

## Soda Fountain

On a sizzling summer afternoon  
I skipped rope down Main Street  
before stopping at the soda fountain  
for an ice cream cone  
and a little light conversation  
with the teen age boy  
smartly dressed  
in white  
from head to foot.

Back in the day he was called  
a soda jerk  
for he poured a bit of flavored soda  
Into the glass making drinks,  
floats and fizzy concoctions  
for customers  
young and old alike.

My slender body swung back and forth  
back and forth  
on the round stool  
without the  
black and white tiled floor  
touching my feet.  
I purposefully glanced  
straight a head  
into the giant  
mirror  
making sure  
ice cream wasn't dribbling  
down my cotton shirt.  
I wanted that young soda jerk  
To notice me  
Despite my 10 years to his 16, or so.

