What’s His Face

An infinitely forgettable fellow,
What’s His Face came and went
in a funk of obscurity. He often had half a mind
to this or that, but dissipated such
thoughts through half-hearted measures.
Wives in the checkout line gossiped
while thumbing through People
and dropped his name with no intention
to pick it up again.

“What’s His Face,”
they remarked, “at a dinner party
is usually good for a cut-rate
bottle of Sauvignon, something with cheese.
Perhaps he’ll venture an anecdote
colourless as a cocktail onion
that slips through your fingers
and winds up forgotten, petrified
beneath the chesterfield.”

His departure was rarely marked;
at some point he’d be simply gone,
his empties, likewise.

He was middle
management at who-knows-where, where they do
something to or with computers.
It was there he met his one true love
who one night, whilst they two
were engaged in you-know-what,
suddenly saw what all her girlfriends
had failed to see in What’s His Face
and thenceforth dubbed him What’s His Nuts,
laughing him out of face at the water cooler.
And so between office and exit
he may still stride the linoleum mile,
his necktie a mocking
interrogation mark. He may reflect on
the frosted glass of door and room divider:
What’s His Face beneath fluorescent tubes,
complexion grey as linoleum tile.