

# Lunch Business

*by* Tim G. Young

It's lunch in the car time at 5:30 pm  
The car sits next to the mattress delivery truck  
in hope of receiving a blanket of shade  
The clouds cover high and wide  
across a busy sky  
The top of the water bottle  
unscrewed and sipped from  
in gulps large and wave like

A ham and cheese sandwich reveals itself  
from under cover of such proud aluminum foil while  
Mustard peeks through yellow cheese slices  
Ham standing firm except on its wobbly edges

iPhone speaks friendly with bottle of water  
and Starbucks coffee cup  
in familiar arm rest couch  
discussing the angry customer  
who referred to the deli man  
as a jerk  
but whom will surely pay  
for indiscretions as sure as  
there is bad bologna

Meanwhile a chat on the phone  
lists the days activities with loved one not including  
an angry customer  
but describing friends  
who accidentally drop by  
for turkey sliced thin

Now shoes come off untied cozy with the

break and accelerator pedals  
resting without souls  
and any chance of salvation

Finally to the cellophane and the  
pumpkin spice biscotti clinging  
for dear life before a quick swim  
in the cream infested coffee  
brings a silent peaceful disintegration

Electric windows roll back to closed position  
The aluminum now crumbled as any plain paper  
Remaining coffee awaits slow walk return  
to cooler climes of supermarket  
while visions of dishes to be scrubbed  
now replace windshield and wide expanse

Remote moves its click to locked doors  
And sandwich biscotti crumbs  
tumble from black apron to baked  
yellow lined parking lot

