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Twilight

Charles Crest
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Twilight

Charles Crest

I'll have another cup of coffee
and the pork tenderloin sandwich special.
I'll have three more cigarettes
and try to not notice the musky looking man
throwing up in the corner by the jukebox
or my waitress, Audelle, rushing over,
the pot of coffee in one hand,
broom in the other, helping him stand.
I think, "that's *my* coffee asshole"
and my attention shifts to the door.

A fat man walks in wearing glasses
and the look of a new 25 dollar *Sam's Choice* flannel
and denim outfit with new Gorilla boots.
I think, "I'm learning something, right?"
He's on the phone now, scared, getting bitched out
for checking in late at the last weigh station.
He hangs up and yells to Audelle in the corner.
He'll have the meatloaf sandwich special with a glass of milk
and I'm still smiling, waiting for my gravy meat on wonder bread
to arrive, imagining his mother bringing *him* the same order.

"Coming down hard, huh" I say, trying to start a conversation
from the next booth. He bites an oyster cracker,
sits down next to me and things turn to work and family.
He's been laid off twice in the past year
"and you know the drinkin doan help," and I do. He's 35,
just took up trucking and his family is falling apart.
He asks if I understand what he means by that and I do.
15 minutes later I'm still out of coffee and all the crackers on the table are gone.
"The name's Harold" he tells me, before introducing his
wife and kids from his wallet, and we shake about it.

I say "I need to get out of here" and so I do.
Harold comes out after me holding his milk.
He yells at me as I open my car door and I freeze.
He's going on and on but I can't make out anything
besides "De foods here!"
"I just need to get my wallet," I say.
He nods and heads back to dig in
and for a minute I *actually* look!
The glove compartment, under the seats, in the visor,
God Damn! where is it! It's gotta be in here somewhere.