

Emily Weber

Double-J Diner

Heaven's door is mostly glass
and it jingles when you enter.
Your shoe catches the mat
under the diner's fluorescent light.

The heads facing the door rise
from home fries, ham steak and dusty coffee,
but half of heaven doesn't see you.
Knives are dropped and wiped with paper napkins
and something twangy filters through the speakers.

Jesus is behind the counter
in a flannel shirt and a stained purple apron.
Wiping a plastic amber cup,
he nods toward the counter. You sit.
His hands towel the cup,
and you try not to stare.

A cook with dreads and a scarred neck
sticks his head through swinging double doors
and asks "what'll ya have?"
Anything you want. It's on the house."

The blond on your right cracks a lobster
and you ask for steak. Judas brings it
perfect, dripping pink.

You look up as you chew
and catch a wink between the men.
The kiss and suicide click.
You catch the other jokes:
the five Filet-O-Fish nailed to the wall
and the silver in the tip jar.

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