

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

