

*I Witness*

He undaunted by the Closed sign  
flipping it to Open what a laugh  
steering her into a booth by the window

She nondescript pressing her face against the glass  
He in bulky opposition lounging back skimming the menu  
studying my breasts...

*Me being a waitress it's what you expect*  
ordering a loud beef burger with the lot  
and wheezing 'a couple of your cherry tarts 'd go down well'  
gut belly-dancing to the rhythm of his own  
amusement

She settling for the soup

*Me placing his food before him along with napkin  
knife and fork  
For her a simple spoon*

He shoving the cutlery aside fist full of burger  
red sauce zig-zagging down his chin  
tucking in

She at tipping-point setting down her spoon testing his blade  
against her thumb  
bleeding

He searching my face for an approving eye-roll  
sniggering 'She's not the sharpest one in the drawer  
as you can see' and blindly reaching for the knife  
turning to watch my retreating butt

*Me knowing the type all too well  
and from the kitchen door  
hearing him yell*

He skewered-hand jerking free from the table top  
mouth full and choking eyes bloodshot and pleading  
struggling to stand chair tipping head splitting  
hard hitting against the tiled floor

She staring at the ceiling

*Me thinking of the cleaning*

He stopping kicking silently regretting

She resetting the spoon's slow transit to her lips  
and sipping

*Me waiting taking a break having a smoke  
my shift's ending after all*

Setting down her spoon and a sizeable tip  
walking to the door setting the sign to rights  
She unlike he stepping gently into the darkening night.