Hospitality

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And now on the patio people are up and dancing. The old couple hand in hand, he spins her slowly. The little boy is now standing up in his chair, kicking his feet, scaring his mom to death. Everybody wishing this moment would last forever until the band rounds the corner and music starts to fade. And then everyone sits back down and pretends not to see the flies that have settled in their food. The old man and his wife call me over. He points to his bowl. Still full, freezing cold. I take it back to the kitchen to reheat it. Soon the crowd starts to thin. Their tables are cleaned and their chairs are stacked. But every night they come back. Every week a wailing mother. Every year a Miss America. And the saints keep marching in.