

# Coffee Alone

*by* XXXX

And pity us, this generation of sighing:  
Our coffee is expensive, and we must  
speak to one another through a membrane  
of insincerity: Society is our body bag.  
So cry for me. I am ready to die today,  
have been ready this morning,  
will be ready tonight, tomorrow,  
ready even after I am already dead:  
Ready now more than ever.

