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