Woman Gives Birth At Cafe, Refuses To Leave Until Latte Finished

by Jerry Ratch

There was a man crying, walking his dog and a woman drove by on a flat tire

They brought coffee to the tables in large glasses on white saucers There'd be long silver spoons with which to stir in strong

dark espresso floating in layers in the steamed milk

Don't forget the girl with long blond hair fiddling with her key in a car door outside, saying "Oh! This isn't even my car!"

And yes, having conversations about catching a man, seated in this same café when you were young, not pregnant not looking down the road to life very far