

Cooking Spoon

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international / poetry / post

i needed a new cooking spoon to
stir and serve, the old one finally
carked it after 30 years

by chance i bumped the owner
of the kitchen supply shop from which i purchased
the top quality original

i engaged the jewish former owner
regarding his shop and obtaining another spoon,
approaching the subject obliquely --
the jewish gentleman was talking business,
clearly he thought i too was jewish and engaged in business,
why else would i have approached him and asked about his former
business?

it was quite amazing to confront the cross-communication of our
conversation,
he asked which synagogue i attended, so to continue
the conversation and in order to hopefully source supply
i replied, Bon Accord Ave, where affluent jews attended

he looked perplexed as he had never seen me in attendance,
so i directly asked where i could obtain a similar spoon --
the request fell on deaf ears, he kept talking business in the area,
rent escalations, etc, until it dawned, he had no idea about the stock
he once sold,
particularly a single serving spoon, stock was simply a means to an
end

i had learned a valuable lesson about subjectivity and cultures
viewing/creating and living in their own private worlds

i extended that knowledge to close friends and my partner
whom i thought knew me intimately,
however, focused perception indicated
that i may as well have been talking to that jewish businessman,
as my female partner, it became evident through focused
perception
had a hidden agenda, marriage and kids, with me as her
prospective partner
when i had clearly explained, in the interests of honesty,

that if she desired such she should find someone else
who also shared the same aspirations,
but females being females, she chose to remain with me
attempting all the while to convert me to her world view and needs -
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impossible, i am direct and honest with a very clear
perspective/direction

my friends were not much better, though we had behavioural and
intellectual
similarities; it became evident that each of us, and everyone else,
lived in their own private worlds and dreams

and so, at that stage of my life it became evident
that we are born alone, live alone in crowds and die alone
in crowds --

a tragic reality for most, but empowering for the few

i have never settled for second best and have learned,
when with fishermen, talk fish, as then everyone takes you in,
too easy; and it's not a matter of integrity, it's a matter of smooth
survival and obtaining quality kitchen spoons

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-546.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-935.html>