

# Sweetbreads

Ah, Sweetbreads, what night will I see you again?  
 Will you deliver your warm earthy flavors to me  
 In the rustic urban setting of Café Noir's low ceilinged  
 Hideaway on Upper Market Street where we first met  
 By chance after sundown on a Thursday in November?

I came late with no reservations  
 I stole you  
 I had no choice  
 It was you or that *Poulet Basquaise*  
 Many have had you  
 I know  
 But for me it was my very first time.

Will I climb the narrow steep stairs on Romolo Place  
 Some Tuesday to find you being passed around by  
 Rough young workers' hands down some long  
 Boardinghouse table as the daily special braised  
 With Madeira for any displaced West Coast Basque?

Our former meeting place has changed from  
 Crowded cellar bistro to bistrottheque to a small Korean bar.  
 I've moved east now and dine on Lake Superior whitefish  
 While you my dear are Basquing in your new-found glory  
 As contemporary taste trendsetters  
 Abduct you for their very own.



766 Clementina Street

2008: photo by Jim Stewart

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