

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.