

KELLY KRIDER

Three Poems

Bad Habit

Divinities invented
the squishy booths
in restaurants;
the seeming privacy
of a cushioned back,
invisible line dividing
smoking from non,
cancer seating on
the left side of the line,
we're living
healthier over here;
the rushing of people
through here at all
hours, some laughing,
others with stories
the bartender didn't
listen to; the drunk
carted away in taxis
after ranting about
lost loves and lives,
drowned in pools
of righteous self
pity; how can anyone
understand when they
don't understand the
pattern of their lives
through the smoke
of alcohol and cheap
cigarettes; but I've
digressed yet again,
my most profound
bad habit.