

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.