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Table Number Six

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TABLE NUMBER SIX

Emily W. Recchia

Eating breakfast alone
is surprisingly lonely.
Like that unbearable ex-favorite
song after a break-up,
table number six is
teeming to the brim
with 1,000 sour calories.

It is stale,
this food—picked too early, served too late—
and bitter.
You have told me on two occasions
that you enjoy morning solitude,
once when we were together;
the next time we weren't.

(we were,
in fact,
as far apart as
it is possible to be)

Your cheeks,
once flushed with
daring late-night secrecy,
are plain ivory:
angry porcelain teacups stripped
from the conveyor belt
before the pattern has dried.

Won't the pink come back?
Please.
Gather your rainbows,
unlock this door—
it is thatched only with straw,
after all.

My heart is pounding
with all of the things
you never told me.
Call me a fool,

(I love you)

consider me wretched,
(you will never be okay)

ask too much of me,

(you will never be right)

but do not insult
my instinct.

Because my instinct—
it calls for more.
It recognizes that cucumber lotion
splayed between your spidery palms
and your pounding feet
on staircase landings—
you oughtn't stomp, my dear—
and the only voice
I have ever fallen in love with.

So just this once,
let's set the table for two.
I will pour the coffee
like a gypsy and a gentleman combined
and ask you what you'd like.
And you will say, "another girl!"
and be on your silly way.