

Conversation About Potatoes

he'd been drinking
and so had i,
on a late Saturday morning

we exchanged pleasantries
about the weather
girlfriends and wives
no forgotten dreams or
long ago slights

i asked him to bum a smoke
and he obliged
pulled one out of a soft pack
nestled in a shirt pocket

i went outside and smoked
smelled beer and
cheese and hamburgers
and all the things that are good

he poured me another beer,
said he knew where i was from
crooked teeth and a half smile

there's no pretending in that,
no pretending in potatoes or
bummed cigarettes or
beer in cracked glass

and we knew each other then,
as well as i,
could know you now.