

# 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.”

