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Nameless, Coffeeshop Woman

Gregory Brown

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Nameless, Coffeeshop Woman

by Gregory Brown

Aqua, turtle tank top
and sagging milkbone
bag of flesh
drop khaki-clad hips
into the corner seat
by the stained, paisley couch.
Bedrock mirror eyes
keep my own set
on the blank
computer screen page
when the tin rattle
bell bounce sounds
against the wooden doorframe,
pulling city gasps
into the murmuring storefront.
Lion-roar breaths bring tight this
scoliosis spine set,
not light, moon-moth flutters,
but the tired transfer
of an old acrobat, shaking
shoulder weight around
stiffening sockets
in figure-eight ellipses
against the thatched chair-back.
Typewriter pupils
demand the clacking
of my nerve-sweat fingertips.