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V

For Kathy who danced in the rain

Saved by a text message and the doorbell
ordering a dolphin free tuna melt
and three scoops of vanilla ice cream shake
comfort food sure tastes good
each table has its own toaster
now that's a feeling of endowment
that you can boast of
a luxury you can't fake
bottomless cups of coffee are poured
by professional waitresses their shirt pockets
emblazoned with doilies with lace
and the taxi drivers at the counter
look like bored and foreign hustlers
some young people dressed to seduce
pour in through the double doors
alive with excitement
they've just come from a dance club
where they have found some friendly shoulders
with which to rub
gonna leave a good tip
it's an investment in dharma
Lord knows I could use some good karma
and before the night's over
I'll pray for peace on our earthly plain
and remember Kathy who just up the street
by the Santa Monica bus stop
once danced in the rain.

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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