

## Modern Day Coffee

The conversations have changed  
Metamorphosed like a rock under too much pressure  
Compressed from  
"Let's change the world"  
To  
"I found a way to memorize names in a fast way,  
if her name is Patty, picture her with two buns,  
one on her feet, one on her head"

A rock that has lived many lives,  
taken many journeys through streams  
dumping into oceans of sentences,  
our words are pebbles in the waves that  
submerge our thoughts.

Our worst thoughts speaking as loud  
as the only person talking above the  
brewing of the coffee beans.

Our lost thoughts traveling the ropes  
of our mind  
as a homeless soul picks up the left behind  
cigarette butts and wanders into an empty  
seat in the warmest and dustiest corner of  
hearts and the café.

Our thoughts constantly being reconstructed  
with careful precision  
like the lines of a newborn poet who sits  
not far away  
hitting the backspace with frustration.

Our thoughts coming and going,  
like the music the guests  
can hear through the pauses  
in their headphones.

Our thoughts constantly being hidden,  
like the ripped couches,  
that are so carefully placed out  
of eye sight of the passersby,  
yearning for new customers.

Our joyful thoughts stored  
so perfectly beneath the rest,  
stacked like the books  
for 50 cents each,  
sitting in order.

I order the Kerouac blend  
between thoughts of the hurried strangers  
and their feet.

—*Morgan DeWitt*