

Dennis E. Noonan

Poet at the Coffee Shop

I could tell he was a writer
From the place where I sat, solo
Near the window watching
The people passing by

Scanning the room for stories
I marked him
With his far-off look
And the way he grabbed
For a napkin
Perhaps to jot down
What he had glimpsed
In that middle distance
Beyond the ceiling

I was curious to see what the writer
Had seen (or remembered)
But had a napkin of my own to inscribe
When I looked up he was gone.

Dennis E. Noonan is retired and writing poetry, fiction, non-fiction and humor. He lives in Wellesley, MA.