



...december 7, 2019...

a grey-wet day – i'm nursing coffee –  
thinking nothing – listening  
to outward conversations slip  
among a seniors' coffee club –

“remember him – grey-haired joe?  
if anyone had dressed him right  
he could have been executive  
until he spoke – and sounded weird –

“haven't seen him for a while –  
maybe a year – i think he died –  
but what about that other one?  
the lady that he somewhere knew?

“ah that one – she was a slut  
haha – i called her 'bedroom friend'  
but nice enough and kinda sweet –  
think she passed away last week –

“ah – politics – don't think that guy  
has ever been american –  
not what we imagined it  
when i was young in serbia –

“crazy eh? but look who's come –  
wonder what she has to say?”  
and as their morning waxed and waned  
i escaped – back into rain.

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