

No Quarter

Want, only one lemon
The last ingredient of
Homemade Caesar dressing
Two for a dollar
Nine or less lane
Whip out two quarters
Drop one, damn
On Conveyor belt
Near its end
Gets swallowed
I 'm sorry, I say
Melanie gives
That look, with a
Suspect sincere
"That's OK"
Hasta get down on her knees
Take apart
Check-out stand
I 'mm sorry
Reachs up & in
Way past her elbow
Head turned, more extension
Cause, can't see anyway
I 'm so sorry
Her eyes closed, now
Feels around

I realize
Standing here apologizing
Isn't going to make it
More sincere, palatable, or the job of
Getting that fucking quarter out
Any easier

I leave

quarter.doc

Dixon 11/13/09