

## Honeydipping

Watch me wrap the doughnut in a square of wax paper  
and hand it to the puffy faced midnight driver.  
See me push the buttons on the cash register  
beep beep beep  
the drawer springs open  
and I appear to drop the money  
in with the other greasy coins  
but with a trick of the hand  
I slide it deep into the dark pocket  
of my dusty rose polyester pinafore.  
Dull tired eyes briefly twinkle.

Boys from my English class sneak  
from their bedroom windows  
to spend the night  
at one of my orange plastic booths.  
I pour them bottomless coffees  
with mountains of sugar  
hundreds of little creams  
until they creep home  
before the first sunbeams  
to avoid mom's detection.

I am awake  
while the good people of my province sleep  
sharing the night  
with cops drunks cats and truckers.  
Hours after the fist-fighting bottle smashers  
are dreaming like kittens  
I am honeydipping  
injecting fried dough with fake cherry goo  
glazing over.