

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

