

A Day at Steak 'n Shake
by Faith Freijo

Sitting together at the table,
they sit across from each other.
Words carry over the stained surface,
where drinks have been spilled and only halfway cleaned.

Two hours are allotted,
but every minute is a bullet train.
Smiles and rosy cheeks, laughter and
the chatter of two cousins having a short meal.

The smell of bleach
soaks into the cheap burgers.
"At least they're cleaning," says one,
the other laughs and wipes the sticky table.

Words and phrases
that aren't of much substance,
but the two are like birds squawking on.
A sigh with a smile, as they part ways.

Their hands stick to the table.
It won't let them go easily.
Time is a thief that squanders what he steals.
Moments become memories in the blink of an eye.