Patti Renner-Tana

BARMAID

For 2 nights
I carry my dignity precariously
on a tiny tray
serving my smile with ice.
In this dim timeless zone
calloused skin strokes my skin
smells bubble from body holes
music drums my head.
I dream of escape

out the door and down the street

to the water's edge

where I am

pulled gently by the tide

into the sea

and find myself

on the other side of the moon

quite at home

plus tips: 6 dollars & 48 cents