Hardspeak

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A man in a suit is a softspoken man,
is a soft man who speaks, “Condition?
It’s love, when you’re in it, and
still love, when you’re out of it.”

A pretty red girl in the diner is in it.
Conditional, irises lost in her soft places.
The fly on my coffee cup, now drowning in it,
his tiny legs, they’re in it. His hands.

I ask her for pie. I’m in it for pie.
softly she loves, “We’re out of it.”
She speaks, “We’re out of it.” I love
my tiny legs out of it. My hands.

Irices found beneath my coffee cup.
“What is that?” she loves. “Condition,”
I speak, softly. “It’s still love.” It suits me fine,
and it isn’t moving until I get a slice of pie.