

Elvis at the Dunkin Donuts

GREGG MOGLIA

Coffee at hand I sit alone and begin
To read some Walt Whitman

A bearded dark skinned fellow stops before me
His look seen time and again in all the media

Syria, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, Ukraine
He asks *What are you reading?*

I look up and push away Syria, Iraq, all of them and say
It's Walt Whitman and read aloud

*'For every atom belonging to me
As good belongs to you'*

He smiles offers a hand to shake and says
I'm Elvis and that's good what you read

I nod and and he takes a seat opposite
He goes on *That's true what you read*

I hear about his 13 hour workdays and rotten employers
And after 20 minutes or so he heads towards the door

Turns says *I stop you from reading and you talk to me
Our atoms are joining*