



Tom Gore

*While Drinking Coffee*

## While Drinking Coffee

—Pamela Rondo

Fresh aroma of caffeinated beans  
send waves of morning bliss—  
coaxing me to pour  
a cup of this sunrise,  
this scalding brew,  
earth-rich, faded-black.  
As the hot boiling brew  
reaches the bottom of the cup,  
invigorating my senses, I  
take a seat at my kitchen table,  
and I'm taken back to a place long  
forgotten,  
standing in leather, leaning  
against the brick wall of a café,  
coffee in his hand, as I now  
hold this cup in mine. The sun  
was seeping into shades of violet,  
and an ashy shadow fell across  
his face—I startled when I noticed  
he had been watching me,  
watching him. As he drew near  
harvesting  
himself from the wall, icy-shivers  
poured down my spine, and  
I looked into his mocha eyes as he  
asked  
in a soft, deep, beckoning voice  
my name. I told him  
in a whisper, as if it were  
a secret, a doorway, an answer.

Soon, I was tampering with fate,  
hypnotized by his presence, his  
brewing masculinity and power,  
as I accepted a ride on the  
back of his motorcycle—  
the smoothness of his leather,  
the raw ruggedness and authority  
he held, while slipping in and out of  
traffic.  
He left me intoxicated, wanting more.  
We stopped at the top of the hill,  
overlooking the town; the cars  
looked like chocolate-covered ants,  
the streets lit by lightening bugs,  
the moon set high now and casting  
a warm glow on his face. I remember  
the moment so clearly as he reached  
out for me,  
pressed his spicy-wet lips to mine,  
lost in the moment I felt like a  
butterfly,  
and then a cocoon once again as he  
left me back in the café, wondering why.  
Sipping coffee now, I long to tell him  
I wish to wrap my arms around that  
body of his, to feel the smoothness of  
his leather, to take another ride with  
perhaps a different conclusion.  
It's strange how I feel now, this memory  
that still leaves me so hot and  
bothered.