

Morning People

by AMTL

some days I don't have it in me.
these days I find myself awake
at the forgotten hours
smoking on the patio
watching the city wake softly
as she burns scrambled eggs
in the next room.

"don't you own a coffee grinder," she says.
"who the fuck has coffee
but nothing to grind it with."

i ash my cigarette
and the cherry falls,
i watch it dig its way
into the tip of my canvas shoe.
it leaves a brown hole,
perfectly round.

"there's a hammer in the drawer," i say.

anyone else would have gone
to the coffee shop,
it is only a short walk
down the street.
but she thinks she looks good
in her short red dress
black makeup around her eyes
last night's lipstick
a slap of crimson
on her cheek.

"like this," she says,
holding the hammer above her head,
waiting for me to watch,
and she whacks the bag
with the ten-pound silver head.

the pop goes off like a gunshot.
coffee beans scatter the floor
like fat raindrops.

"you're a fucking idiot," she says.
"i'm going back to bed."

