



(sxc.hu)

Late Night Coffee

by AMANDA PETERKA

You like yours black,
I like mine light.
You let me try yours-
I choke on its bitterness.

My tongue burns
with the aftertaste of
coffee drank too soon;
steam wafts up into my nose
and permeates my entire body-
French vanilla perfume,
satisfying in the way
a roasted bed is
on a chilled afternoon.

You whisper in my ear,
and I smell black coffee,
and I feel your breath,
and it mingles with mine until it doesn't
matter
that you take yours black
and I take mine light.

I place mine down too quickly,
and a drop of caffeinated sweetness
drips over the edge
as if it lusted for more than just an
imported ceramic mug
sporting a clever phrase.

You link your hand in mine,
and I can feel the aroma from your mug
as it seeps into my own palm.
Soon you are caressing the back of my head
until I become the liquid
that scalds my insides.
In the morning,
I know I will awake with sour breath,
but when you kiss me
it tastes like hazelnut.
And you draw me close
until not even a coffee ground
could squeeze between us.

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