

Coffee and Poetry

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Reading a poem aloud with your friends,
along with your eggs and coffee, is like eating

toast made with good bread—your mouth
loving the rich, whole-grain words that

spill over the poem's lip and into the air.
You may also drink language, the sounds

of voices swirling within your coffee cup,
the poet in your brain relishing the bite

of syllables. You taste them with your
insatiable tongue until the words leap into

their places in the line. Surprising, slippery,
agile, the mental images dissolve within you,

becoming your diet. Ultimately, you may
find that you, yourself, are the poem you

continue to invent from the colors of living.