

Oliver Moxham

Greasy spoons

A lonesome road lies ahead with miles to go.
Running on empty, I'll make a short pitstop.

Running on empty, I've found a place to stop.
The miles ahead still on my mind, I need rest.

The miles ahead fade from my mind as I rest,
Aching stomach and feet sat in red vinyl booth.

Eager stomach and eyes pore over plastic
Rich with fatty brown delights to sate my cravings.

Fed on fatty brown delights, I look around
And briefly take in the other road-bound souls.

I briefly know these other road-bound souls, kin,
And share with them a need to eat, rest, and leave.

Too little time for eating, resting, leaving
As we swap linoleum tiles for tarmac.

As I leave linoleum tiles for tarmac,
I leave my kin for my task, and them to theirs.

I'm always with my kin, as they are with me,
Feeding one another on that lonesome road.