

Price Subject to Change with Customer's Attitude

One long window
secures the street-front
at Mr. T's twenty-four hour drive
The waitress smells
of perfumed grease and eggs
hates the universe
and pours just what you ask for
Some sixty-year-old guy with
a busted arm and bad teeth
scoops vanilla ice cream
with the city's widest spoon
for a woman browsing sugar packets
and fanning de-café
I order tea and wonder
what it cost to install the glass
in the stone church across the street
and why the hell
would anyone eat ice cream
at two a.m.

