

Two Poems

JOSEPH MILLAR

The Day After Sinatra Married Mia Farrow

So the coffee would stay hot all morning
 Edna, the large-boned Dutch waitress,
 her face and throat flushed from the heat
 would first fill my thermos with boiling water
 in the Circle Diner on Kutztown Road,
 this July morning steamy and loud
 with a highway crew at the counter,
 two grizzled mailmen in the side booth
 and us from the nearby construction site,
 a job I loved for its noise and fresh air,
 screwing big lag bolts into the sills
 of Caloric Stove's new factory warehouse,
 the whirr of the countersink drilling the wood,
 clean white hemlock or spruce

and when one of the mailmen heads for the door
 Edna calls out to him *Hey Jack*
how you think Frank's feeling this morning?
 Smoke from the grill and the cook's cigar
 clouding the wide glass window:

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