

POETRY

[the Waitress with the Roman Nose]

by Chiara Maxia



"From Ago" by Arlene Tribbia (arlenetribbia.com)

I admire her figure:
graceful as she swings around the tables
cleaning up after the clients, collecting empty glasses,
with an absent gaze, the enlightened type,
hands busy with trivialities
mind closer than ever to the divine

I could stare at her forever
But not in a lustful way,
not even with envy, or admiration, for that matter

I look at her
like I'd look at a Van Gogh,
a burning fire,
an Icelandic waterfall,
a sky full of stars