

Once

The straight backed
wooden chair, across
sits straight backed
empty, watching
coffee cup rings staining.
Six times held,
that guest and
three times the other,
my favorites,
with feet touching
and tongues talking
till rings staining
from neglect, no,
from time spent
on better things.
There sits cold
before the finish,
slowing sips
to stalled salutations.
I'm your favorite, too.