

Friday's Musing

I ate a bowl of hardy tomato soup
With four saltine crackers
While balancing perilously on the edge
of a worn brown leather couch
at the local coffee shop.
My friend and I
Greeted every other person
Bundled for the cold from head to toe
Walking in the door
Like it was home
But not really.

For my friend and I wondered
Beyond the store front window
clouding our view
with the remnants of last week's storm
How did we end up living our years
Raising our families
Working at our careers
In this town far from our roots
That now provides us our networking,
Comfort and stability?

Perhaps, life is the richness
Of tomato soup
We mused.
A few thick chunks of tomato
Floating to the surface on occasion
Like the worries and
problems we blend
with a loving spoon.