

Waiter

By Glenn Currier

My fork is poised ,
hashbrowns and sausage
now oranged with yolk
wait for my first bite.
“Pancakes are cooking
sorry you have to wait.”

At the next-door table
her eyes move here and there
without focusing.
Hoping I won't notice her two dumb guys
with their smart phones
ignoring her
as she speaks
sorry she has to wait.

At another table
he stands pen and pad in hand
trying to wait easy over their decision:
scrambled or omelet
coffee or milk
sausage or bacon
sorry he has to wait.

One of my great quests-
learning to be
in traffic
easy over
not roasting
in line for mine

not sorry
to be a waiter.

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