

David Jacobs

WAITRESS

Her uniform divided neatly — red, plain blouse,
That covered thoroughly, lending her breasts
Simplicity and the start of shape, a black,

Unfussy skirt, symmetrically slit a shade.
She strode out confidently, posture right.
She smiled, occasionally, and wrote things down.

The furniture was dark, the spotlights poor.
The smoked glass windows made the outside strange,
As if the weather was about to break.

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BLYTHE ROAD, EVENING

Chivvying its folk from the grocery stores,
It settles itself for the night
Like a landed bird going back into its wings.

Leaving a strange sort of exactness —
The shops that stay alight until dawn —
Like a Hollywood film set or a model village.

At certain places it's almost like day.
The street lamps burn in unison as if arranged
To herald the approach of royalty.