Everyday lunch breaks

With that hat you always wear,
olive green
with strings.
Long chestnut hair plunging past your ears,
shaded from the sun.
Maybe you're going to join the army.

I was the girl
timid brown hair,
delicately aged eyes.

We strolled along the customary route
arm in arm
familiarly,
as lovers do.

You smiled,
and touched the small of my back,
breathing definitely over my neck,
pressing against me
to get a better look
at your bagel
as it leaped from the heat of an oversized toaster.

-Leah Anderst