

**Bridal Shower**  
by George Bilgere

Perhaps, in a distant café,  
four or five people are talking  
with the four or five people  
who are chatting on their cell phones this morning  
in my favorite café.

And perhaps someone there,  
someone like me, is watching them as they frown,  
or smile, or shrug  
at their invisible friends or lovers,  
jabbing the air for emphasis.

And, like me, he misses the old days,  
when talking to yourself  
meant you were crazy,  
back when being crazy was a big deal,  
not just an acronym  
or something you could take a pill for.

I liked it  
when people who were talking to themselves  
might actually have been talking to God  
or an angel.  
You respected people like that.

You didn't want to kill them,  
as I want to kill the woman at the next table  
with the little blue light on her ear  
who has been telling the emptiness in front of her  
about her daughter's bridal shower  
in astonishing detail  
for the past thirty minutes.

O person like me,  
phoneless in your distant café,  
I wish we could meet to discuss this,  
and perhaps you would help me  
murder this woman on her cell phone,

after which we could have a cup of coffee,  
maybe a bagel, and talk to each other,  
face to face.