

Face prints of the homeless

I run down alley to work
Late as usual, clock in before
Clipping on tie and tucking in
Blue issue shirt, wash hands,
Apron- and your on.

Table 71 just sat white wine waits
at the bar for them. Table 52 in that
Spot behind the pole, easily forgotten.
“My coffee’s cold, need some cream,
I asked for dressing on the side”

Over heard conversations
“She looked like a tramp to me”
“I hear that’s common with most terrorists”
“Miss, Miss, we need the check,
trying to make the symphony.”

In the moments between delivering
martinis and the daily special
opening wine, wiping tables
spouting off dessert list
I catch glimpses of them
out the front windows

The homeless of Phoenix, wind and sun
Red faces looking in on this fine dining place
Wondering about the people inside ,
Asking eighty cents for bus fare

Occasionally pressing face against
Glass to see what’s for dinner
Or to hear the jazz, once in a while
Coming in, only to be escorted out
Not blending with the aesthetic of this place

Then disappearing down the street or alley
With blanket slung over shoulder
While I wipe away the
Print made by a dirty face .