On Their Bench by the Lake

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On Their Bench by the Lake

The restaurant closed an hour ago.
Lights out, money counted, barstools up
Across the empty parking lots
The bartender and waitress go
To find each other once again

Shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye
They sit together on their bench by the lake.
Lazy waves tumble into rocks, sleeping on the shore
Nighttime bugs dance around the lamppost,
Glowing yellow, a solitary birthday candle
The light on the radio beacon pulses red

Words spill from lips, no hesitation
No kiss ever unites them.
Only the exchange of secrets
Between these two on their bench by the lake.

-- Monica Hopkins