

coffee shop philosopher

Tom Brinck

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there's a man swimming in my
nonfat venti iced caramel macchiato

at first he does the breaststroke,
and lazily rolls over on his back,
spouting coffee

but then he notices me watching,
and I think he assumes that this must mean
I'm interested in something about swimming in my
nonfat venti iced caramel macchiato

now that I'm looking,
he starts grandstanding

he takes a dive off an ice cube
and slides into the water with only a ripple,
surfacing on the other side of the plastic cup

he slips and shivers as he
clumsily climbs the ice,
but he's smiling like a kid who's made
his first home run

I really can't stand
the bitter taste of coffee unless
it's really a lot of milk and sugar
and only a hint of coffee flavor

but even though I'm curious,
I'm much less interested in drinking
when I see a man swimming in my
nonfat venti iced caramel macchiato

when I get tired watching
I prod him with my straw
below the ice
and swirl him around in the caramel

I take my cup back up to the register
and ask for another one because,
look, there's a man drowned in my
nonfat venti iced caramel macchiato