

# In Little Rock

By Jake Adam York

Perhaps, this morning, we're there,  
normal and soon forgotten, as news is  
when it's passed over breakfast, like love,  
something that's always cast, too  
heavy to hold for long. We breathe it in,  
the bacon, the coffee. We listen to the little  
quavers as the local tongues, water over rock,  
rise and fall, like stones skipping soft  
into the white that smoothed them. The women  
speak like grandmothers, softly  
opening their mouths, opening  
and drawing advice from themselves,  
like biscuits, and offering in kindness  
a little more than anyone could ask, more  
than anyone can take. I know their pitying.  
It looks like patience, the look on everyone's  
faces as the peddler shuffles in his blindness,  
black hand held open, everyone awaiting  
the hiss of door, the whisper in everyone's  
throats, breaking from patience into pleasure.