

JOHN GALLAHER

General Conversation & the Like

We've been thrown in, we
decide, looking up
at the counter girls in yellow

and brown. Midsummer.
A hundred degrees. We honor the
moment by silence

and the essential structures
of booth or table. It's a
process, I've heard, with

the parking lot steaming.
These are the things
we're given to work with

just now. Or getting to now, as
we've been awaiting these arrivals
and've been keeping ourselves busy

by referring to things. Glass
and ice rattling. And menus
get passed. Salad or fruit cup.

There's no proper
perspective, I guess, but
you can sit over here

for variety. Nice red flowers.
Look at them out
in the heat. They've been thrown

in, we decide, looking up
at the clouds
spinning all at once.