

Hunger in the 3 am Streets

OUT

OUT

*let me out
of this dehydrated body
craving coke*

OUT

*into the streets
the 3 a.m. streets*

*where the wind
rips
at my coat with two
buttons missing
and my mother
would disown me
for not sewing*

*where the stars
are glaringly frozen
in post-midnight skies
and the blue tower
diner never sleeps
behind closed doors
and the cook never looks
at any crotches
except the man wearing
black and white striped
tennis shoes
where his red golfers hat
and plaid sports jacket
arent at all sporty*

*and where the waitress
has lost her virginity
along with her hair*

she stoops

*scratching an ankle
while telling me
"im sorry,
WE DONT HAVE COKE"*

*but her trout-colored eyes
show, not sorrow
but acceptance
of their graveyard
shift*

*"then coffee, please"
while the lady
dishwasher? appears
stepping softly
inside new shoes
with the white threads
not even dirtied
and fills her cup
at the silver urn
retiring
again to the kitchen*

*where the only
BEAUTY in the Blue Tower Diner
was her dazzling
black smile
that million dollar smile
that denied
her K-Mart Label*