

The Impressionist Café

specializing in feelings, emotions and sensations

Introductions

Wine by the glass or bottle — 8/20

I don't do social settings well. They feel so forced and **shallow**. Depth of character is not permitted. Everything must be on the surface, palatable and pleasant.

Coffee, fresh brewed and decaf — 3

Dinner with friends I have known for years, but I don't know any of them, really. They don't **know me** either. What the hell am I doing here?

Hot or Iced Teas — 3

I don't want to be  these people, and yet I am. I want to be somewhere else altogether, but I don't want to be **alone**.

First Impressions

Three Leaf House or Caesar Salad — 6

Nothing feels right. I just want to **cry**, but I will not let the tears show. I send thousands of **distress** calls, but no one detects a hint. No one wants to **see**. No one can believe that such things happen to people they know. No one wants to know.

Guacamole with Chips — 7 **NEW ITEM**

No one speaks of true pain. No one exhibits real **feelings** or poses profound thought. Everything is kept at arm's length so no one gets too close to anything that's real. No one wants to **witness** the intense pain that resides in my heart and mind.

Grilled Calamari with Lemon-Pepper Vinaigrette — 8

No one knows what to say. No one knows how to react. No one takes things **seriously**. No one really looks and sees the other across the table.

Marinated Shrimp with Cucumbers and Avocado — 9

I don't want to be here. I want to **run** away and let myself feel everything that is so close, so real. Instead, everything and everyone around me runs contrary ... **idle** conversation, nervous laughter, jokes, awkward glances. This charade is insufferable. My head is about to **explode**.

Core Feelings

Roasted Salmon with Smoked Paprika, Asparagus and Scarlet Beets — 17

I don't want to eat at all, but by not eating, I'm drawing **attention** to myself and sending a message to my friends that they will surely pick up on ... a message that only **masks** the true meaning of my lack of appetite for food.

Spaghettini with Goat Cheese, Arugola, Black Olives, Capers and Tomatoes — 15

Feeding my stomach is **mechanical** and not able to satisfy the pangs of emptiness that create a larger void in the **pit** of my stomach.

Sliced Steak with Halved Potatoes, Merlot Ginger Sauce, and Haricots Verts — 14

I can't decide what I want to eat. There is **nothing** on the menu I really want or need. All the offerings will only stave off the inevitable pain of **emptiness** that cannot be satisfied by a decent meal.

Sautéed Chicken Schnitzel with Fresh Basil and Tomatoes — 16

I'll have the **chicken**. I sit in silence for most of the meal trying to choke down the food along with the tears that stream inside. I feel sick. I want to **vomit**.

After Thoughts

Boston Indian Pudding with Whipped Cream — 7

I start to **leave** several times. I have a train to catch, and it's already very late. I have good reason to check out and be on my way. But my **reasons** for leaving have little to do with catching a train. They have more to do with catching myself time after time so that I **blend** in and don't stick out as the one voter for the rights of the walking wounded.

Homemade Carrot Cake — 7

I know that each of my friends has her own level of **woundedness**, but each has chosen to leave these wounds securely covered up with layers of **fake** smiles, sordid jokes and a bottle of wine.

Coconut Tapioca with Apricot Puree — 8

I choose not to mask the pain or **medicate** its effects. I choose to struggle through the best I can.

Cheryl A. Hemmerle, Executive Chef

The Impressionist Café serves only fresh, organic, locally grown ingredients. No preservatives, additives, **artificial** flavors or colors.