Lukewarm Breakfast
Dustin Smith

Orange juice lingers in the restaurant's Glass, gath'ring dust. We fidget awkwardly In the pleather booths which moan with movement.

The sausage, half-eaten and burnt, grows stiff As I roll it across the maple lake Left after pancakes on my greasy plate.

You stare at your unfinished meal, across From me, repositioning leftover French toast and hash browns to harmonium.

Time ticks from breakfast to brunch as we sit Rolling and rearranging the world on A recycled plate as we wait and sigh.

We ease the tension with the same knife used To butter the wheat toast. And we replace The silence with my jokes and your laughter.

Now we pay the check and put our jackets On. You grab a mint and freshen your breath And I look back on the lone orange juice.