

MY MORNING COFFEE

It's quiet
in my darkened kitchen
and cold, as I grip the familiar,
brown-stained porcelain mug,
place it moodily
and slowly on the waiting
breakfast table.

In goes bitter, hot, delicious,
zestful coffee – in goes clinging
darkness from the night
before – those frightening
dreams, the doubts,
the queasy indecision.

But coffee is so powerful,
so wondrous, it summons forth
the hidden possibilities
of the dawning day,
and banishes all brooding
from the heart and soul
until tomorrow.

— Alison F. Jennings

