

Not Another Empty Table

By Emily Vieweg

A trip home brings me closer
to friends, in theory. I grab
dinner at a bar, gasping a
short breath and sip my ice water,
place my napkin gently on my lap.

I don't want another year of
tables with service for one.
My quesadillas, no onions, appear
with a salad on the side – I love bar food –
A bottle of Korbel washes it down

as the seconds tick tock and tease.
I want a table full of party sandwiches
a ketchup-stained summer tablecloth
with those clip-art fish and beach toys
painted on top. I want

a full dance card
an address book overflowing
so every time I open my bag
I am loved.

Since You Asked –

By Emily Vieweg

most days I cannot remember
what it felt like to be happy
to answer the phone and smile

instead of cringe
or to wake before six
and think of poseys and dandelions

instead of butcher blocks
and knives and
long, tall bridges

to think of pleasant things
a hot dog with just enough mustard
today's paper on the porch

waiting for me instead of soaking
in the wet yard giggling at my
sandaled feet sopping up

the mud before work—see what I mean
the bad overflows
the happy is buried

like the peonies at Tommy's grave.

Pep Talk

By Emily Vieweg

Never
write about
politics or religion.

One,
two, words
three words spoken

trying
their best
to find meaning

beyond
the number
or sound bite.

Tomorrow
I will
ask for favors:

money
and time
from my devotees.

Collection

By Emily Vieweg

I have six bookcases filled with Acting Editions.
A diet coke on the table
keys from three houses ago laying in a drawer.

I have fourteen different names for sex.
A few friends but only one sister
eight tattoos – four on my back, four elsewhere.

I have a cell phone with too much facebooking.
Two kids with special needs
Bipolar disorder and
several bookbags in storage because I may just need them someday.

I have one favorite pair of black dress pants – they say “You are Beautiful” on the inside.

I have a love for coffee but get the runs if I drink it
and a set of pink earbuds that I had to buy because they were cheaper than green.

Emily Vieweg bio: Emily Vieweg is a poet and playwright originally from St. Louis, Missouri. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in Soundings Review, Foliate Oak, The Voices Project, Northern Eclecta and Red Weather Literary Magazine. She lives in Fargo, North Dakota where she is a mother of two, pet parent, data processor and adjunct English instructor. She completed her MFA in Creative Writing at Lindenwood University in June 2015.