



Melody, Harmony, Discord, Rhythm, Timbre, Pitch

When I idly stir my coffee
the spoon clicks the sides of the cup

as the waitress scratches my words
onto a pad before she slips my order

to the cook at a grill who stops to adjust
his Red Sox cap, pulls on his ear,

while a man and a woman
fly through the door with two children,

You did! I didn't!
rising above the din of diners,

one leans forward to accent
a point with the tip of his fork

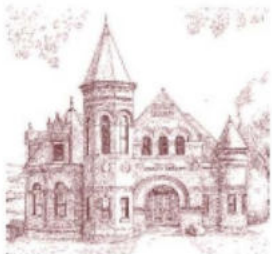
and when my meal arrives she says, "That all?"
doesn't wait for reply, runs to answer her call,

three rings of a bell.
I pick up a crispy piece of bacon,

crunch it between my teeth
savor a slow chew, the final tah-dah notes

to today's musical performance
of *At the Diner*.

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