
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.