

Just-up Afternoon

Among friends,
finely chopped thoughts
shared over a partied table,

cigarettes, smoked glass
voices and simmering celery,

deep red Chesterfield views
on liberty couched in
the comfort of onions cooking.

Through the window
a light bulb hangs
from a dim November sky,

bare trees sway to dark spells
of Burroughs' heroin hypnosis.

24 carat breakfast
straight from the ground and
served with bread sincerity,

citrus sentiments offered in kind
homemade pear and apple wine
the zest of friendship singing
Rosemary and thyme.

Have you read your tea leaves?
Written on the lip of the mug,
I had just finished a cruel coffee
with sediment like mud.

Kevin Reid