

JOHN REPP

**Breakfast at the Woodstown Diner**

Jimmies remain jimmies at the Woodstown Diner,  
so the cool, clear day relaxes. A Greek omelet,  
home fries, toast & coffee they must perk  
to conjure scrapple like this. No more  
*Atlantic City Press*, but the tiny weekly  
does feature cranberry rakes in the classifieds.  
I like being "Hon," especially since the "Hon"  
the waitress uses on the others lacks  
the wholesome fondness, not to mention  
the fetching smile my Hon-ness inspires.  
The ice cream—peach, please—will not  
be as it was, but the jimmies, as I've said,  
remain permanent. If this were the right year,  
I'd toss a few silver dollars on the counter  
& give this Tina a jaunty, two-fingered salute  
as I bop to the door. Too bad they drained  
Malaga Lake & tore down the skating rink.  
I still bop. Tina still smiles, folding the bills  
into her apron pocket with everything else.