

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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

