

THE LAST ACTING FOOD CAPITAL OF MEXICO CITY

Three days after he'd suffocated on his working dinner chimichanga

Three days after the Mexicano fast-food magnate was struck down in mid-sentence at 12:29 p.m., a most inopportune moment for his three riveted dinner companions because of where he'd been with them contractually at the height of that last raised and drawn syllable, when spiced chicken met his synchronized co-conspirators of gag reflex, acid reflux, and the synapse miscue precipitated by the huddled-up proximity of a buxom waitress, who, we might add, while attempting to dislodge a jammed peppermill crank, and target-ratcheting it for optimum tip-padding exposure with the always-auditioning flair common to any unaged harlequin cum waitress so-endowed in the upper cleft --- broke the thing

Three days after his hanging commitment to the co-investing triune was forever prematurely gibbeted on the scaffold of an aspiring proposition, prompted by, as we've already belabored, not only his autonomic misroutings, but the sight of peppercorns cascading into that perfumed upper valley of the doll-faced table thespian when her topheavy torque bottomed-out the burlesque millworks, the sight of which suckheld the startled chairman's fowl chimi-chunk in a tracheal chokehold worthy of a Goldbergian checkvalve resolution

Three days after this blue-facing burrito king, eyes agog in desperate surprise, had pounded his fist into a bowl of borracho beans and slammed headlong into the pork rinds, catapulting a curlicue crumb-shower aloft and down upon the startled party like a waning starburst, just before he back-vaulted the tabletop into what one witness later described as "a giant, slow-motion tiddlywink with legs" with his knees

Three days after companion # 1, temporarily blinded by the refried bean shrapnel, stumbled away from the scene and impaled his palm on the cashier's toothpick caddy, rendering whatever incapable assistance he might have offered an afterdinnerthought

Three days after companion # 2, thinking this was either a psychosocial crisis over

merger addendums, (was it the labor dispute line-item?) cursingly beat a pre-supposed nonsecular-turned-Tartuffian retreat to the men's room, replete with a borracho bean atop his left ear

Three days after companion # 1, a man who knew a boorish but windless wizard and a fast-retreating acquisition when he saw them, fell upon the former, Heimlech at the ready, and too-high only managed to break the breastbone of the cyanosing deal breaker, whose choking silence was also rapidly quieting any notion that the submerging Southwestern expansion agreement would then ever find its way into their desert stopovers, beginning with his, a recently acquired and only marginally solvent franchise in west Tuscon's miracle mile

Three days after the hysterical condiment hostess (remember her?) under-dramatized the entire act by sweeping peppercorns from her exposed embonpoints, and not yet questioning, as she later would, her absent gratuity and premier role, or lack of it, as provocateuress

Three days later, and the sign still hung on his office door:

(In Spanish):

“OUT TO LUNCH. BACK AT ONE.”

Translation: Half an epitaph is better than none.

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