

The Diner Never Closed

Nothing like empty streets
moonlight on wet asphalt

red light at midnight
no one else around

waiting for the Block Island ferry
sea gulls in the air, on the pier

coming into Ocean City
that salty seaside smell

how close did I come
what were their names

vinegar those french fries
and pass the salt water taffy

in the photo under street lights
her hair was black and shining

the diner at North and Western
never closed, not ever for Christmas

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