

Katie Rose Guest

Moment

Late at the old diner,
the table's rough wood
under my fingers a handhold
I fear to release,

I can't touch him
even though he sits
across from me, framed
by the dark blue wall.

He tells me her name.
I slip away, know
I never had a claim
to him. I examine

the table's chipped
yellow paint, the worn
planked floor, and wait
for the moment to end.