

## 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)