To My Friend Waiting Tables At The Quicksilver Club

Jollie Sasseville*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1990 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress). http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Your smile fills your pockets
with quarters and drunk men’s numbers
scrawled on dollar bills.
You may win this waiting game
but what is your prize?

Here’s a tip: Good things come
to those who wait, but you could never wait.
You planted impatiens and never stayed
to watch them grow.
That garden’s gone wild now.

(The whiskey ‘n water in the corner
just whistled for another round.
You’re there before he can say
Jack Daniels.)

You could be in law school now,
or covering distant skirmishes
for the AP or UPI,
editing your dissertation
on third world economic policies.
But now you study human nature
at the bar
and bank on your findings.

You found fast money,
you wind fast men around
your fingers ‘til they
snap.
You never could stand being told what to do:
“Question authority”
was always your credo.
Now you’re on your feet
all night, taking orders from men
who would tell you their woes
before they’d tell their wives.

You’d never settle
for any battle hard-won, long-fought,
any plan slow-cooked.
You planned to write a novel;
now you write names
of unfamiliar drinks on cocktail napkins
and fill your pockets from your smile.

You always have had a quick smile.