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On Stopping at a Diner

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Hamburger smells pollute the air, 
Encouraging appetites to demand satisfaction. 
Inside, a high school dropout brings water and menu. 
She smiles, and hopes you'll leave a tip.

Watching the cheap, sweaty cooks prepare 
Your cheeseburger deluxe, you suspect you'll find 
A gray, greasy hair hidden in your order.

Soon, sustenance is plopped before you. 
Methodically, the food is consumed, and smugly, 
You recognize your superiority 
Over old cooks and young waitresses. 
Still savoring your importance, you leave, 
Deliberately placing a quarter 
In a small pool of water near your plate.

Outside, through a window, you watch 
As she slips the quarter into her pocket. 
She sees you watching, and impulsively, you wave. 
She only looks and then, turns her back.

Mouthing curses accentuated by hiccups, 
You leave, and regret having stopped.