

BREAKFAST VISITOR

Bacon, eggs and toast;
my own frying of tasty fare,
a greasy good breakfast.

Half through I took two steps
to the counter coffee pot for a refill.
In the brief instant
my back was turned
a half piece of thick buttered toast
disappeared without a sound.

I'm new to a house
where a tall dog can silently
reach across the kitchen table.

I think I have just learned
who is the visitor here.

by Lee Netzler