

Lot

Brina Sturm

Cheese curds devoured by my friend,
The vegan,
In the dingy diner,
“Fryin’ Pan.”

Couple across complains
about the cold
and we laugh along
with a strange midnight-midwestern warmth.

Sausage patties consumed by my friend,
The vegetarian,
In the shitty corner-booth in
“Fryin’ Pan.”

Outside is an ashtray,
where my chapped hands reach,
and pull a dead cigarette
into my jean-jacket sleeve.

In the parking lot, I reveal
the apparently not-dead-dead smoke
we stare at it still lit, half-burned, second-hand
we ask ourselves if the risk was worth it outside
“Fryin’ Pan.”

Standing in that lot, we all took quick drags,
three friends and a cigarette
makes four burning fags.