

# Silvana Estrada, Tom's Diner

I am sitting  
In the morning  
At the diner  
On the corner

I am waiting  
At the counter  
For the man  
To pour the coffee

And he fills it  
Only halfway  
And before  
I even argue

He is looking  
Out the window  
At somebody  
Coming in

"It is always  
Nice to see you"  
Says the man  
Behind the counter

To the woman  
Who has come in  
She is shaking  
Her umbrella

And I look  
The other way  
As they are kissing  
Their hellos

I'm pretending  
Not to see them  
Instead  
I pour the milk

I open  
Up the paper  
There's a story  
Of an actor

Who had died  
While he was drinking  
It was no one  
I had heard of

And I'm turning  
To the horoscope  
And looking  
For the funnies

When I'm feeling  
Someone watching me  
And so  
I raise my head

There's a woman  
On the outside  
Looking inside  
Does she see me?

No she does not  
Really see me  
Cause she sees  
Her own reflection

And I'm trying  
Not to notice  
That she's hitching  
Up her skirt

And while she's  
Straightening her stockings  
Her hair  
Is getting wet

Oh, this rain  
It will continue  
Through the morning  
As I'm listening

To the bells  
Of the cathedral  
I am thinking  
Of your voice...

And of the midnight picnic  
Once upon a time  
Before the rain began...

I finish up my coffee  
It's time to catch the train