At a Table
Paddy O'Connell

Unwashed wool and stale cigarettes hover over my chair like fog above a waking field of proud northern Wisconsin grass. A coffee with just enough room for cream and sugar in front of my journal unattended, temperature dropping.

Matted hair and red-wire eyes impossible to bury at the center table in the Red Cup Coffee House. A tan chair mockingly pulled out unoccupied, cold even. It is just a chair, a simple tan chair, a simple, tan, impassive chair.