

Slow, like a cafe sandwich,
"They walk around, past me,
I'm a ghost, or they are, but they
See, I see them seeing, those
Couches they return to, this one
Hard with wood frames, that one
Plush and gross, scattered with
Baby things, he's got a Playstation,
Those places they sit to see their
Eyes bulging with fantasy."
"But they never catch your eye?"
"Dr., please, not until the check
Comes, at least, not until they care,
Or, feeling self conscious, smile
Crookedly, vacant, dull but curious."
"Everyone looks at a baby, though,
Don't they? And sits still while those
Ligament-free squeals pierce our
Ears, knives through burned meat!"
"If you ever finish hot coffee, you've
Drunk it fast," I said to him,
But there was only silence,
The kind that settles over streets
Whose snow, black with winter's
Filth, is nearly gone, yet the air's
Is alight with renewal's promise.