

Ode to My Coffee Grinder

Morning by morning
you wait patiently
for the cupboard door
to open, the first rays
of the eastern sun
inviting you into the splendour
of another day,
your simple yet elegant
beech wood body
with its four steep
straight walls
its gleaming crank
so fully dedicated
to my service.

Do you, like me
listen for the squeak
when I unscrew the lid
of the coffee tin
with its blue Delft pattern?
Surely you are eager
to welcome the stream
of fragrant beans
I will soon pour
into your waiting belly.

I dip my hand
into the tin, the rustle of beans
like silk skirts brushing
a marble floor,

scoop out the handful
needed to fill that white
enamel cave
from where they will slip
into the silver-pleated funnel
so soon to release
the full spectrum
of their aroma.

Ah, little fellow, comrade
of countless mornings,
how comforting
your solid body
clasped between my knees,
the wooden knob
of your handle
snuggling
into my palm.

I sit on my stool
and gaze out the window,
turn your crank slowly
feel the steady slide
of grinding beans
slipping away
like time itself.

—Susanne von Rennenkampff

Albert Anker, *Old Man with Coffee Grinder*, 1886.

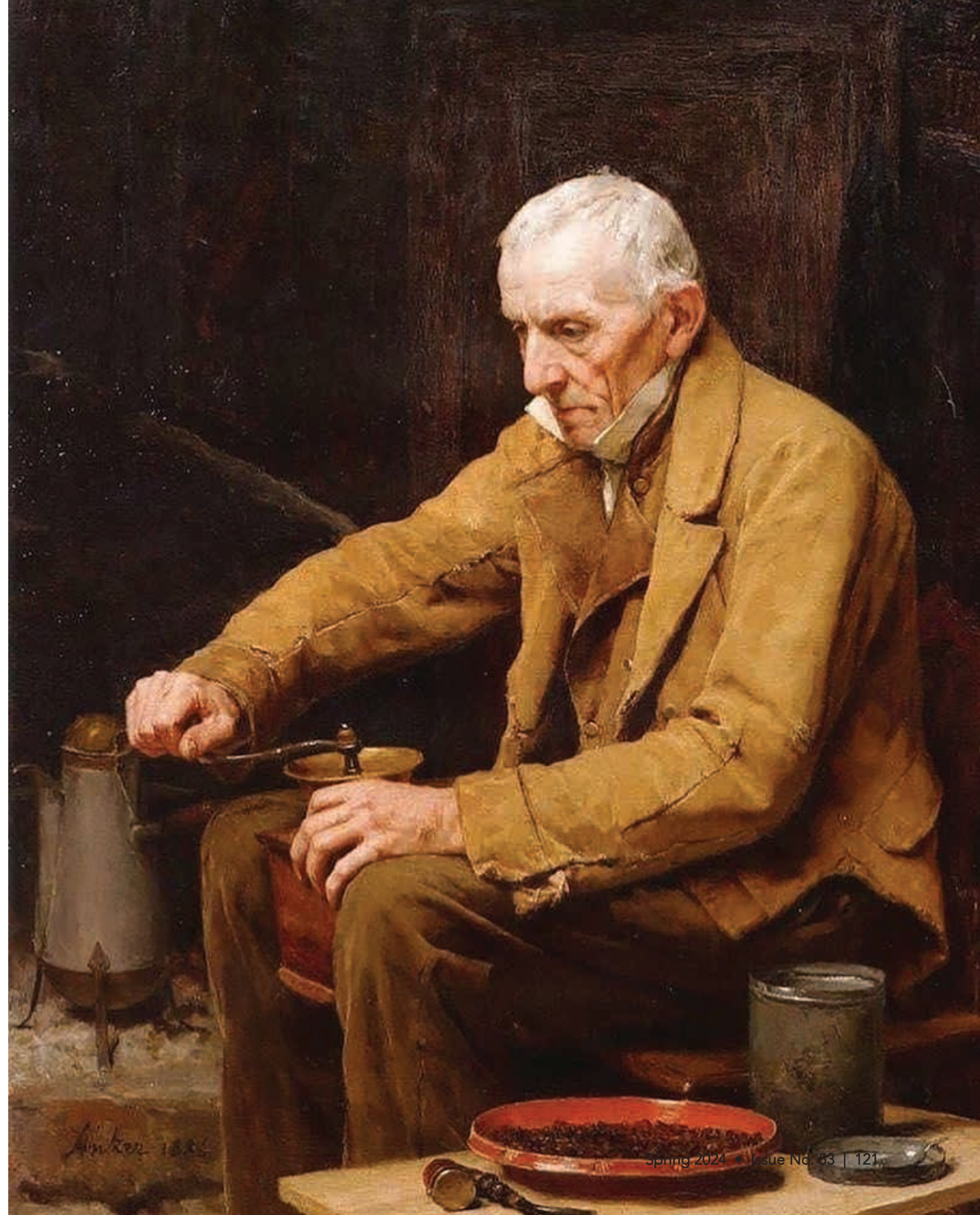


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