

## To the girl who made my coffee this morning:

It's not the smell that I long for,  
It's not the wave of fresh beans seeping from the pot  
or the overwhelming scent invading the insides of my nose with the aroma  
of overslept souls and eyes that haven't yet shut

It's not the sight that I long for,  
It's not the tips of the grass kissed by morning mist,  
or the empty field in front of  
me  
with deer searching for a silent breakfast among the serenity

It's not the touch that I long for,  
It's not the caress of a passerby moving too fast  
or the warmth of a white towel fresh on cold skin  
with fibers waving hello

It's not the sound that I long for,  
It's not the pitch of the angry baristas  
or the soft chatter of girls in the corner  
with too much on their mind

It's the red straws that I long for,  
so carefully picked and placed inside  
a jar of AriZona Tea™

*Morgan DeWitt*