

Breakfast

Buttered toast just doesn't seem right this morning
Even though the new toaster browns and crusts
Bread perfectly,
Flakes and fruit, also damned
Unsatisfying somehow, not enough of the
Real stuff,
How about donuts? No
They don't do it for me anymore,
I imagine
I'm in that café on Fifty Seventh Street
Looking out the huge window at early morning traffic and
Passersby hurrying to work
A perfect summer morning
Scanning a menu on the small round table in front of me,
Start with a cappuccino, mocha and milk swirling in a white cup
Then eggs benedict,
A perfect yellow egg rounded in sauce, smothering toast
Then, finally,
A lemon tart, discreetly placed in front of me
By a hand emerging from a white cuff
That's it,
That's what I want for breakfast

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