

Sitting in a café by the river,

Scott F. Parker

one table over from Jim Moore,
who looks just like he looks
in his author photo. His is a chair
for a poet, by the window with a view
of the trees and the sky
that's decided not to rain, after all.
What lines are assembling
in his bald head as he bites
his chocolate cake and breaks
character with a hearty Ahh
after a responsible sip of ginger ale?
He holds himself still, as you'd hope
a poet would. I steel glances at him.
Eyes forward, he; jittery with caffeine, me.
He types loud and fast, absolute
faith in the process. Maybe his poem
begins: "Sitting in a café by the river,
where / the barista knows my name,
a young / man across from me,
not as discrete / as he thinks,
watches me write. // I'll show him.
Yes, I'll show him good."