

Grail

Luke Applebee

Old coots in Armani suits, raising champagne glasses, reckon they've got more bills
than Spaniards and dogs have fleas. Henderson clicks his stubby fingers
for a martini. You could tap into his stomach, quench the thirst
of everyone in the room twice and he'd still be obese.
He waves a chubby fist so I throw my silver platter.
Arguments explode. Bubbly stains the carpet.
Henderson asserts manhood with Audi keys.
They jingle like grandma's wind chimes.
I thread my way to the bar and giggle.
My boss shrugs and hands me a tray
with cocktails and tiny quiches.
I serve these men once more.
These spoilt, obnoxious
and soulless people
who only have:
life insurance,
house insurance,
coffee machines,
posh accents,
businesses,
shiny cards,
golf clubs,
rich peers,
mansions,
fast cars,
yachts,
islands,
shares,
leer jets,
more.

I might be invisible and on the bottom of the money chain, but at least I'm having fun.