

Peter Krok

Night Hawk

(in part taken from Edward Hopper's painting)

3:00 A.M. Late night shift done.
Another paper ready for the street.
Harry's luncheonette. Black coffee
on the counter. Always black coffee.
Two coffee urns against the wall.
Next to me a redhead sits
looking at her red nails.
I'd like to take her fingers
in my pocket and go somewhere.

Sometimes I feel
there's nowhere to go.
Always the news.
It's what the public buy.
I'm sick of news. Sick of the mess
and the war. Sick of wanting what I can't have.
A mother's tears. Another guy's obit.
Another unidentified body found last night.

A guy at the counter with his stetson on
mixes his spoon in his cup and looks
at the front window. Got nothing to say.
Maybe he's done the graveyard shift?
Maybe he's waiting for someone
and got no place to go?
He looks tired.
The silence creeps

The redhead still stares at her nails.
First time I've seen her.
I want to say something. I'd like to ask
why she's here at Harry's?
Her slender naked arms talk to me.
I want to go out into the dawn.
The trucks are loading for the road.
This isn't where the story ends.