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The Tearoom

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The Tearoom

Cold porcelain sink
allows a slow leak to be heard
dripping under the heavy
breathing from behind
the stall door.

The watchqueen watches
as they begin, enjoying voyeurism
through a small crack in the door
listening to them, the water dropping
and for footsteps.

Dirty tile reveals many
have passed through
either observing the sights
or became a sight, a stagnant
smell hangs in the air.

The smell of sweat and semen
and sweet aftershave of one
or all of them lingers.
The watchqueen blinks fast
taking pictures he'll later

develop in his mind. Flicking
his lighter to light a cigarette,
he inhales at the same moment
things come to an end
in the stall. He puts a hand

in his pocket and makes
an up and down motion
on the side of his inner thigh,
making sure his thumb touches
him. One more drag, cigarette out,

he's next.

—Latisha Newton '98