

The Poet as Voyeur

By Richard Tornello

Another Starbucks morning.
Faces blank before their tasks.
Sitting, drinking coffee, latté
Or
Some commercially foisted grime.

A know quantity enters, coupled?
All quite proper with respect.
ExGirl friend, daughter and the guy,
Six foot, more than less.
His back to me, I watch, and listen as he
Proposes questions dark and deep,
To his daughter sitting there
Her look...a blank sheet.
Trust me here I'm not kidding.
Cause Pink Floyd would want to beat me, with a brick,
Were this not in total, not kidding, all for sooth.

He actually repeated the following question
More than one time, and more than two:

“How can you use your cell phone
If you don't eat your sandwich?”

No, I'm not kidding.
I couldn't believe, my brain just heard.
This is true as the earth spins round the sun.
His question was as dumb as turds.
His girlfriend looks away, sees me staring, eyes so wide with wonderment.
And gives me a shrug, as in what a day!
Maybe that's the reason for their break up,
Cause he's such a mental slug.
Big and dumb is how he comes across
And what he has to say.

I still can't believe what I heard that morning day
And pondering this poem for a time.
Not sure of how to reason or to rhyme.
At our local Starbucks, it's never too sublime.