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At the Corner Grill

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At The Corner Grill

He finally quieted as she approached the table
And apologized for keeping us waiting
Said she was Emma Jean, was training
The new girl, a slow learner
Just can't find good help
These days
And she looked at me
As she said it
Like she was blaming me
Because maybe I don't have to
Stuff my dyed bun
Under a hair net
Hide my crowsfeet
Wear a name tag
On my left breast
Or those polyester slacks
That grip on tightly
To every bulge in her stomach
And ripple on her buttocks
Or serve greasy burgers and fries
To drunks, truckers, and tourists
Who try to sneak a pinch
Of those ripples
At two in the morning
She poured the coffee
Strong, black and steamy
And went back to the new girl

So he started talking again
Where he left off
How weed is harmless
Because it's a plant
So it's natural
And not made in a chem lab
So what an incredible way
To get high on nature
By getting high off nature
I was nodding
But heard only fragments
Because I was sitting there
Blowing and sipping my coffee
And thinking about that look
On the face of Emma Jean.

Lynn Pendleton