



Tall, Dark, and Delicious

My thoughts turn to you every night. Just a few hours till I inhale your scent, taste you again. I was proud when I called it quits—no more shameful yearnings. But you had to lurk, tempt me with your heat, your steamy splendor. Of course I caved. Who wouldn't? But I have no regrets. Life is better now, calmer, more focused. My husband tolerates us. He eyes me mornings as my anticipation builds. I feed the cat, walk the dog, read the headlines, then it's time. In the kitchen I open the foil bag, breathe in your richness. You are even lovelier this morning as I tamp down your grounds and place the brew head in the machine. I press the button and watch your foamy stream enter my cup.

—Rebekah Cotton