

# AS IT IS ON EARTH

JEAN THERON

The scent of gathering dusk,  
of midnight hollowed out  
and made lush again by dawn,  
a sweetness I imagine  
descends somewhere else  
at the end of my shift, after  
a certain hour minding the till  
when anyone who knows knows  
you keep your eye out there  
where the only highway  
runs past the diner's place  
on the board and brings us piles  
of monopoly money traded  
for grease and attention.  
Our walls wear the faces  
of celebrities no one remembers,  
their signatures poofy  
and pointless as meringue.  
Tonight a hooptie with gold-  
plated rims and a buttercream-  
painted body pulls up  
and parks like a question,  
headlights aimed for the eyes.  
Silhouettes exit all sides—men

still in uniform, the type who order  
the same thing as each other,  
these angels who make our roads,  
who roam our kingdom,  
come sit at the counter  
wing to wing, hushed now  
over their fries, lifting them  
one by one like it's the slowest  
night in heaven, as it is on Earth.