

Outside Starbucks' on the Way to Work

by Linda Simoni-Wastila

Every morning he's there, his cart heaped with bags, staring at our coffees and scones. I always step around his mess, head to the hospital to crunch discharges, dollars, deaths, but today my caramel macchiato feels heavier, his eyes harder. I hand him my drink. He shuffles away, not even a thank you.

