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## 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.