

# Notes Via The Coffee Shop

*by* Tim G. Young

My hands are cold,  
the coffee's hot.  
The patterns on the table cloth (actually vinyl)  
make me think of  
Greek Indians.  
Blue Moon on tap.  
My guess is the fish  
in the tank don't get chilly.  
Biscuits and gravy.  
I'm off today,  
I'm lazy.  
Damn desert stares back at me  
and wins.  
My eyes won't be still,  
maybe it's the coffee.

\* \* \*

Last night by accident  
a potent shot of detergent  
splashed my left face.  
Still feel it this morning.  
Couple of red spots  
burned into my flesh.  
Fortunately no drops  
in eyes,  
vision is clear,  
anticipating future dangers.

\* \* \*

Pepsi Cola says,  
'Hits the spot.'  
Old ad has the syrup line  
on the glass.  
My baby loves me  
even when the sun don't shine.  
Yeah and some days  
sure are all right,  
no need to escape.  
Even though I'm big on that,  
expert to be exact.  
Something I know about.  
I should probably  
do a TED talk.  
And then the times when  
my ears are ringing,  
clean as a bell  
along with certain wind chimes,  
easy to tell apart.

\* \* \*

I have a good friend named Dennis.  
He's from Oregon.  
On occasion he'll buy me a drink  
and listen to me play guitar and sing.  
Other nights he's the karaoke host  
and he sings sometimes  
like Sinatra,  
who I never liked as a kid.

\* \* \*

Is it because the world spins so fast  
that we can't feel it?  
Such a magic moment,  
the bells in the warm sunshine.  
Glad I brought my coffee with me  
even though I haven't touched it,  
so what.  
I can still feel the caffeine in my belly  
from before.  
Finally I'm getting warm,  
my hands being the barometer.  
My vision cleansed by the  
wind, sun, and chimes.  
Blame Vampire Weekend for  
the Oxford comma.  
I never thought about it.  
I almost doze.  
I'm digging the 'oz.'  
Maybe I'll stop by there later  
but I doubt I'll follow  
that old yellow road.  
Never cared much for yellow.  
And if you remember,  
Old Yeller was shot dead.

