

doughnuts at night*

Michael Martone

Open, it says, all night.
the tacky lights talk
flicking around the yawning O
and the open hole of the doughnut.
a planet peers through.

inside, pain saturated with white light,
strained silence like black coffee,
and bloated doughnuts
precipitate to the stomach's pit.
fill it.
the white napkins square the corners
set the smiles right.
leaving, taking a hole out unpaid for.

outside, it even rains sometimes
glazing the flecked black night with blacker clouds.