Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Character Poem – "Nick"

What about that time he had embarrassed himself?
Nick didn't care.
What about that time he had talked of killing himself?
Nick listened.
What about that time he had fought mean-spirited?
Nick forgave.

He sat in that coffee shop, his fingers
drumming merrily away as he waited. Looking around,
he noticed the red lampshades casting
a homey appeal, a nice touch, he thought.
The tacky paintings on the wall,
too much, too fake.

The door jingled, he looked up.
There was Nick. They hadn't talked in years.
They had never even met.
He stood up to meet him for the first time.
They held out hands,
but all he could think to say was,
"I always thought you were taller."