

On Her Reflection of a Patron

He hadn't a pair of jeans
that weren't soil-soaked at the knees,
lack of launder and loss of life.
She noticed how each Monday he stood,
face down with a placed frown,
through three of her cigarette breaks,
fondling the pages of Milne and Carroll.
She was afraid he was a pervert.
But by lunch, he was always gone—
three books in hand, and her theories spent.

These days she lives with the notion
that he'd spend the balance of a week's nights
on his daughter's quilted Zoysia,
reading passages from Carroll,
soiling those knees and laundering his loss.

—*Michael Pracht*