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I was there and I knew
they would come
red aprons before them
but knees still bared
to the backs of our chairs
they were young ones
but skilled
and they said their thanks
with their hands in their pockets
all eyes
unbeheld but beholding
the unalterable hello
of a gait
the beer was the endless
constant in the equation
of this dance
even the old men on stage
would hold plastic
the chalice of their song
cigars
would censor the halls
of the tent
and they came
through it all
to the women
large and with ear-rings
to the men
with the women
to the people
like me
adoring the way
they gave answer to wishes
beyond their control

the waitress
and the soul

7-18-82