



3-15-1996

## Down At Donney's Café

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### Recommended Citation

Luftig, Richard (1996) "Down At Donney's Café," *Westview*: Vol. 15 : Iss. 3 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol15/iss3/16>

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# DOWN AT DONNEY'S CAFE

*by Richard Luftig*

When the hurting grows hardest between us,  
there's still the blue plate special  
served down at Donney's Cafe.  
Some days it's cod baked, breaded, and rough,  
and potatoes with craters of gravy  
large as half dollars.  
Saturday's, ribs with three sides,  
coffee and bread for three-ninety five.

And always the pie, thick with apples,  
or cherries or rhubarb for under a buck  
or twenty cents more if you want it  
"with mode" as the regulars say.  
But you better order it first,  
have it brought before dinner,  
he runs out that fast.

I asked him once why he never bakes more,  
but all he said was "if I make it,  
all you guys ever do is eat it up."  
I pay my tab and take the long way home,  
driving in twilight, swearing  
to make things right with us one more time,  
but knowing like Donney that it can't be  
too much longer before  
we quickly run out of  
what we hunger for most.