

The Tip »

My beach breakfast of black beans and rice
is of interest to the tan and brown spotted dog
who circles the cement tables and stools each morning,
pausing to pee on the occasional palm.

Moments ago he was on his back
scrunching his ass into the sand
for whatever reason dogs do this.

My brain has dollars colliding with *colones*
as I try to figure out a reasonable tip.
Now this dog of many mixes
is ready for whatever I have chosen
to leave on my plate.

He would be a good dog to take back home with me
but I know he belongs here in the land
of the not-quite-empty plates.

He knows as only a dog can know
that I know nothing about peeing
on the base of a palm,
the cold, coarse touch of the deeper sand,
and the sadness of the coins
that I leave on the table.