

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