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Three Steps

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Three Steps

by Greg Moglia

Steve's the waiter at the local diner
Knows I have the spinach salad minus mushrooms
Knows which friend takes light rye toast with her eggs

On our way out bags free cookies for the table
Seventy-five years old handles the heavy plates with ease
After three months, the place reopens and so many new faces

But yes, here's Steve with a handshake and good luck wish
How's it going? Fine, he says and points to three new steps
Three steps between the customers and his trip to the kitchen

He says, *Three steps*, and I watch
The threat to the thin line he lives in, he's safe in
Stretched just a bit he's tasted this night

Going down with those plates he's ok,
But going up he reaches for the railing
Seventy-five and he can't say it, won't say it

Damn steps, three damn steps

