

## **DINING ALONE**

Firmer than our bed last night,  
the booth presses against my tired backside.  
Light reflects off the menu,  
distorts my cataracted vision,  
so I pretend to know what I want.  
At a nearby table, a family  
solemnly bow their heads,  
faces aglow, transfixed by their phones.  
Eventually, my meal arrives –  
bacon atop eggs like a listless lover.

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