First he waits until I've
finished my raisin bran muffin
and I'm ten minutes late for my
dentist appointment. Then somewhere
between pushing the plate of crumbs
away and
picking up my coffee cup there are
tears running down his
face he's telling me we're
not happy and my coffee cup
stops
in mid-air and won't go up
or down because it is now part of
another world
far away like my toothache he's
saying we're not happy which is
true but
beside the point, the point being
we belong together
regardless of how
miserable it makes us we're not happy his
lips are forming the words and my eyes are
scared dry as they move from his
wet face down to the
coffee cup the coffee cup hanging in the
air suspended between us like the
future
and somewhere
from the far-away world
a waitress appears
growing larger and larger
and now she's looming above our table
coffee pot in hand SOMEBODY ANSWER HER

She wants to know if everything is
all right.