

Poetry Quarterly



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Coffee

New shop opens downstairs.
His affair with caffeine wakes
him, punctually and against all medical
advice. An actor for forty-odd years,
he enters the shop, being a Frenchman
with the slangs and winks and all.

The coffee today, as dark as ever.
He thins it with water and honey,
softening the toxic blackness.
He takes one sip after another,
each sigh a chronic suicide.
I matter not how many days
he carries in his pocket, he lives
for the forbidden cups, he still feels
his flesh and guts.

The first day we meet, he leaves
a pat on the back of my head.
He leaves glints of gold
in the majestic storm he carries.