

The Devil's Bagel

Rusty Cage

Late night my shoes are worn , in a diner its two in the morn and I wonder what I will do tonight. Cup of coffee
and a cigarette more , clock above me reads 2:04 and the night owls all got a story to tell.

The girl with the short hair parents won't talk to her no more. They call her an unholy dyke and they call her a
whore.(oh well)

Order a bagel, butter and all, think to myself as I stare at the wall. Killing time counting the change in my hand.

Dark man, sits on my right, shades keeping his eyes out of the light. Drinks his coffee, just as dark as his skin.

The man with the pack and the black hat sits in the back, his white eyes glow.(like a fire burns bright in the act)

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