



Drawing : Janek Janoviez

## The Regular

Janet Pehr

He walks in and sits down  
In the same place  
Every day.  
I serve him the same breakfast  
Every day.  
I watch him from a distance.  
His eyes are glazed  
As he laughs a quiet secret laugh  
And forms silent words with his lips.  
I sit down next to him.  
He never looks into my eyes  
And the words he speaks out loud  
Are riddles; great spasms  
Erupting from a weeping psyche.

He talks of the times we've been together,  
Those special times  
That never were;  
Except in his dreams.  
Nightdreams, daydreams  
They are all real to him  
Realer than real.  
And I listen every day  
And then again today,  
Except for one thing.  
He orders a different breakfast.  
As I place it before him  
I glance into a mirror and notice  
My eyes are glazed,  
And a hint of laughter appears on my face  
too.