

## 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 even for Christmas.

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