

## Jerome's Lunch

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Most kids in class bring a lunch from home,

Bflat F

Except for one boy who's name is Jerome.

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Most kids run to lunch as if in a race.

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"Why rush?" says Jerome. "I've reserved my place."

A maitre d' greets Jerome in the gym.

He bows and hands a long menu to him.

"Good day, sir," the man says, clicking his heels.

"Your chef has prepared you a choice of fine meals."

Jerome sits at the end of the third-grade table.

We try to ignore him, but no one is able.

China plates are set, one just for his roll,

Two spoons, four forks, and finger bowl.

A man with a notepad steps forward to say,

"My name is Pierre, sir; I'm your waiter today."

We grab a sandwich and start to munch,

While we listen to Jerome order his lunch.

"A dozen fine oysters for my first course, please.

Some caviar, olives, and a wedge of brie cheese.

"I'll try the salmon fillet; make it cedar grilled,

And the jumbo shrimp salad, slightly chilled.

"Pour me a glass of your best grape juice.

For dessert I'll have a bowl of chocolate mousse."

Jerome's first course comes on a silver tray.

He kisses his fingertips like a gourmet.

With a linen napkin tucked under his chin,

He rubs palm on palm and gives us a grin.

"I'm so famished," he says. "Bon appetite."

Then raising his pinkie, he begins to eat.

We eat our lunches without remorse,

As Pierre brings Jerome course after course.

"Poor kid," we think, with a growling belly.

"Nothing can beat peanut butter and jelly."