

At the Thriftway

One night in the grocery store parking lot
I see a woman weeping in her car &
Her engine's running and other cars
Jockey behind her waiting so they
Can get the good spot, you know,
But she doesn't pull out, she just
Sits there with her face streaming

Which I notice as I walk by her car
Because the way she's parked under
The light pole her face is shining wet
Though you can't see if she's young
Or old or anything only the gleaming
Tears. I go into the store to get dinner.
When I shuffle out I don't even look

To see if she's still there, such being
The code of our privacy: we weep alone.
But I wonder, while I am driving away,
If maybe someone tapped on her window
And said *Hey lady, here are some prayers,*
Or, more probably, *Hey lady, you leaving*
That spot sometime this week or what?

-Brian Doyle