

Coffee

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A bit of writing done while waiting between classes with a cup of coffee.

About the conduit the seasons can be for love and lovers.

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1 - Coffee

Hey you with the crooked smile!
Come to me and stay awhile.
We'll sip coffee and count the stars,
Talk of dreams and battle scars.
Ride upon the silky wings,
Of metaphors and sullen scenes.
Tear apart the heads of walking,
Corpse who wake to ruin our talking.
Watch them through the glass, they shatter!
Beautifully, of fragile matter!
We'll talk of truths and nothing more,
And kiss the lies of little whore,
Who sits beyond the café, laughing.
[The soundtrack to our bodies mapping.]
Escape from all the clichéd norm.
Souls release to take a form,
And held between our fingertips,
Trapped between our moistened lips,
Clutched within our hands to hold,
Our coffee has grown stagnant. Cold.
With one last sip we rid of cups.
Pull on Jackets, bundle up.
Against the cold, against our touch.
Against remembering, pretty much.
We linger, holding tight the words,
Hopes held silent like the birds,
Who've flown to where the sun doth lay,
Unlike we, who are doomed to stay,
Hearts wrapped tight in woolen sweaters,
Our hearts were free in warmer weathers.
[But I long to hold your hand!
I want to make you understand!
But my lips refuse to move,
They have forgotten how to soothe.
So in barbs, I do confide.
Wires, tight, cut trace of pride.]
"Goodbye." We turn with warn of danger,
Two lovers meet, and leave as strangers.