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Arkansas Truck Stop

John Grey
Johnston, RI

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ARKANSAS TRUCK STOP

Must be morning
because the eggs
are sunny-side up,
the bacon's greasy,
and the hash browns
are near black.

Can't be home
because there's a huge trucker
on the stool beside me,
and two more in a booth.
Can't be home
because there's no way
I'd be kissing that cook.

Guy's got a pack of cigarettes
squeezed between his tee-shirt
and tattoo.
I read the local newspaper.
He skims the legs of the waitress.
One behemoth in the booth
can use the word 'rig' in a sentence.
Always prefaced by 'big' of course.

I'm out in the world,
Rayburns on the counter,
coffee passing on messages
to my senses.
It's just the one place.
It's just the one kind of people.
It's off a highway
some place in Arkansas.

And it must be real
because I know
I couldn't just write this.

John Grey
Johnston, RI