

THE LAST SUPPER

It made a dazzling display:
the table set with the meat
from half of a walnut, a fly
on a purple grape, the grape
lit from within and the fly
bearing small black eggs.
We gathered round the oval table
with our knives, starved
for some inner feast.
We were not allowed to eat,
as we had been hired as models
by the man at our head.
Days passed,
in which we grew faint with hunger.
Later we were told
that although we did not appear
on the canvas,
our eyes devouring these things
provided the infinite light.