

KALDI'S GOATS ACHIEVE ENLIGHTENMENT

Where a waterfall of fog pours over the edge of the world
They found a bush on fire with cherries of stone

One nibble and goats accustomed to slog and slaughter
Gamboled and leapt
Pupils parallel to the horizon danced with the climbing sun

Kaldi brought the magical berries to the
learned men at the monastery
Terrified they flung them to the fire
As one does with pleasures unfamiliar or poorly understood

These are of the Devil!

However, the siren aroma, rich and full, wooed them close
The monks pulled the charred husks from the ashes
Baptized them with holy water . . . the coffee nativity

The monks decided the drink's ability to keep them awake
For hours upon hours of prayer
Canceled out any satanic properties

Let us give thanks.

—Linea Jantz