

LIZ, AT THE DINER ON DILLION

SARAH RHETT

Liz, at the Diner on Dillion:

Gray smoke of cloves
blown over
from the next table
hung around our heads
like a halo
and horns,
holding the smell
of bacon frying
and God-knows
to our noses,
while I'd been
sitting here, waiting
for a turn—for better
or worse—to speak,
listening to him,
his thoughts
he did (not)
hold up inside—
as he portrayed
himself a sensitive guy,
moody and smart
(his words, not mine)—
and time spelled
in coffee cups
and cigarette butts,
and words
that he would
(I could not)
commit to say,
so, I paid
and walked away.

