how to live on coffee and prayers

by Renee Blair

The coffee filter rustles like the
Pages of your notebook, which
Only tires you even more.
Make your drink strong to
Make up for the lack of resolve
In your shoulders, and
Your weak promises.
The familiar sound of percolation
And you reach the bargaining stage.
Rub your blurry eyes and reach
To the top shelf for the chipped mug
Red as blood; red as your eyes.
Your anger pours out like coffee
From the carafe to your cup.
Yet once you smell the strong aroma, you begin
To justify the ways of man to God.
Stretching out each aching finger, you take
The first of many sips.
Your mind struggles to wake up as the tiredness
settles into your eyes like concrete.
And the only sound
You spare energy to make
Is “please.”

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/renee-blair/how-to-live-on-coffee-and-prayers--2»*
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