

AT WALDEN CAFÉ

Two jars
at the counter
for tips.

One labelled,
*Reading by a
window on a
rainy day . . .*

The other,
*Reading under
a tree on a
sunny day . . .*

One perhaps
imagines a warm
cup of tea,
and—however antiquated—
a crackling fire
echoing through
the feathered parlor,
a booth tucked
into the ovular window
where one cozily
admires the rain
glistening on the leaves,
the azaleas
shedding tears
of joy.

Or one imagines
looking up at the
crisp green leaves
swaying in the breeze,
cooling the branches
just before
they begin to sweat—
then looking at their
weathered book
and muttering
to oneself:
Blake would insist
I put this down
and flap around wildly
with the birds.

The barista is clever
(or am I a fool?)—
I put folded dollars
into each
of two jars.