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9 Ways of Looking at a Cup of Coffee

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Author Bio

Laura E. Barone is an avid coffee drinker and devoted tea sipper from St. Louis, MO. A double major in French and Art History, Laura loves to slightly cool off her hot bevs with a drop or two of vanilla soymilk as she reads Moliere and ponders the wonders of Matisse. Laura is also involved in Gettysburg Dance Ensemble, the Commons Cafe, and TGIT. Laura thinks the most beautiful and life-changing poetry, worthy to fill any empty cup, is the book of John.

9 Ways of Looking at a Cup of Coffee

I.

At dawn on a Monday,
the sun hesitates
like an unwanted embrace
as I cup my cup of coffee.

II.

My neighbor,
dressed in a severe white shirt and tie,
backs out in a hurry.
He never misses his morning date
with the long-haired mermaid
at the drive-through at 7:12 a.m.
His wife doesn't know.

III.

10:00 a.m., alone,
at my desk,
staring at my mistake of
flat, dollar-store bottled water,
my coffee-thirsted mind wanders.

IV.

I will always be able to afford coffee!
Pay me in shiny beans for my work.

V.

I am white.
My coffee is black.
Life is whiteblack
-gray
It takes its cup with sugar and milk.

VI.

You tell me.
But then you ask me,
and you tell me again.
And your twisted words
drip

drip
drip -
until -
oh! Just stop justifying.
The coffee has gone cold.

VII.

A cumbersome beauty,
the barista,
leans on the edge of the cracked counter, chatting,
with a head full of apprehensive yellow waves.
She flashes a smile,
and shows off coffee-stained teeth.
Beauty marks.

VIII.

I didn't mean to clutch you so
desperately.
I mistook you for my coffee mug.

IX.

This coffee dance
keeps me
Up
all day until I
crash (into my own)
flailing arms
when it has all gone away.