

**Dylan Thomas At Breakfast In Café Delancey**  
**Paul Waring**

Cream roll-neck cable knit, Woodbine  
fixed to lips, unkempt curls – dull gold  
like threepenny bits – at home

among mid-morning brasserie hum,  
coffee machine splutter and hiss, broadsheet  
rustle and crease, chair leg coughs.

Chalked-up specials: vichyssoise  
soup, camembert frit with rösti,  
entrecôte au poivre vert.

Plate clear of veal sausage, bacon,  
poached egg, half tomato. Parker 51 pen  
in hand, boltholed from Camden

basement flat and back garden caravan,  
too damp to work in, further down  
Delancey Street. A modest Victorian

front that will come to boast  
a blue plaque, inform *Dylan Thomas*  
*Poet* lived here.