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Untitled

They sat in the cafe at the tiny round tables sipping their hot coffees and he gazes at her over the steaming cups. "I need you," he says, but all she can hear is the grinding of the coffee beans and the rattle of the Espresso machine. "I love you," he says, but she doesn't hear a thing except for, "That comes to two-fifty please," and the jingle of change being passed. And he wants her to answer, but she doesn't know what to say, how to tell him over the blare of the loud jazz on the radio, how to answer through the hazy smoke that hangs in the dim room, how to speak through the dryness in her throat, so she sips the hot coffee and responds as she knows how: "You got a light?"

--- *Rory Burnham*