

DM O'Connor

Viewing The Fog

We blow a scooter tire
on the road to Munduk

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a toothless woman serves
perfect coffee in a plastic
bag her son goes to town
for a replacement tube

*

a baby rolls
on the floor
over greasy-stained tools
sucking mini-wafers and
we all smile and laugh
and pay for the repair

*

up the mountain into Celtic fog
complete with pelting rain

*

we stop at a restaurant
called The View and there
is none but the meatballs
are divine the broth—
a grandmother's kiss and

*

we're shivering in the tropics
needing adventure. On the snowy TV

Forest Gump is running—*run*
Forest run—and the waitress
laughs like a fireplace so warm
and inviting makes us want
to curl up under her sarong
and read, perhaps pet each other's
hair till the storm passes and the sun
returns to toast the trip and we
have time, so much time,

for another cup of tea.

DM O'Connor is from a small village on Lake Huron. After many nomadic years, he is based in Albuquerque, where a short story collection progresses. He contributes monthly to; *The Review Review* and *New Pages*. His writing has appeared in; *Barcelona Metropolitan*, *Collective Exiles*, *Across the Margin*, *Headland*, *Cecile's Writers*, *Bohemia*, *Beechwood*, *Fiction*, *After the Pause*, *The Great American Lit Mag* (Pushcart nomination), *The New Quarterly* and *The Guardian*. He is Fiction Editor of *The Blue Mesa Review* Tweet: [@dmoconnorwrites](https://twitter.com/dmoconnorwrites)