The Busy Bee Diner

The coffee wears a marble Skin
in a place where blood soup is the house specialty. You’d expect some din,
but when the flatware spins
in the wake of the Wilson Avenue el,
the epicenter fills with Munch-mouthed mannequins. The next downbeat
starts the round again, nothing more
than a palpitation to those two
wearing out each other’s skin,
accompaniment to the love-handled
cop buried in the box
scores, just a confectioner’s dust
captured like time in low rectangular
sun, a stirring so expected
even the roach tightropes giddily
from steak knife to sugar jar.

Eat on, eat on, satisfy
the longings that the day creates, anticipate
a final plate of strudel, a dish
of rice pudding snowy with cinnamon,
a taste of double chocolate cake
stolen out into the world upon the palate.