## **Stephen Robertson**

## Hopper Choka

Yellow neon light spilling through plate-glass windows across the pavement. A bartender bent to work; chrome coffee machines. At the bar three people sit all six eyes lowered in silent contemplation. The rest of the world is dark.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting\_lines/