The Last Seat Left

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/2
we sit
in the middle
of this restaurant
the last seat left

in the center of this town
that he was once proud to call home
my head resting on the filthy counter
not caring
whether the dried sliver of ketchup
left for 3 days
or two weeks
finds its way into my hair
as i attempt to hold back
the tears of hatred and disbelief
these random people
with blank faces
snicker and stare
at my curly hair
and tan face
wondering why
i am sitting
with
America’s
blue eyed poster child
who doesn’t quite understand
the dynamics
of a society
in which love
comes in colors.