

# Coffee Shop

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

He wore his hip in his hips, his lips  
She wanted to know if he would lick the edges  
When he pulled the coffee cup from his mouth  
A bit of foam clung to his moustache  
She watched it there, wondering if he would  
Twirl it off with his fingers  
Or lick it, his tongue darting out like a trap  
She decided that the longer he let it hang there  
The greater the chance that he would  
Ask for her number  
She waited  
He smiled at her  
And she felt sorry for him  
Because he had this thing hanging on his face  
She wondered if he had been the top dog  
In the locker room, or the one who  
Feared the lash of the washcloth  
When he pushed off the foam with his napkin  
She thought, he must be an accountant, or a copy editor  
She wondered about the women he kissed  
And if they wore cherryred lipstick  
and bit roughly at his mouth

