The Last Fly of Summer

by Carl Santoro

a bright, humid morning.
New York City.
a CHILD's pancake restaurant.
i'm sitting on a
revolving stool
by the counter
waiting for my order.
leafing through the
SEBRING 100 WALLAMATIC
record selector
and just as my omelette
is place into my tie-
there he is-
lying stale, crushed,
frozen in time between
GEORGY GIRL and HARD DAY'S NIGHT.
embarrassing, i think.

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