

# NOLA's Nightcap

*by* Miranda Merklein

I drove the back  
way back from the store,  
refilled your cup  
with boiled peanuts. Summerflea,

I need to be commended,  
despite the wine glass  
that threw itself  
at your sister's head

of rollers. Imagine a pear  
in the deli meat aisle,  
ripening behind glass,  
while at the Texaco station,

two women in nightclothes  
sip hot drinks on the curb.  
Seven in the morning,  
watching for the blue sedan.

