

Sixty Stories

"Second Hand Table & Chairs"

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Morning tiles meet slippered feet.
Dishes fill the kitchen sink.
Your ears are dulled by sleepless nights
And our voices almost never meet.
You sit on the weakest seat.
The one with the skinny knees.
Your elbows stick to the plastic place
Mat melted by the kitchens heat.

You don't go anywhere.
Sleep burrows still in the morning hair
That bent fingers run through to land upon
The second hand table and chairs.

Anna you don't eat anything.
Your eyes are starting to cave in.
The sun reflects off the pool of glasses
Gathered in the kitchen sink.
Anna, don't believe anything
Until you have had a chance to think.
And as far as I can tell everyone else
Has something bigger than them.

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