

The Professor Eats A Late Linguine

by Richard Hague

She sucks (he observes)
the lean
strands slowly through
pursed lips,
puckered as if in
kissing. Sauce
stains lip skin—
it reddens as with lip-
stick. Then, partly sated,
she smiles, swallows,
sips her lip-red
wine, washing her
pasta down, lips
and tongue and
throat at work
as would be, eating
linguine, any saucy
linguist's.