

**At the Curtis Café**

*in Stafford, Kansas*

When I die, I will rise in a small town diner  
with a seat that faces the Main Street window,  
and all of the silverware and water glasses and tabletops  
will shine with afternoon light, and I will know no one  
who comes in through the front door and sits and eats.  
We will all watch the street lamps illuminate  
the uneven brick street and wait  
for afternoon to pass on into evening, full of shadows  
jagged and irregular, the street filling up  
with darkness in the way coffee fills up a pale coffee cup.

(first published in *Sonny Kenner's Red Guitar*)