye –  
I had just burnt my mouth on the blueberry pie.  
His pager went off and he just couldn't stay – left with the wrappings  
and dead serviettes on the tray  
How could I bear to throw it all away.

Now the burgers have gone the way of all youth.  
No more ice-cold cola to rattle my hollow tooth –  
We don't stand holding hands in the queue anymore.  
All those kisses have biodegraded for sure,  
And all I have left is one plastic straw.

*The romance of sharing food, even in a down-market situation. The above version is for a female, but the genders can easily be swapped for a male performer.*

*Allan Richardson 1990.*