

Mug of Adoration

Savana Middleton

There's nothing like the first morning pour,
Bitter, bare, scalding: my saving grace.
This is a love letter to what I adore.

Coffee grounds have fallen on the floor.
Waiting for it to brew, I stare sleepily into space;
There's nothing like the first morning pour.

The grounds are crumbly and on the counter there's more.
To live without it (it hurts to say it) would be my greatest mistake;
This is a love letter to what I adore.

I take mine black, does that make me a bore?
Don't answer that, no talking while I wait,
There's nothing like the first morning pour.

It drips . . . and drips . . . and drips a little more.
The mug is carefully chosen, awaiting its mate:
This is a love letter to what I adore.

I scream, "This is what I live for!"
Yes, finally, it spills down my face.
There's nothing like the first morning pour.
This is a love letter to what I adore.

Savana Middleton is majoring in criminal justice and minoring in English, with the hopes of becoming a crime victim advocate. Books, coffee, and her dog are her life's greatest gifts.