

Where's My Coffee?

We've run out of coffee
I'm trying to hold it together
Nightmare visions of Postum are running through my head
Or weak tea,
No, no good
Perhaps the bark of a tree boiled might do the trick
No, must have coffee
I'll break into our neighbors'
I have the key
I know I'll find some there
I'll brew it
Crouching over it
Like a wild tiger protecting a kill
Until I've had the first sip
And then
I'll be able to clean up the puddles and coffee grounds
Strewn all over their kitchen
And sneak back home
Where I'll write a shopping list

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