16th April 1996
Mexican Memories (waitressing in a Rosebank Restaurant)
A quiet echo
Working .....
a gecko.
changing faces
whilst touching mixed races.
Tonight alone
B on the phone.
Haunting memories disguised as a ghost
As I sit at the door ~~ a waiter's post.
Gypsy Kings ~~ a lonesome tune,
To well played ears ~~ now immune.
The ashtray smokes;
The newspaper jokes;
Balloons on show;
Candles burn low;
Tequila sells
The story tells ....
of
my nights
under mexican lights.