

Coffee Machine

Charles Henry

I haven't a coffee shop where I can become a poet. No barista to misspell my name.

I don't know if a poet needs those things. But they'd be nice to have, all the same.

No... my coffee goes

drip, drip, drip

instead,

as my poetry leers over my shoulder,

out of reach,

in the computer,

on that table,

way back there,

while the coffee machine puffs out some air.

I try not to pace, try not to sigh,

and I try to hold on, so hard, to that line in my head

which needs written down

way back there,

on that table,

in my computer,

out of reach.

I have bigger things to do then to wait for the brew.

So many things to write

that are clever, and well-crafted, and true,

but

drip, drip, drip

is all that it'll do.

The coffee comes slowly; I think slower because of my watching.

My impatience comes out from my shoe

tap, tap, tap

(I'm waiting on you).

But, it just grumbles at me losing my grip,

and pfts on...

drip, drip, drip

...I'll never get a sip.

Time isn't meant to be wasted, I think!

My poetic thoughts, wasted on this!

All day long I've waited on this drink!

Drip, drip, drip.

I won't stay here any longer! Dripping machine!

My time matters!

And so do my thoughts,

which I need to write down

on that out of reach computer on that table way back there!

drip, drip, drip

Please! Oh god! Just give me the drink.

Rage and hatred is all that I can think.

Drink, why aren't you done?

Please, why won't you respond!

But

rip, drip, drip

...the coffee machine, goes on.

Charles Henry is a second semester English M.A. student at UND, with interests in composition theory, sociolinguistics, and the early modern and medieval British periods. He received his undergraduate in English and Education at West Liberty University, where he also began his creative writing journey. His writings often deal with exploring the underside of the expected experience of language and examining the shifting forms and conventions of writing. Charles has lived all over the eastern U.S., originally growing up on a farm in the Ohio valley, and he enjoys bringing those experiences into his writing.