

THE SEMESTER'S END?
Or
Breakfast at Pin Air a's.
Or
FOLLIES OF AN OLD MAN

By Richard Tornello © 2012

I

A smile of recognition...from the other party
of two lights his countenanced consumption, where none, expression
a smile spreads form deep within his breakfast looks anew
the sun shines, his bald plate, end of the week, end of the semester
if now a moment of pleasure.
They keep going a polite wave, meant nothing.

II

A two-top against the window the sun bright against his baldness
The food, the fuel he was simply ingesting breakfast, a new
look of enjoyment.
The two teen topped tees smile and give him a polite wave, now
if only, for a moment, a taste of pleasure, breakfast he smiles.

III

A two top, against the wall, early AM
AM sun bright not direct, shirt no tie, tailored
Blue& white stripes, or white with blue stripes, focused:
The Quiche,
self absorbed aloneness, almost no-ness...a sadness emanates
& into that something he stabs. Looks up and left!
2 young cuties wave to him,
polite-smile, while orbiting on in their self absorbed universes.
unaware of his...
his smile, opens-remains, an eternity compared,
his face alive, maintained
and gazes down at his quiche
Cutting it into small pieces,
little kid, baby style,
smiles.
Smiling still, he eats the quiche with all his skin pulled
pulled back into a deep happiness
lips, head, and whole body, alone into himself and in himself, he smiles.